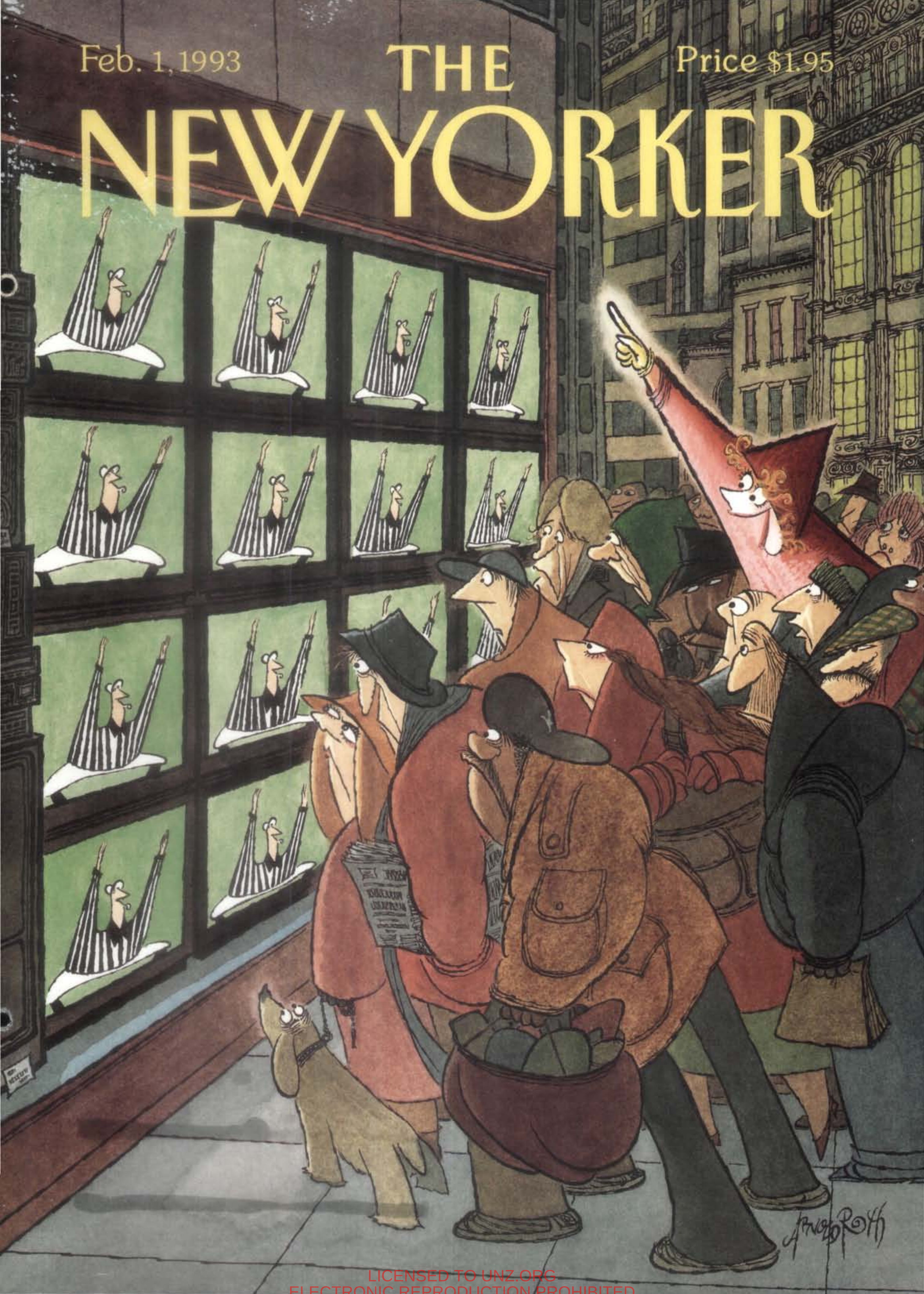

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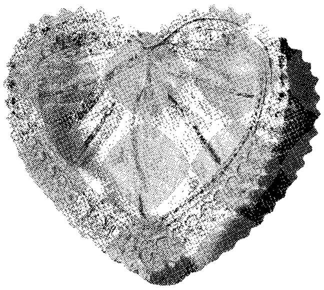

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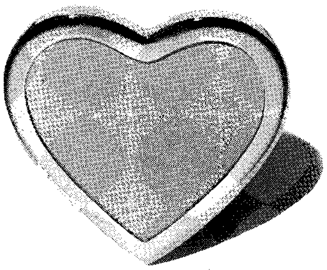

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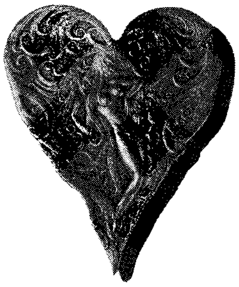

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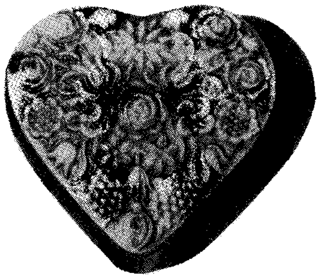

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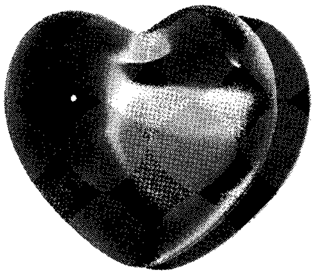

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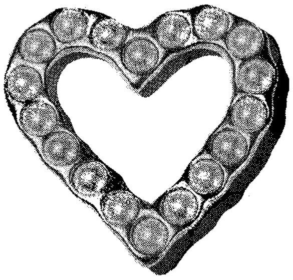

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# COMMENT

## TWO SPEECHES

PRESIDENT CLINTON had barely stepped back from the rostrum after delivering his Inaugural Address before people began comparing it—unfavorably, on the whole—with John F. Kennedy's. Clinton was faulted for being too much like Kennedy, and for being too little like him—for aping him, and for not aping him. Clinton's speech, one gathered, borrowed shamelessly from Kennedy's, with which, one gathered, it had nothing in common. Some observers pointed disapprovingly to the similarities, from the opening sentence of each address (Kennedy said that the day was "a celebration of freedom" which signified "renewal as well as change"; Clinton said, "Today we celebrate the mystery of American renewal," and a couple of lines later he noted the need for "change"), through matching calls for public responsibility (Kennedy said, "In your hands, my fellow citizens, more than mine, will rest the final success or failure of our course"; Clinton said, "My fellow Americans, you, too, must play your part in our renewal"), to the parallel evocations of generational transition. (Kennedy called his contemporaries "a new generation of Americans, born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage"; Clinton said, "Today, a generation raised in the shadows of the Cold War assumes new responsibilities in a world warmed by the sunshine of freedom but threatened still by ancient hatreds and new plagues"; Kennedy said, "Now the trumpet summons us again"; Clinton said, "We have heard the trumpets, we have changed the guard.") Other observers pointed, also disapprovingly, to the differences, grumbling that Clinton's language, unlike Kennedy's, did not sing, his rhetoric did not soar, his calls for service were insufficiently stately and cadenced.

Of course, the Kennedy comparison is not one that President Clinton can complain about. He has gone to some trouble to encourage it. He mentioned Kennedy often on the stump (but not, interestingly, in his Inaugural text, which mentioned only Jefferson and Roosevelt among Democratic Presidents); he affects certain Kennedyish mannerisms (the thumb-topped fist jab, the stiff slouch with hand in jacket pocket); and a black-

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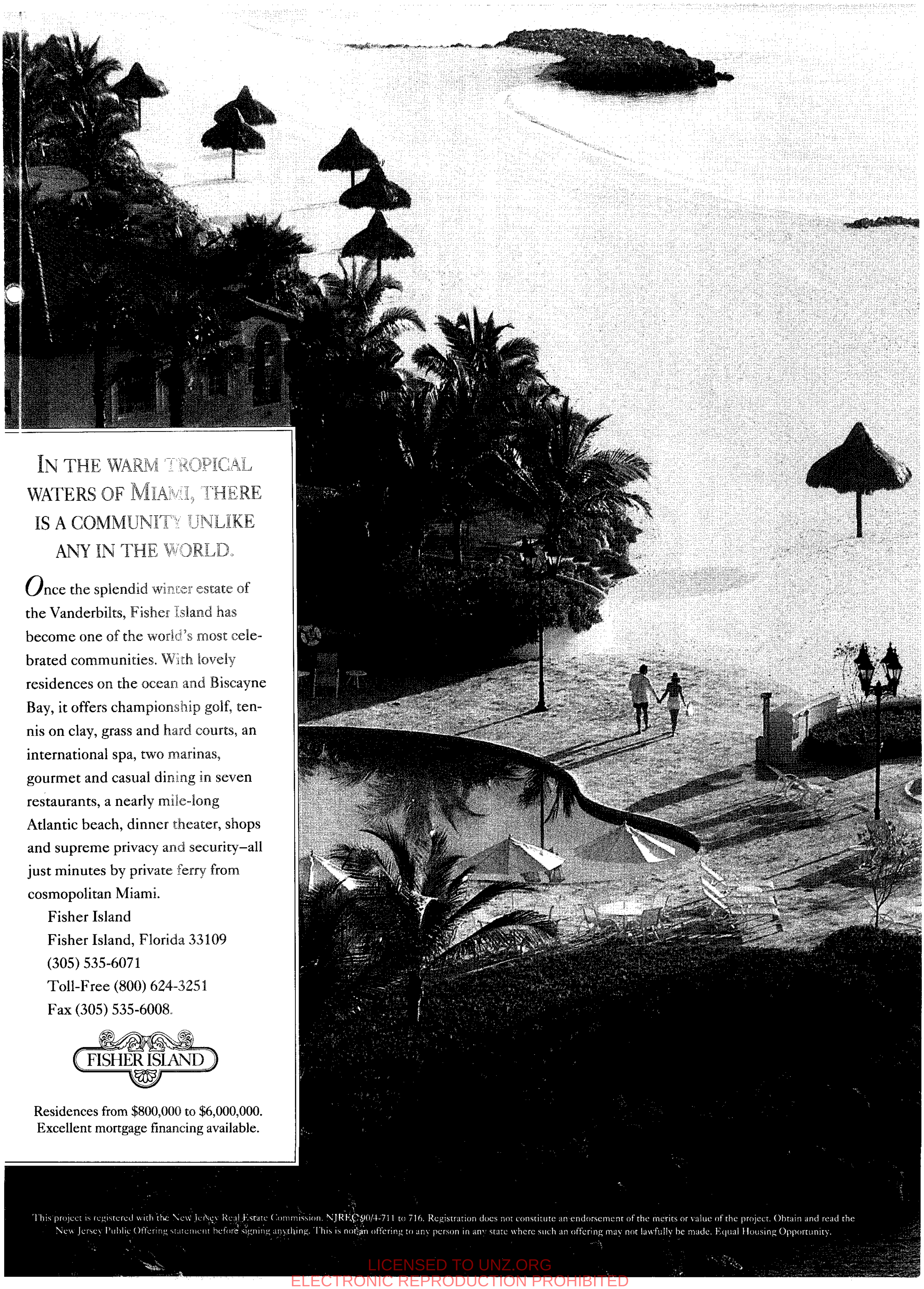

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and-white clip of a glowing sixteen-year-old Clinton meeting President Kennedy in a Rose Garden reception line was the climax of Clinton's Convention film. But it would have been natural to compare the two Presidents—both of them conspicuously vigorous men in their forties, both of them reform-minded centrist Democrats succeeding Republicans old enough to be their fathers—even if Clinton had not invited it. And it is natural, and instructive, to compare the words they spoke and the thoughts they chose to express at the beginning of their Presidencies.

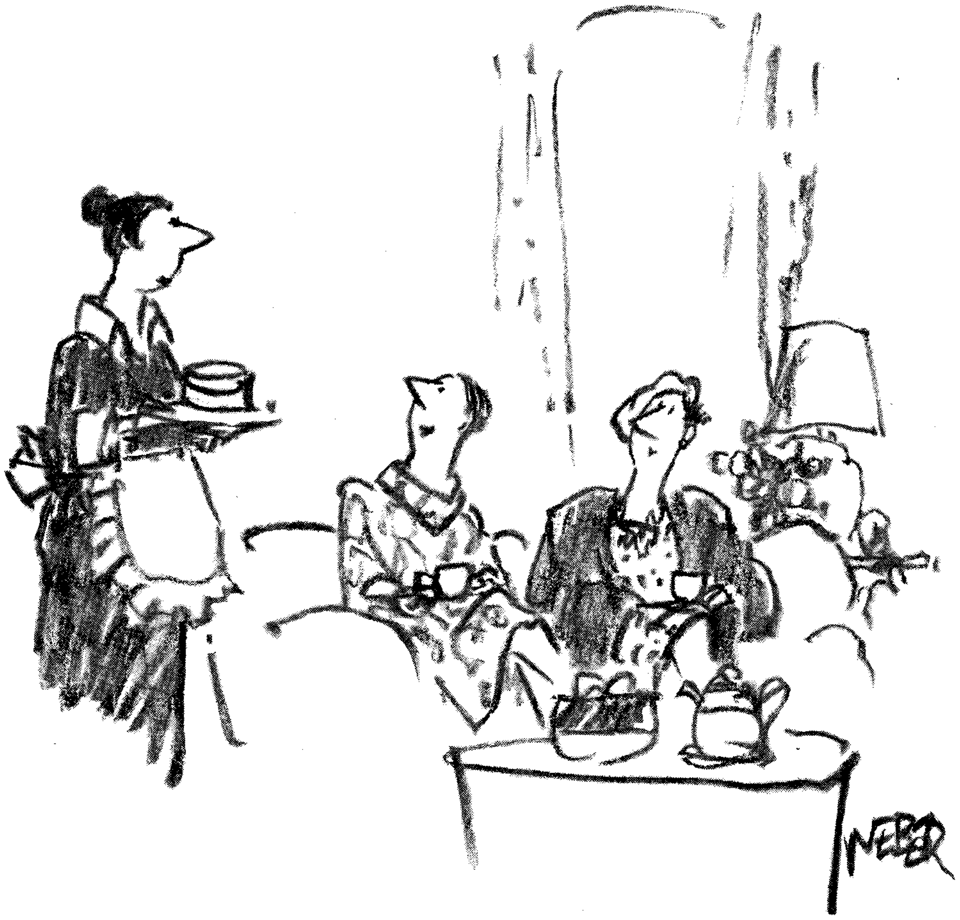
It's true that Clinton's address was far less polished than Kennedy's. (Clinton's opening metaphor, about the changing seasons—"in the depth of winter . . . we force the spring"—owed more to Chauncey Gardiner than to Cicero.) Kennedy was a writer by trade (insofar as he had a trade beyond politics), while Clinton's vocation—not just his profession—has been that of government executive. But part of what gave Kennedy's speech its elegance was how firmly anchored it was in the simple (in retrospect) dualities of the Cold War. From the distance of thirty-two years, this is its most striking aspect. Kennedy's speech didn't just emphasize foreign affairs in general and the Soviet-American competition in particular; it was about absolutely nothing else. The context of its most famous line—"Ask not, etc."—is unmistakably that of global struggle. Kennedy's only reference to the domestic problems that Americans were facing in 1961 came at the end of the "new generation" passage, where he spoke of "those human rights to which this nation has always been committed, and to which we are committed today at home and around the world." Two words—"at home"—out of a text of nearly fourteen hundred: that was the total treatment of domestic policy in John F. Kennedy's Inaugural Address.

In more ways than one, Clinton's address was made of homelier stuff than Kennedy's. All the same, it was a good speech, even a very good speech, and remarkable for having been written mostly by its deliverer. It was frank in its recital of American ills, consistent in its appeals for renewal and change, surprisingly brief (Clinton, as many noted, not only called for discipline but exercised it), and, in its fashion, eloquent. Clinton took the generational theme a step further than Kennedy had, using it as a bridge to the idea of investment in and sacrifice for the future well-being of American society. Some observers deplored the strain of conservatism in Clinton's emphasis on discipline, on responsibilities as well as rights, but in fact his entire speech was an implicit refutation of the laissez-faire that has dominated American government for the past twelve years and an explicit endorsement of the need for, and the nobility of, public action to attack a whole range of public ills: economic stagnation, poverty, crime, health-care costs, environmental degradation, AIDS, political corruption, and more.

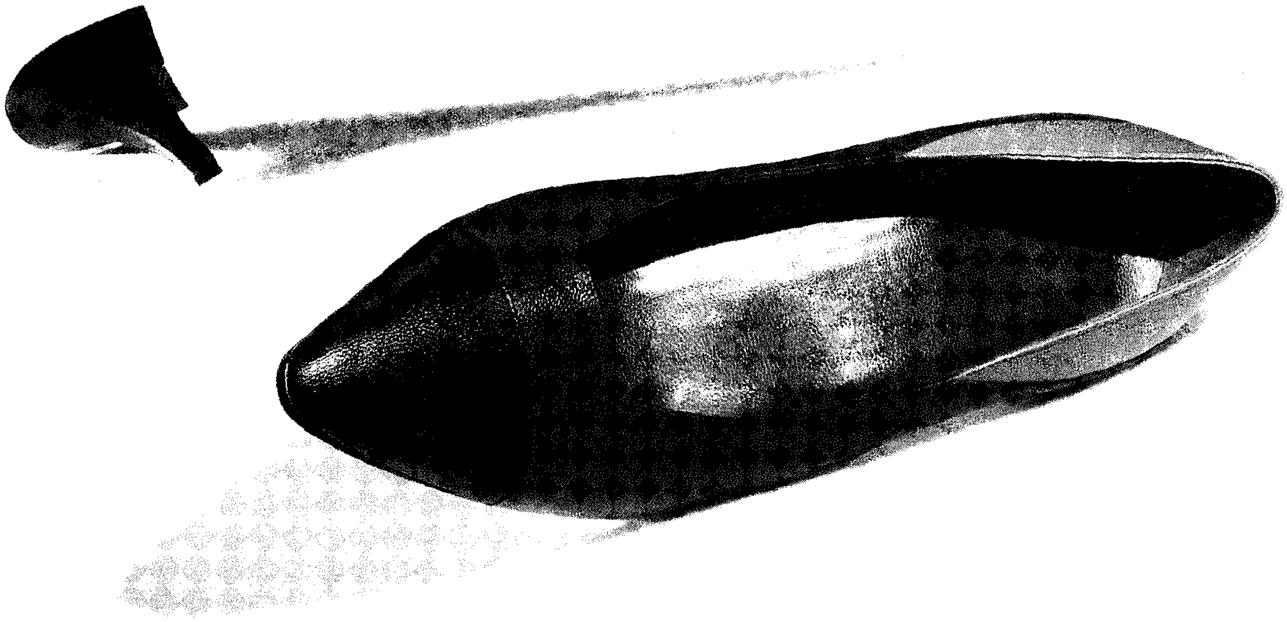
According to Kennedy's co-worker Theodore C. Sorensen, it was the President-elect himself who banished any such matters from his Inaugural Address. "Let's drop out the domestic stuff altogether," Kennedy told Sorensen. "It's too long anyway." Kennedy, Sorensen writes in his memoir, thought that each attempt to outline domestic goals sounded partisan, divisive, "too much like the campaign." It is to Bill Clinton's credit that his Inaugural Address sounded very much "like the campaign."

In 1961, the combination of Cold War and Kennedy cool made for a speech that yielded more fire than warmth. Clinton, in contrast, said, "This is our time. Let us embrace it," and he was eager, last week, to embrace every living thing that came within his reach. Clinton is an unusual character. If he is, in his way, Kennedy's political son, he is also, in his earthiness, his populism, and his hunger for power, Lyndon Johnson's, and, in his earnestness and empathy, Hubert Humphrey's. But Clinton's graceful farewell to George Bush, the last President of Kennedy's generation, was also a farewell to his own Democratic forebears.

Between Kennedy's time and Clinton's, a series of moral and practical failures at the highest level gave rise to a widespread public alienation from politics. In recent months, that alienation has shown a few small signs of lessening, but if public trust in the institutions of self-government is truly to be restored, so must the link between what candidates say and what Presidents do. No one expects President Clinton to keep every promise he made in his long march to the White House. But by reiterating the main themes and goals of his campaign in his Inaugural Address he has taken an essential first step.♦



*"Rosa's like family, and she's legal, too. Aren't you, dear?"*



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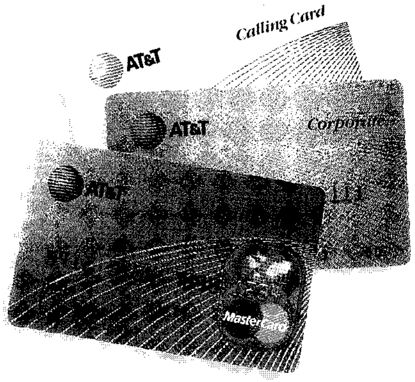

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## THE THEATRE

### *The Waiting Game*

THE second-act audiences of Broadway shows feel deader than they used to. There are a number of possible explanations for this. One is that people drink less at intermission, so that the rude snores and giddy snorts that used to enliven late-in-the-game scenes have been replaced too often by stony silence. Another is that, because of the high price of a ticket, people are reluctant to leave the orchestra section prematurely, so fewer balcony ticketholders—often the most vocal fans—are drifting down for the second half. The most obvious reason for the dampening, however, is the uneven quality of the shows. The second acts of "The Will Rogers Follies" and "Miss Saigon," for example, must be seen to be believed—or not to be believed.

The only show on Broadway right now with a second half textually superior to its first is Frank McGuinness's "Someone Who'll Watch Over Me." Throughout the opening section, it's true, audiences do have a tendency to fidget: the prospect of spending two claustrophobic hours in the confines of the Beirut jail where three men—played by James McDaniel, Stephen Rea, and Alec McCowen—are being held hostage gets one thinking early about where to eat; some people may even be tempted to dart off at intermission to beat the restaurant rush. But those who stay will be amply rewarded: they'll begin to understand, in particular, why transatlantic theatregoers came to value Mr. Rea long before he turned up in Neil Jordan's movie "The Crying Game."

### OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

*(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)*

**Down the Shore**—A play by Tom Donaghy, presented with a curtain-raiser, "The Dadshuttle." Previews through Feb. 1. Opens Feb. 2 at 8, and runs through Feb. 20. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-1242.)

**Saint Joan**—The National Actors Theatre's production of Shaw's play, with Maryann Plunkett in the title role. Michael Langham directed, and the cast also includes Nicholas Kepros, John Neville, and J. O. Sanders. Previews through Jan. 30. Opens Jan. 31 at 3. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280.)

**Tapestry: The Music of Carole King**—A theatrical concert performed by a cast of six singers and a six-member live band. In previews. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 505-9251.)

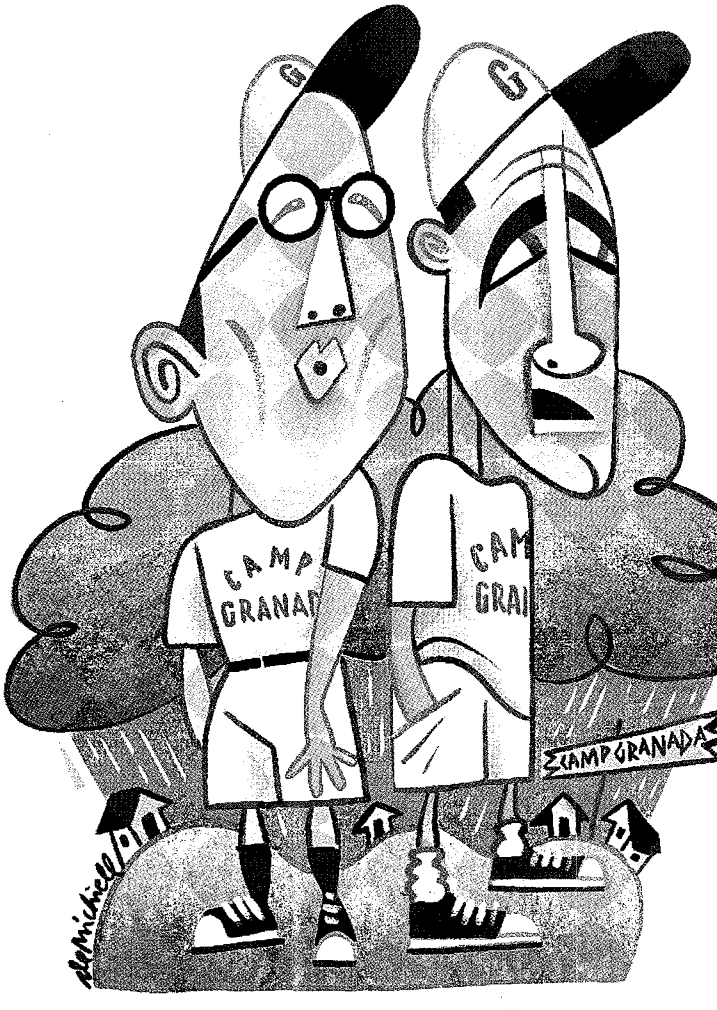
### OPENED RECENTLY

**Anna Christie**—Liam Neeson, Natasha Richardson, Rip Torn, and Anne Meara head the cast of the Roundabout Theatre Company's revival of the play by Eugene O'Neill. David Leveaux directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

**Blood Wedding**—A new production of Federico García Lorca's 1933 play. Performed in Spanish; simultaneous English translation, via headsets, is available. René Buch directed. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 W. 27th St. 889-2850.)

**The Boiler Room**—A play by Reuben González. Three performances a week are in English; four are in Spanish. Staged by Alex Colón. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

**Born Guilty**—Zach Grenier in Ari Roth's adaptation of a 1988 book by Peter Sichrovsky. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes Feb. 7.)



*Paul Kreppel and Jason Graae in "Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh"*

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**Boys Choir of Harlem & Friends Live on Broadway**—The choir celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary in a staged show. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Closes Jan. 31.)

**Bubbe Meises, Bubbe Stories**—A musical in which a granddaughter recalls her grandmothers and their stories. Written by, and starring, Ellen Gould. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

**The Destiny of Me**—Or "Confrontations with My Father." Larry Kramer's latest work is rarely less than involving, but the dramatic structure—a family-memory play grafted onto the present-day story of an exhausted, love-seeking AIDS activist—breaks down for good in the second act. Many people who stay for the third act, however, claim to be deeply moved by the conclusion. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

**Forbidden Broadway 1993**—Once again, a galaxy of parodies that sharpen into satire. This new edition is as funny as most of its predecessors. Among the new shows under consideration are "Guys and Dolls" and "Falsettos," and among the holdovers are "Les Misérables" and "The Phantom of the Opera." Gerard Alessandrini, as if you had to be told, is the inspired writer and director, and Susanne Blakeslee, Dorothy Kiara, Brad Oscar, and Craig Wells are the splendid performers, doing a large assortment of roles. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/25/93.) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

**The Good Natur'd Man**—Oliver Goldsmith's silly comedy preceded the sublime "She Stoops to Conquer" by five years. First produced in London in 1768, it is anything but a waste of time as mounted by the larky little Pearl Theatre Company, under Anthony Cornish's direction. The characters are clear and the lines are funny, though the plot makes no sense whatever. But who cares? (1/25/93) (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes Feb. 6.)

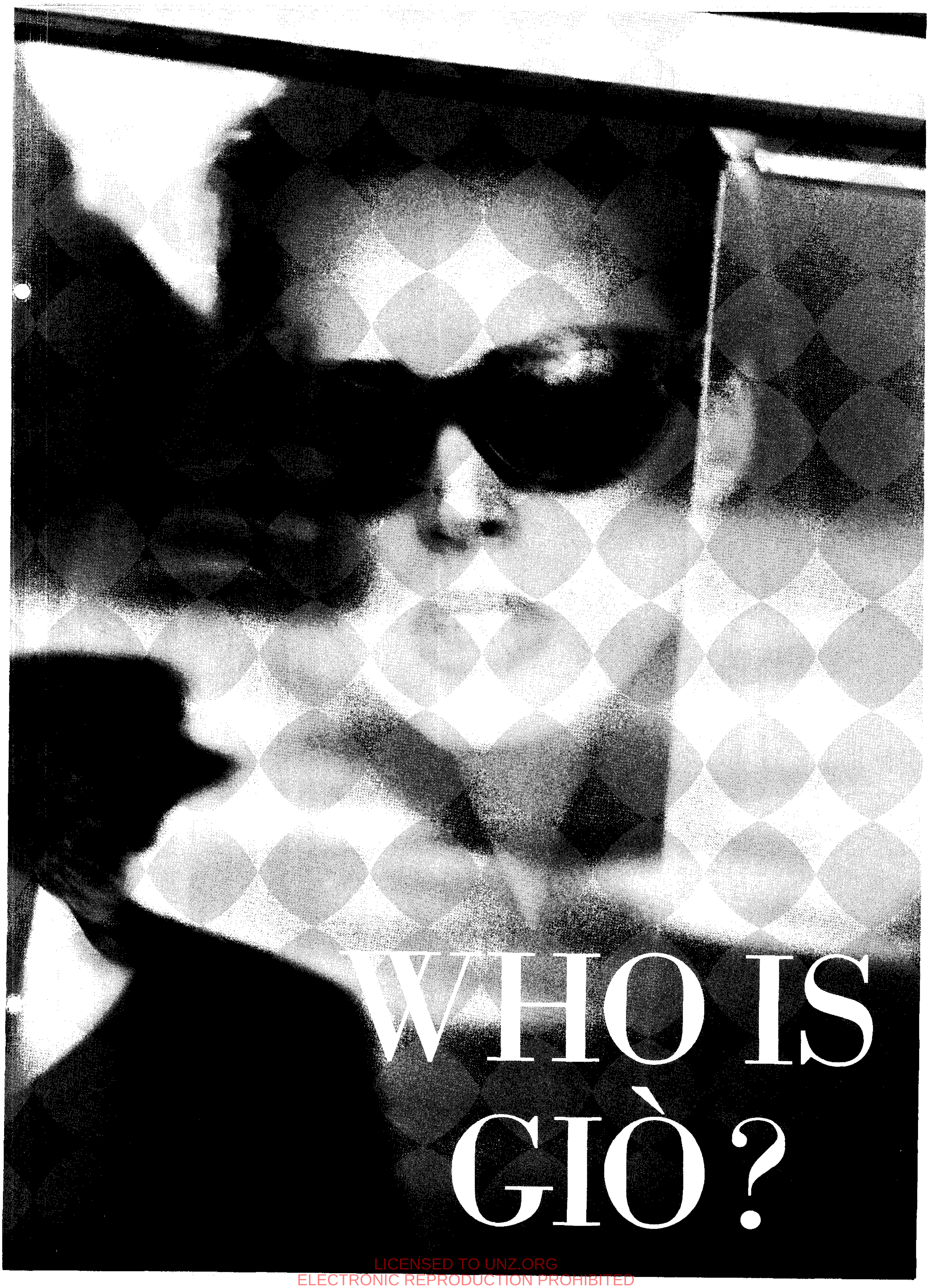
**Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh**—A musical based on the song parodies of Allan Sherman and offering further proof that Camp Lite is taking over Off Broadway. The show was conceived and written by Douglas Bernstein and Rob Krausz. Stephen Berger, Tovah Feldshuh, Jason Graae, Leslie Klein, and Paul Kreppel make up the cast. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

**Henry V**—In the title role, Mark Rylance displays his verse-speaking ability, as well as unexpected comic timing, in this otherwise uneven Theatre for a New Audience production. Barry Kyle directed. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

**Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris**—A stirring, tough-minded revival of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

**Jean Cocteau Repertory**—Presenting two shows in rotating rep: **THE IDIOT**, an adaptation, by David Fishelson, of Dostoevsky's novel; and Shakespeare's **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING**. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

**Jeffrey**—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS; with John Michael Higgins. It is less a fleshed-out play than a series of



# WHO IS GIÒ?

## THE THEATRE–*Cont'd*

Scenes from Gay Life, but Mr. Rudnick can quip with the best of them. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes Jan. 31.)

**Jewish Repertory Theatre**—The second of four shows this season is **THEDA BARA AND THE FRONTIER RABBI**, a musical comedy by Jeff Hochhauser and Bob Johnston. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes Jan. 31.)

**The Last Yankee**—A new play by Arthur Miller, with Tom Aldredge, Frances Conroy, Rose Gregorio, and John Heard. John Tillinger directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

**Oleanna**—David Mamet, in fine, curmudgeonly form, takes on political correctness, sexual harassment, and a number of other isms in this brief, powerful drama that continues to stir up the ideologues. The play's skepticism is as evenhanded as it is corrosive. With William H. Macy and Mary McCann. Not to be missed. (11/16/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100.)

**Remembrance**—Set in Belfast, Graham Reid's absorbing and often entertaining play tells the story of a Protestant man and a Catholic woman—both of them widowed and in their sixties—who slowly fall in love. Milo O'Shea and Frances Sternhagen can seldom have been better than they are in the leading roles. (10/12/92) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077.)

**Samuel's Major Problems**—A play written and directed by Richard Foreman. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. For reservations, call 533-4650.)

**Scapin**—Molière's comedy, in an adaptation, by Andrei Belgrader and Shelley Berc, that incorporates music—gospel, blues, and rap—by Rusty Magee. Stanley Tucci has the lead. (Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

**The Sisters Rosensweig**—Wendy Wasserstein's new play, a comedy with serious undertones, is about the reunion in London of three American Jewish sisters—an international banker, a travel writer, and a wife and mother who's a professional dispenser of advice. They are portrayed by Jane Alexander, Christine Estabrook, and Madeline Kahn. The spirit of Chekhov hovers but never intrudes. Laughter is continuous. (11/2/92) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

**Someone Who'll Watch Over Me**—Alec McCowen (English), Stephen Rea (Irish), and James McDaniel (American) give stunning performances as hostages in Beirut in Frank McGuinness's moving and humorous play. Robin Lefèvre directed. (12/7/92) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

**Strangers on Earth**—An appealing and gently acerbic evening in which the talented author Mark O'Donnell struggles to find a plot worthy of his epigrams. His bon mots can be ruefully wise ("Dreamboats never dock") and sometimes outrageous ("Your semen is dreamin' "). Jeremy Gold and Shaun Powell stand out in a young but promising cast. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. Closes Jan. 30. For information about tickets, call 864-5506.)

**The Years**—A new play by Cindy Lou Johnson, with William Fichtner, Julie Hagerty, Marcia Gay Harden, Nancy Hower, Paul McCrane, and Frank Whaley. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes Feb. 14.)

**York Theatre Company**—The troupe's third of four plays this season is **A DISTANCE FROM CALCUTTA**, by P. J. Barry. Julie Boyd, Beth Dixon, Daniel Hagen, Jen Jones, and Connor Smith make up the cast. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Closes Feb. 7.)

## LONG RUNS

**BEAU JEST:** Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CONVERSATIONS WITH MY FATHER:** Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **FALSETTOS:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FIVE GUYS NAMED MOE:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **JELLY'S LAST JAM:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.

JOSE ORTEGA

## DANCE

### *New York Stories*

THE record has it that Isadora Duncan and Mary Wigman were electrifying dancers. Annabelle Gamson believes that they were serious choreographers as well, and when Ms. Gamson performed her versions of solos by these early moderns she persuaded much of the dance world to reconsider them in that light. Since retiring from the stage, in the mid-eighties, Ms. Gamson has pursued her own choreography with similar fervor. On February 4-7, at St. Mark's Church, her small company will give the première of her latest dance, an ambitious one called "The Women of Union Square." It is nearly an hour long, and it draws on Ms. Gamson's experience as a jazz dancer in New York during the nineteen-forties and fifties.

Ms. Gamson was inspired by the paintings of Isabel Bishop, an artist who portrayed the urban life she observed from the studio, facing Union Square, that she maintained from 1927 to 1986. Ms. Gamson is particularly drawn to Bishop's images of everyday movement in women. "Bishop was interested in ordinary movement, like walking," Ms. Gamson said recently. "Every piece I've made starts with walking. That's the element that attracted me in Isadora, too. When I saw Bishop's paintings for the first time, I said to myself, 'Those are my concerns.' "

**New York City Ballet**—Jan. 27 at 8: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "In Memory of. . .," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 8: "Jeu de Cartes," "Herman Schmerman," "Duo Concertant," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Two's Company," "Reunions," and "Glass Pieces.". . .¶ Jan. 30 at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Jeu de Cartes.". . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 8: "Reunions," "Duo Concertant," "Fancy Free," and "Fearful Symmetries.". . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 1: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Herman Schmerman," "Duo Concertant," and "Glass Pieces.". . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 7: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 8: "Ancient Airs and Dances," "Duo Concertant," "Andantino," and "Glass Pieces." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 21.)

**Ralph Lemon Company**—The program consists of " Sextet," "Phrases Almost Biblical," "Their Eyes Rolled Back in Ecstasy," and "Their Eyes Rolled Back in Ecstasy/Solo." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Jan. 27-29 at 8, Jan. 30 at 2 and 8, and Jan. 31 at 2 and 7:30.)

**"Time Piece"**—A series of dance works directed and choreographed by Kenneth Tosti. Performers include Kate Johnson and John Gardner. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Jan. 28-30 at 8 and Jan. 31 at 3 and 7.)

**Lance Gries**—Presenting "Druthers Knot" (a solo) and the première of "Flood" (a group work). A production of Danspace Project. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. Jan. 28-31 at 8:30.)

**Laura Pawel Dance Company**—In new and repertory works. (Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. Jan. 29-30 at 9 and Jan. 31 at 7:30. For reservations, call 873-9073.)

**Sarah Skaggs Dance Company**—In "Higher Ground," a site-specific work. (St. Patrick's Youth Center, 268 Mulberry St. Jan. 30 at 10. For reservations, call 924-0077. )

**Victoria Marks Performance Company**—In "Present," "Dick," "Story," "Dance," and "Creation." With guest troupe Jazzco in "Girl Dances." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Jan. 31-Feb. 1 at 8.)

**Ohio Ballet**—The opening performance of a one-week engagement: "Cascade," "Duet," "Elegiac Song" (New York première), and "Earth" (première). (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Feb. 2 at 8. Through Feb. 7.)

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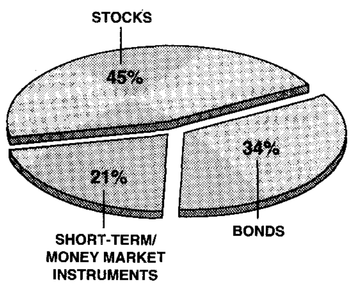

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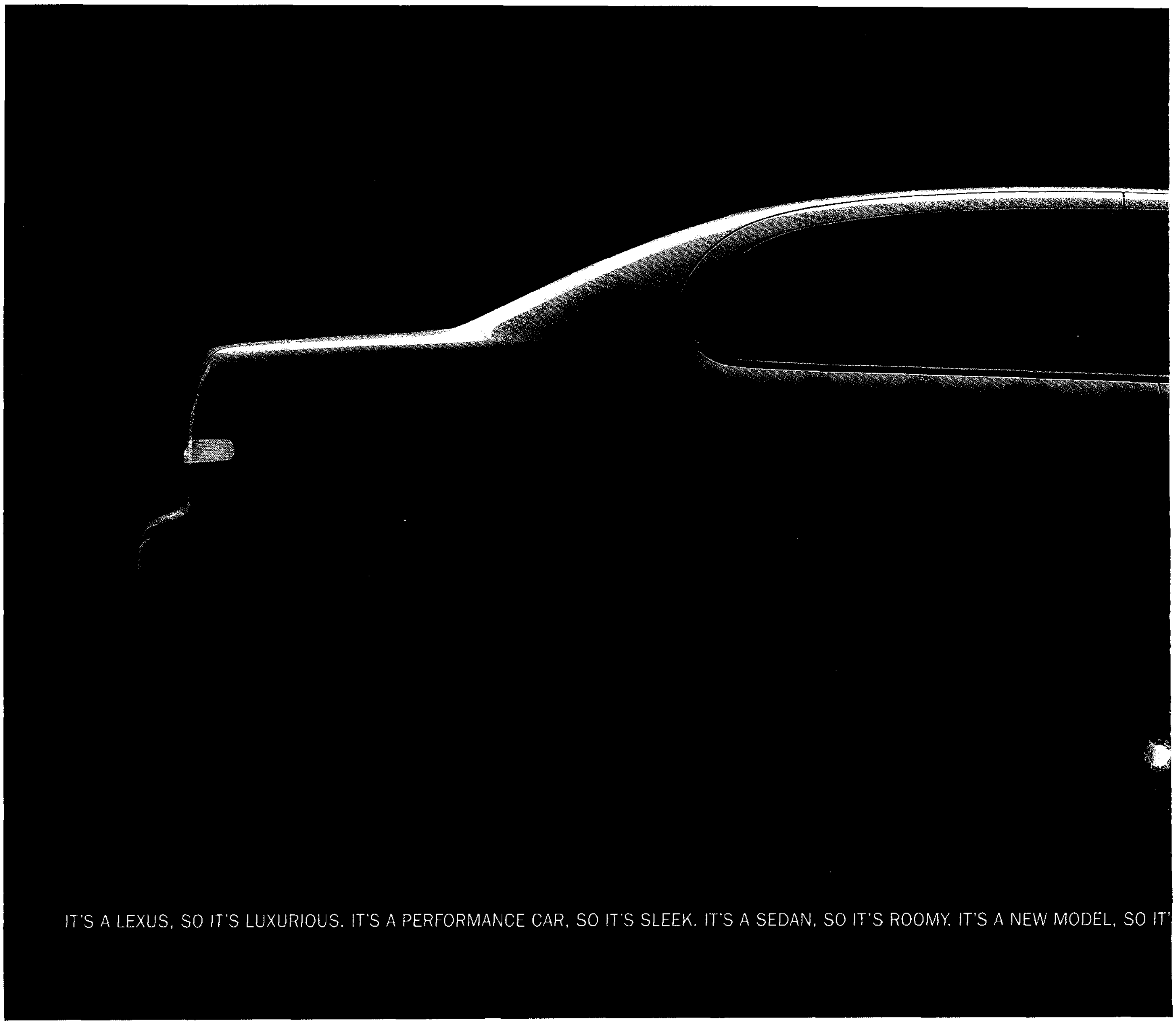
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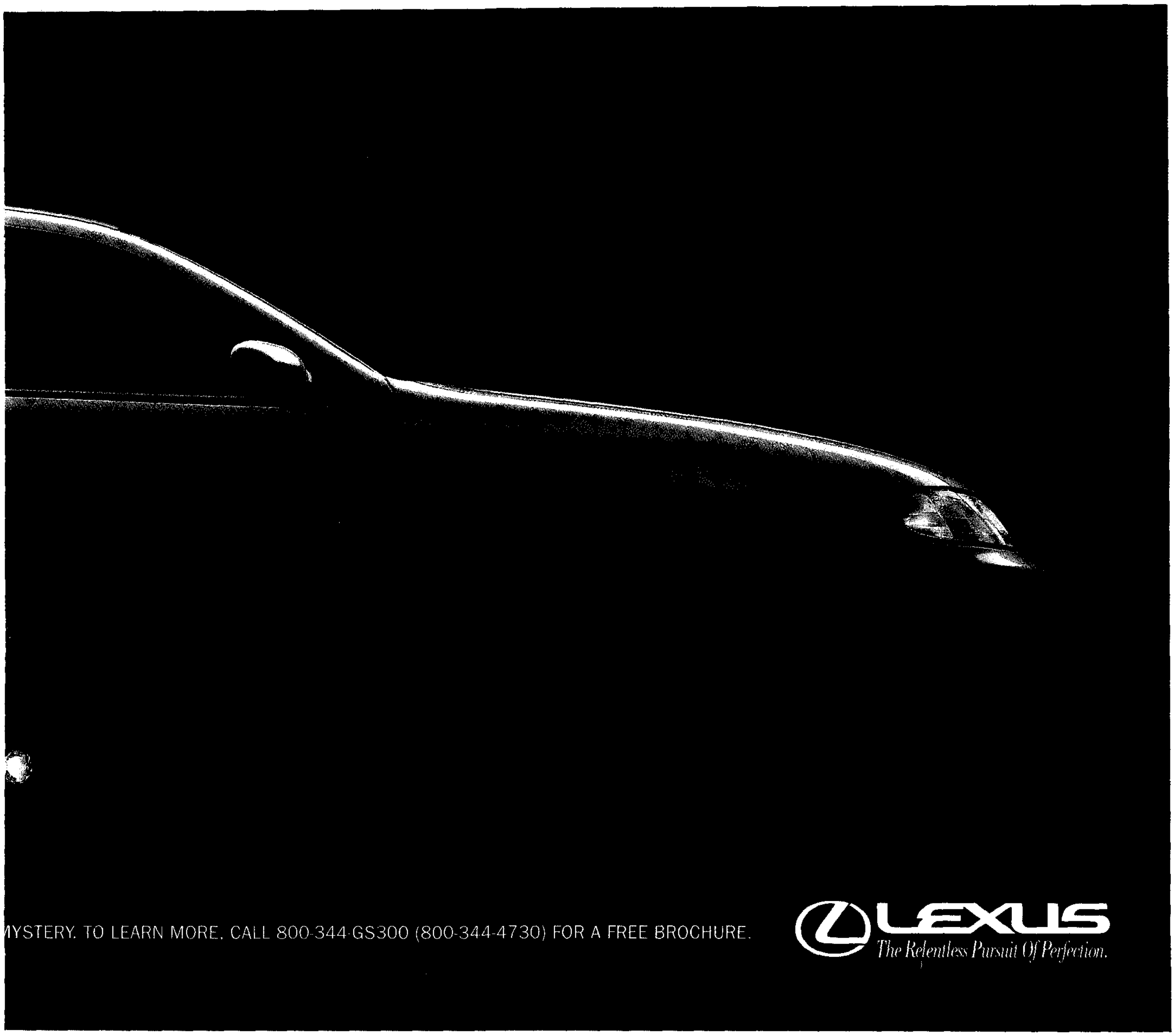
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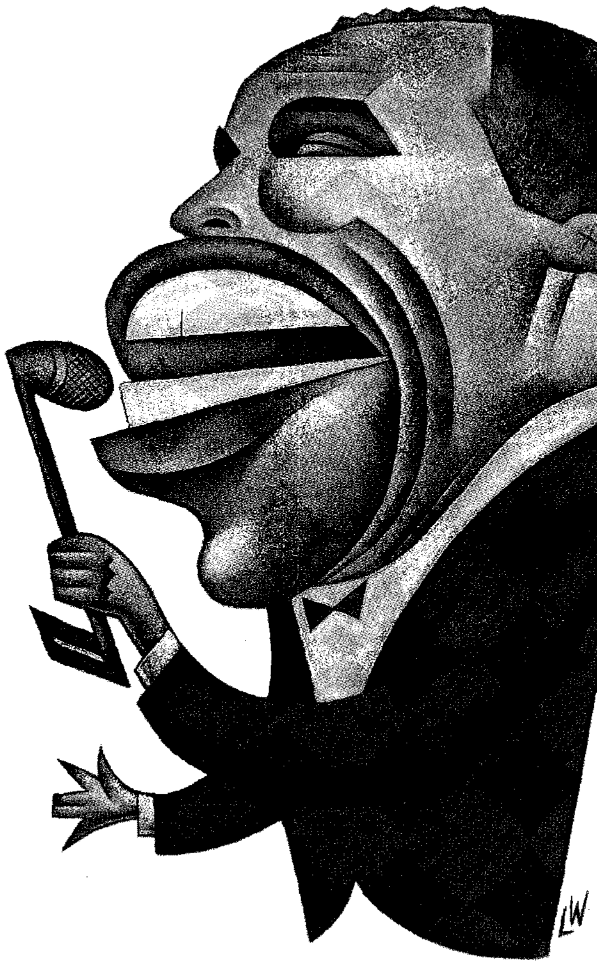
# NIGHT LIFE

## *Enigma Variations*

THE Goo Goo Dolls must be something of a marketing conundrum. The Buffalo-based group, who will be at Maxwell's on January 29 and at CBGB on January 30, are in many ways a conventional pop-rock band, but their sound is a bit too jagged for the mainstream. There's a good dose of heavy metal in their music, but the band members are spandex-free. Punk and garage rock are strong elements, too, but the group is perhaps too sincere to qualify as alternative rockers. Though blending styles is in vogue, irony is usually a key ingredient. The Replacements and Soul Asylum, for example, have tried much the same recipe as the Goo Goo Dolls; their posture, however, is often tongue in cheek. The Goo Goo Dolls play it straight. Their songs are characterized by heartfelt adolescent angst and blue-collar frustration. On "We Are the Normal," for example, a cut from their upcoming album, "Superstar Car Wash" (to be released at the end of February), Jonny Goo, the group's raw-throated vocalist, sings "We are the normal/We live and we die/no reason why."

Anthems are this band's strong suit. The new album—their second—is brimming with stadium-sized hooks. Most of the songs rock hard, with power-pop guitars leading the charge, and many have an urgent, minor-chord feel. The Goo Goo Dolls may elude definition, but those who like their rock straight, hard, and honest probably won't care.



*Jon Hendricks at Fat Tuesday's*

LEE WOLF

*(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Call the phone number listed for performance schedules and, since musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change, to confirm engagements.)*

**ALGONQUIN HOTEL,** 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—On Jan. 30, **ANDREA MARCOVICCI'S** four-month cabaret juggernaut rumbles to a close in the old-timey environs of the Oak Room. The singer's program is titled "Double Torch." The late show on Friday and Saturday is "Just Kern." On Feb. 2, **DAVID STALLER** begins a monthlong engagement. Staller's early show will be a Rodgers and Hart revival titled "Easy to Remember"; his late show will be "Noël & Cole." Dining.

**BALLROOM,** 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cabaret deep in the heart of Chelsea. **LENY ANDRADE,** who's here through Jan. 31, began life as a bossa-nova singer. In the sixties, however, she turned toward jazz and began honing her considerable scat-singing talents, which can be heard to good advantage on her latest album, "Terra de Ajuricaba." As of Feb. 2, the place belongs to the Brazilian-born samba singer **BETH CARVALHO.** Closed Mondays.

**BLUE NOTE,** 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Once you get past the rough bits here—the hordes of tourists, the cattle-car seating, the stiff prices—you're likely to find yourself face to face with some of the biggest names in jazz. **DR. JOHN** is here through Jan. 31, the Brazilian singer-guitarist **JOYCE** comes in on Feb. 1, and the **JOE HENDERSON** trio and the **RED RODNEY** quintet share a double bill beginning Feb. 2. Dining.

**BOTTOM LINE,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, airy folk-and-rock club offering burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster. **TAJ MAHAL** is here on Jan. 27, and a good, solid folk bill with **CLIFF EBERHARDT, JOHN GORKA, PATTY LARKIN,** and **CHERYL WHEELER** is in on Jan. 29-30.

**BRADLEY'S,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Within the narrow walls of this venerable piano-and-bass preserve, everything is easy on the eyes and ears. The **ROBIN EUBANKS** quartet is at work until Jan. 30; the **JAVON JACKSON** trio comes in for a day on Jan. 31; and pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** bassist **DAVID WILLIAMS,** and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS** are on the premises as of Feb. 1. Dining.

**CARLYLE HOTEL,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—A snug harbor of civilization that currently features the inimitable **BARBARA COOK,** still unrivalled among cabaret singers for sheer vocal ability. At a recent Juilliard master class, she urged aspiring opera singers to shift gears when approaching less lofty repertoires, likening their cultivated vocal technique to a garment they hide behind. "You have to take off that piece of apparel and show what's underneath," she insisted. And then, applauding a drama student who did just that: "He's so invested in this performance he's got his gonads in it." So that's her secret! Her booking ends on Jan. 30. **EARTHA KITT** begins an engagement on Feb. 2. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** presides at the piano. Kurt Wieting is in on Mondays.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club is part sacred burial ground and part historical landmark—new and used bands of every stripe pass through nightly. The lineup: Screaming Windsors (Jan. 27), Temple 23 (Jan. 28), Shudder to Think (Jan. 29), **GOO GOO DOLLS** (Jan. 30), and A Girl Named Joe (Feb. 2).

**CONTINENTAL CLUB,** 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St.—This two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off-Off Broadway theatre. Physically, the place is sagging a bit, but it has an odd, dingy charm. **WEEN,** which performs here on Jan. 27, last year released "Pure Guava," an album of pure, hole-in-the-head weirdness. In a world in which many bands give us everything but the kitchen sink, Ween gives us only the kitchen sink. A typical song will include two distorted guitars and a fairly lame drum track, on top of which Dean and Gene will rant and rave and joke around. It may not sound like a winning formula, but much of "Pure Guava" is inspired, and one just can't stop listening. **THE AUTHORITY** performs on Jan. 29. For concert information, call 249-8870. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night. The dancers span all ages and shoe sizes, but all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Bill Conway and the Swing Express will play on Jan. 31. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the Society, call 696-9737.

**FAT TUESDAY'S,** 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Fat Tuesday's has undergone some cosmetic surgery of late, but jazz is still the club's most prominent feature. Pianist **KENNY BARRON** is here until Jan. 31, and the cool and energized jazz vet **JON HENDRICKS** begins singing on Feb. 3. In the early fifties, when Hendricks was a student at the University of Toledo Law School, Charlie Parker played a gig with him and offered the following words of wisdom: "You are not a lawyer, you are a jazz musician. Quit school and come to New York." On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Dining.

**J's,** 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An unpretentious second-floor jazz retreat. The Barbara Lea/Dick Sudhalter quintet is here on Jan. 28; the **JUDY BARNETT** sextet comes in on Jan. 29; Carla White leads a quartet on Jan. 30; and **ANN HAMPTON CALLAWAY** appears on Jan. 31. **DICK HYMAN** will play on Feb. 1 and **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT** is here on Feb. 2. Dining.

**Lone Star Roadhouse,** 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—It's named for its Texas décor, but perhaps a more apt name would be the Second Chance, since so many lost, forgotten, or faded rockers turn up here. Exhibit A: The **MARSHALL TUCKER BAND,** who'll be on the premises on Jan. 30. Dining.

**Maxwell's,** 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—The bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. The **GOO GOO DOLLS** are here on Jan. 29, as is their fellow Buffalo band Monkeywrench. **LUNA** comes in on Jan. 30.

**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The Jelly Roll Morton tribute that's been in session since October has been extended indefinitely, and it's easy to understand why. Yes, it's dinner theatre; but it's enjoyable enough that it almost gives the genre a good name. **VERNEL BAGNERIS** oozes a breezy, graceful elegance in portraying the man who claimed to have invented jazz in turn-of-the-century New Orleans. His script, drawn from interviews that Jelly Roll taped in the thirties, stresses the composer's genial side (which, history tells us, was not always in evidence). The show was originally produced in Norway (just like New Orleans, but with snow—not!), which helps explain why the fleet-fingered pianist is named Morten Gunnar Larsen. He and Bagneris pack sixteen numbers into little more than an hour, leaving the audience enriched, entertained, and wishing the show didn't have to end.

**Rainbow & Stars,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—On a clear night, you can see forever, or at least well into New Jersey. **MARY CLEERE HARAN,** a stylish singer and suave raconteuse, concludes her engagement here on Jan. 30, concentrating on songs from Hollywood in the forties. Much of her material is top-drawer—Harold Arlen, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy Van Heusen—but she's not so enamored of the era as to be blind to its shortcomings (as in, "I think Dorothy Lamour was somewhat underrated as a singer. . . though *never* as an actress"). Take the folks. **ROSEMARY CLOONEY** begins a monthlong engagement on Feb. 2.

**Ritz,** 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—A massive rock club, which is in the midst of a serious makeover. On Jan. 30, **RESISTANCE** with **JOEY AND MARKY RAMONE, FIREHOSE,** D Generation, Casey Scott and 3rd Rail, and Toshi Reagon will play in a benefit concert.

**Russian Tea Room,** 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small, red-gold-and-green cabaret, which swings into action again on Jan. 31, when **LILIANE MONTEVECCHI** will coo and growl and (no doubt) sing lyrics rich in double entendres. Certain Monday nights this winter will serve as songwriters' showcases. On Feb. 1, Henry Krieger and Laurie Beechman will provide the tunes. Dining and, of course, drinking.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A top-notch jazz preserve. The **MANHATTAN JAZZ QUINTET** is here through Jan. 31; **WARREN VACHÉ** plays in a septet as of Feb. 2. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

**Time Café,** 380 Lafayette St., at Great Jones St. (533-7000)—Hidden within this sleek and trendy restaurant is a two-story club called Fez. Upstairs is a sumptuous Moroccan bar-and-lounge appointed with satin couches, mosaic tables, and Arabic-style fixtures. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is rather plain by comparison, but still a comfortable spot to take in a show. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. The fourteen-piece ensemble, directed by saxophonists **ALEX FOSTER** and **CRAIG HANDY,** concentrates exclusively on the tricky, cacophonous work of its catalyst, Charles Mingus. Dining.

**Tramps,** 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Thanks to low lighting, muralled pillars, ironwork, and a beautifully restored old tin ceiling, this loft space manages to feel homey. Zydeco, soul, blues, and rock are the main orders of business here. **ARC ANGELS** and the **POOR BOYS** share a bill on Jan. 28; the **METERS** and **MACEO PARKER AND ROOTS REVISITED** come in Jan. 29-30. Dining.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This slice-of-pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The **DAVID MURRAY** quartet finishes its run on Jan. 31. Murray is an influential, free-jazz-leaning tenor saxophonist with a combustive attack, who was a co-founder of the World Saxophone Quartet. His performances usually have critics and aficionados dusting off their prayer mats. **SLIDE HAMPTON AND THE JAZZ MASTERS** start a run on Feb. 2. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.**

**Wetlands,** 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Home to an endless Summer of Love. **BLACK 47,** which will be here on Jan. 29, started out by playing after-hours gigs at an Irish bar downtown. The band consisted of a trombonist, an uillean-pipes player, and a singer-guitarist who sang strident variations on the Irishman-in-New-York theme. Before long, limousines were lining the avenue outside the bar and the members of Black 47 were being schmoozed by all manner of record-company types. The band's new album is the subject of a landslide of press. Good luck getting anywhere near Wetlands' door.

**Zinno,** 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** are at work through Jan. 30, and the **GWEN CLEVELAND** duo begins work on Feb. 1.

## IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

**Ice Capades**—Dorothy Hamill, Christopher Bowman, and Cathy Turner star in this year's "Made in America" edition of the ice show. (Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Jan. 28 at 7:30; Jan. 29 at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30; Jan. 30 at 11 A.M., 3, and 7:30; and Jan. 31 at 11 A.M. and 3.)

**Bloolips**—The British company presents "Get Hur," a whodunit starring Bette Bourne and Precious Pearl. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Jan. 27-30 and Feb. 2 at 8, and Jan. 31 at 3.)

**Alyson Pou**—In two solo performance pieces, "To Us at Twilight. . ." and a work in progress. (Artists Space, 223 West Broadway. 226-3970. Jan. 27-30 at 8.)

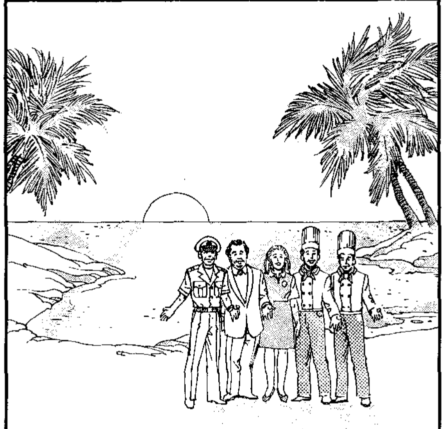
**Toy Theatre Festival**—Four contemporary, puppet-related works, including "The Ash King," by Janie Geiser, and "Ice Maiden Circus," by the Cosmopolitan Girls. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Jan. 28-30 at 8 and Jan. 31 at 3.)

**"Point of Debarkation"**—A work by John Jesurun that incorporates puppetry, dance, music, video, and film. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Jan. 28-31 at 7:30. Through Feb. 7.)

**Chris Durang & Dawne Comedy Hour**—The playwright and his backup singers, as well as fab guest artists, in a lounge act. (Caroline's Comedy Club, Broadway at 49th St. 757-4100. Feb. 1 at 8.)

**P.S. 122**—Jan. 28-31 at 7:30: Actress/performance artist Lisa Kron recounts "101 Humiliating Stories.". . .¶ Jan. 28-31 at 9: Lorellen Green and her company in "Fertile," a dance-theatre piece. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

SAGAFJORD'S HAWAII & POLYNESIA



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CUNARD

N12

# ART

## *House Proud*

One almost feels compelled to be enchanted at every turn of Antonio Martorell's warm and lighthearted multi-part exhibition at Museo del Barrio (Fifth Avenue at 104th Street; through February 28). Born in 1939, in Santurce, Puerto Rico, Martorell is a man of broad culture and many talents—graphics, painting, poetry, criticism, set design, performance—whose message is clearly one of joy, justice, and understanding. Titled "La Casa de Todos Nosotros" ("A House for Us All"), the show consists of a dozen installations loosely centering on the themes of home and homelessness, shelter and migration. There is also a group of the artist's posters from the sixties and seventies—stylish period pieces advertising consumer products, political causes, film or jazz festivals.

The installations include a "House of Maps," a "Greenhouse" (which has to do with money), and a "House in Midair" (which was commissioned for this show and is meant to suggest the idea of an airplane carrying Puerto Rican culture to and from New York). There's a "house" dedicated to Rilke—a wall of wood-block portraits of the poet plus a tent full of verses. And there's a "Singer House"; the title refers to the sewing machine but the piece itself honors the women who used them. It's made of such notions as pin cushions, ribbons, lace, sequins, and sewing patterns on thin paper. Martorell's approach is nothing if not likable, but it's not terribly distinct and it lacks bite. The children's piñata-party effect—sugar and spice and a mess of all things nice—has perhaps become an installation cliché.

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Fashion and History: A Dialogue" is the first installation in the redesigned Costume Institute.... ¶ "Drawing for Design" includes sketches and finished pieces by designers, architects, and artists from Christopher Dresser to Robert Venturi.... ¶ "The Royal City of Susa: Ancient Near Eastern Treasures in the Louvre." Two hundred works in copper, bronze, stone, and clay. Through March 7.... ¶ The third-century works in "Loma Negra, A Peruvian Lord's Tomb" range from small gilt nose and ear ornaments to large headdresses and masks.... ¶ Twenty-five examples of elaborately inscribed and decorated medieval Islamic garments. Through March 14.... ¶ An installation of works from the museum's large collection of Italian majolica and Venetian glass.... ¶ Two series of color photographs by Shomei Tomatsu: one depicts *Sakura,* or cherry-blossom time; the other, flotsam and jetsam washed up on a beach. Through Jan. 31.... ¶ The Robert Wood Johnson, Jr., Gallery has been renovated, and for the first time will be a venue for the permanent display of drawings, prints, and photographs. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—Since many of the museum's major works have been on reciprocal loan to other museums in exchange for Matisses, the museum has chosen to reinstall a number of its remaining paintings, sculptures, and other objects in a nonchronological fashion. There are several informative passages, such as Picasso's sexually charged "Demoiselles" and de Kooning's fierce "Woman I" displayed next to Louise Bourgeois' defiant, ironically erect "Sleeping Figure." Through Feb. 21.... ¶ "The Artist and the Book in Twentieth-Century Italy." Through Feb. 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"AMERICA Invention," a new work by Lothar Baumgarten. The walls of the large rotunda, from the skylight to the ground and back up again, will be painted with the Westernized names for Native American societies from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego. Starts Jan. 29. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

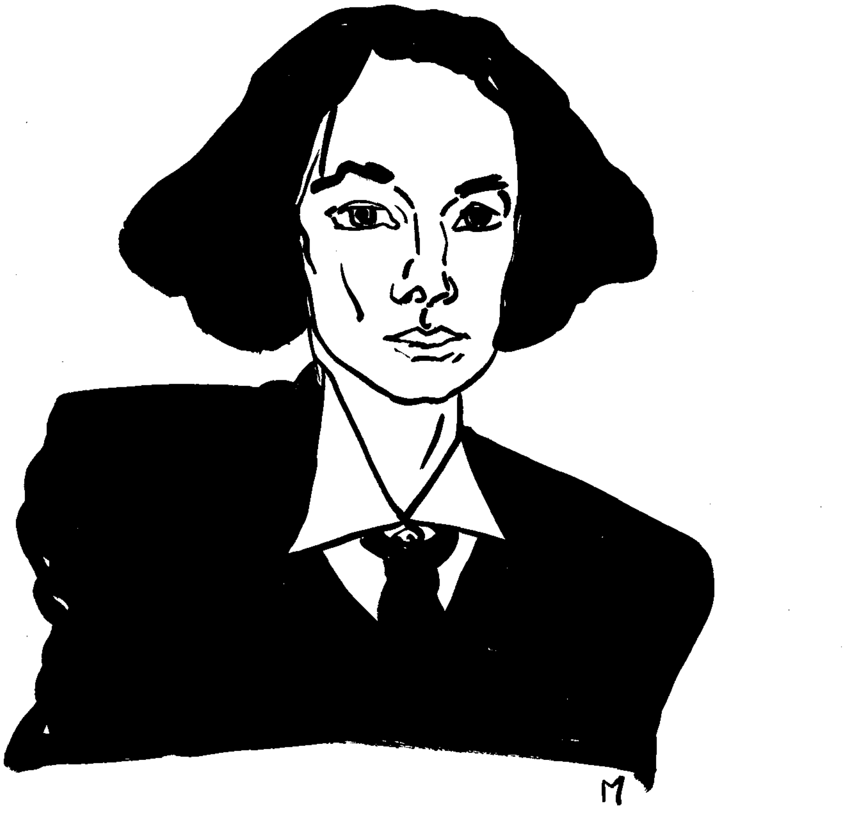
**Whitney Museum of American Art,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Agnes Martin didn't achieve her mature style until the early sixties, when she was in her late forties. It is the paradox of her career that she has made soft, delicate paintings in a rigid grid format. Within her narrow vocabulary, Martin explores infinite variation. Though each painting is a perfect distillation of her oeuvre, the more you see, the more you want to see. Through Jan. 31.... ¶ "The Geometric Tradition in American Art, 1930-90" provides a historic context for the Martin show with work by Ellsworth Kelly, Ad Reinhardt, Donald Judd, and Burgoyne Diller, among others. Through Feb. 14.... ¶ A retrospective of paintings by Jean-Michel Basquiat. Through Feb. 14.... ¶ "Photography: Expanding a Collection" includes works by Cindy Sherman, Robert Mapplethorpe, Sally Mann, and Larry Clark. Through Feb. 21. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—Ida Applebroog's new installation, titled "Everything Is Fine," will consist of several paintings and works on paper hung on the walls of the lobby, along with twenty-five freestanding paintings on the floor. Starts Jan. 29.... ¶ Sixty sculptures by Auguste Rodin are in the Cantor Gallery. Among the works are two independent pieces from "The Gates of Hell"; maquettes, studies, and four full-scale figures from "The Burghers of Calais"; and several versions of "Balzac."... ¶ "Dame of the Narrows" (1976), a sculpture of the Staten Island ferry arriving at the Manhattan terminal, by Red Grooms, Mimi Gross, and the Ruckus Construction Company, is on view. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—The museum is displaying the skeleton of Jumbo, the world-famous elephant who reigned as "The Towering Monarch of His Mighty Race" in the Barnum & Bailey Circus. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"From Background to Foreground" examines Jean-Baptiste Réveillon's eighteenth-century wallpaper designs and includes samples of the arabesque pattern, woodblocks, paper, pigment, and decorative objects.... ¶ "The Power of Maps." Navigating your way through this huge show of more than four hundred maps (the earliest is from 1500 B.C.) can seem like a daunting task. But be adventurous, and you'll find Native American star charts, Italian globes, Aboriginal "Dreaming" maps, survey maps of the Pyramids, and much more. Through March 7.... ¶ "Revolution, Life, and Labor," a show of two hundred and fifty Soviet porcelain plates, vessels, and sculptures, from the Bolshevik Revolution to *glasnost.*... ¶ A show of drawings, prints, textiles, and wall coverings by designers and architects who have died of AIDS. Through Feb. 28. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Dia Center for the Arts,** 548 W. 22nd St.—"One Thousand Days One Million Years," an exhibition of paintings from the "Today Series," by On Kawara. Also on view are "One Million Years (Past)," which comprises ten typewritten volumes, and "One Million



*Self-portrait by Melissa Meyer*

Years (Future)," a sound piece. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Frick Collection,** 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibition of furniture from the French Renaissance, along with Old Master prints and drawings. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—"Lincoln: 'A House Divided' " is a display of the earliest known draft of Lincoln's doctrine opposing slavery. Through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ A large show of medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts from the Breslauer Collection is on view. . . . ¶ "Printers and Miniaturists" shows off the finest in late-fifteenth-century Venetian illuminated books. . . . ¶ In "Thomas Jefferson: Tranquil Pursuits and Stormy Politics," one can see "Summary View of the Rights of America" (1774), his first published work; the library's copy of the first printing of the Declaration of Independence; personal letters to Elbridge Gerry (later v.p. under Madison); and letters to his daughter Martha. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museo del Barrio,** Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"La Casa de Todos Nosotros" ("A House for Us All"), a group of installations by Antonio Martorell. Through Feb. 28. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**National Academy of Design,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Darkness and Light" presents the work of seven twentieth-century Swedish printmakers, with an emphasis on the drypoint tradition. Through March 28. . . . ¶ A show of American prints from the collection demonstrates James Whistler's influence on graphic artists at the beginning of this century. Through March 28. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

**The New Museum,** 583 Broadway—The representation and reconfiguration of urban spaces, and the movement of people and things through such spaces, are the focal points of a show called "In Transit." Installations, photographs, and objects by such artists as Tadashi Kawamata, Marlene McCarty and Laura Cottingham, Helen Levitt, Camilo Vergara, and Krzysztof Wodiczko are included. Through April 11. . . . ¶ "Skin Deep," a show of abstract works by Peter Hopkins, Byron Kim, Lauren Szold, and Jack Whitten, all containing references to skin and pigment. Through April 11. . . . ¶ Sculptural objects—a sweater, a pair of trousers—made out of transparent tape, by Oliver Herring. Through April 11. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

**New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Four hundred years' worth of prints and photographs portraying Native Americans. Included are works by Timothy O'Sullivan, George Catlin, Edward S. Curtis, and Gertrude Käsebier. Through Jan. 30. (Third Floor Gallery.). . .¶ On view in the Berg Collection are fifty manuscripts, including fragments from "Oliver Twist," "Tropic of Cancer," "To the Lighthouse," and "Ada." Through March 13. (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 144 W. 125th St.—"Wifredo Lam and His Contemporaries, 1938-52." More than a hundred paintings by a Cuban modernist of African, Chinese, and Spanish ancestry. Lam was an early multiculti, the first artist to turn the sometimes condescending primitivism of modern art on its ear. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## GALLERIES—UPTOWN

*(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)*

**Squire Vickers** (1872-1947)—Drawings and small paintings by the man who was the principal architect of the New York subway system from 1906 to 1942. When Vickers was done with his urban obligations, he went home, up the Hudson, to Grand View, where he let loose and painted fervent little landscapes that evoke both D. H. Lawrence and Vuillard. He was especially given to painting fantasy metropolises, several of which are in the show, but no matter how far whimsy carried him, this artist rarely forgot his bridges and tunnels. Through Jan. 30. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

**Short List**—**hannelore baron,** Schlesinger, 24 E. 73rd St. (through Feb. 27); **louise mc cagg,** Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (through Jan. 30); **ed ruscha,** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (through Feb. 27); **esteban vicente,** Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 13); **john walker,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through Feb. 13).

## GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

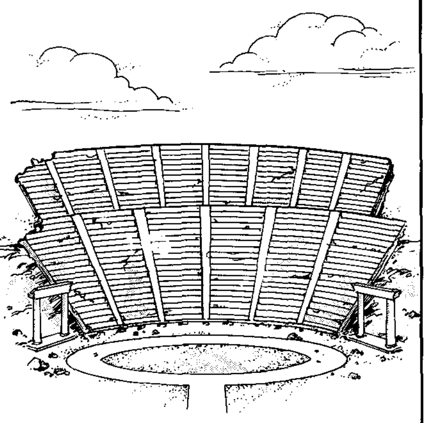
**David Hockney**—For the first time in several years, this artist has produced a tightly focussed group of easel-scale paintings. (Hockney has, in recent seasons, been hard at work designing sets for the operatic stage.) He seems, in his coy-concrete way, to be announcing a renewed appetite for the medium. Every one of these loud, animated paintings is a fantastic stage set full of countless allusions to modern art and the School of Paris. Through Feb. 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Melissa Meyer / Tristano di Robilant**—Abstract paintings done with a calligraphic, loopy brush and in a wide range of colors, from cottony white and pink to fiery red and charcoal. They aspire to a liberation and release like that of the mature Joan Mitchell, and they also convey an appreciation of de Kooning—tough acts to follow. / A sweet first solo show of sculptures made of blandly colored terra-cotta bricks. Some are like études, with the forms like pretty, choreographed bodies echoing one another, while others are funny with a tinge of poignancy. Through Feb. 13. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

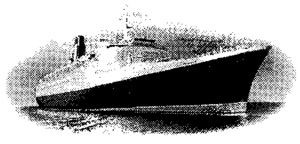
**Fred Becker / George Miyasaki**—A sizable selection of etchings and small wood engravings. There are several exuberantly stylized renderings of jazz combos in New York in the thirties, and a series of spidery, primitively exact wood engravings on the theme of John Henry, one of which, "John Henry's Hand," a sort of pictographic biography inscribed on the legendary roustabout's palm, was one of only two W.P.A. prints included in the first MOMA exhibition on Surrealism, in 1936. There are also some abstract, color prints from the late forties and early fifties, but most of these have less personality than the down-to-earth work from the Depression. / When Whitman wrote "He most honors my style who learns under it to destroy the teacher," he had in mind someone like Miyasaki (though destruction is hardly the word for Miyasaki's relation to his instructors, Richard Diebenkorn and Nathan Oliveira). On view here are nine haunting, perfectly balanced color lithographs, as fluid and unified as paintings, that Miyasaki made as a student and a teacher at the California College of Arts & Crafts, in Oakland, between 1956 and 1961, when he was in his early twenties. Miyasaki was one of the first artists who found a way past the seeming contradiction of using print means to Abstract Expressionist ends. The cartographic-looking washes of warm, unemphatic color in these lithographs are like a less rationalistic Diebenkorn, while their imagery—teasingly quasi-representational landscapes, most containing a kind of seasonal key-signature, like those found in haiku—anticipates the more frenzied moodscapes of Mashiko Kimura, almost three decades later. Through Jan. 30. (Ryan, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Lawrence Weiner**—This quintessential Conceptualist, whose work seemed mature from the moment it was introduced, two and a half decades ago, has reached a new stride. The current piece, a rejected proposal for the

QUEEN ELIZABETH 2
MEDITERRANEAN



ALL THE MEDITERRANEAN'S A STAGE.



And, this cruise promises to be an exceptional production. Sail on the legendary Queen Elizabeth 2 from New York to Athens on April 17 for 13 days. Or sail from Athens to New York on April 30 for 11 days. Best of all, combine them for a truly spectacular 24 day odyssey at sea. Visit diverse ports throughout the Mediterranean like Naples, Lisbon and Tangier. Aboard the magnificent QE2, enjoy her myriad facilities. Dance, shop, swim, or just relax on the most renowned vessel ever to grace the seas. Fares range from $3,765 to $29,715 and include free air. For a free brochure or $8.95 video, call 1-800-221-8200. You'll have the hottest tickets in town.

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CUNARD

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## ART—Cont'd

United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, consists of four phrases on four walls, each accompanied by a schematic diagram. The phrases—"Stones placed upon each other," "Wine poured upon the sea"—describe mundane acts but are infused with Biblical symbolism, while the diagrams become a sort of emblematic visual echo. It is a quiet kind of memorial, more ritualistic than dramatic, which honors the very idea of memorialization by suggesting the insignificance of such a gesture in the face of Nature and Eternity. Weiner has carved his phrases directly into the walls, creating a ghostly imprint of language and at the same time irreversibly scarring the walls. The underlying layers of Sheetrock have the funereal look of marble and the vulnerability of exposed tissue. Through Feb. 13. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**SHORT LIST**—**MILTON AVERY,** Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Feb. 13); **NOBU FUKUI,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 6); **ROBERT GWATHMEY,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 30); **HANS HOFMANN,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 13); **LEE KRASNER,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 30); **LEONID LERMAN,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Feb. 3); **ZORAN MUSIC,** Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 30); **NEIL WELLIVER,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Jan. 30); **SANDY WINTERS** (through Jan. 30) and **MARYAN** (through Feb. 27), Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.; **ANDREW WYETH,** ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 27).

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER**—A disappointing show with a lot of production but not enough juice. While all the paintings and sculptures were made recently, they form a sort of Artschwagerian greatest hits, an attempt to revisit some of his past glories. There is a dictionary-like pulpit, a painting of an interior, a surrealistic, wavy dinner table (on the wall), and several corner pieces (his corner pieces were the most popular things in his last show). A few of these works have new twists: for instance, the large interior of a hotel lobby has been given a frame that seems as if it had been treated to simulate a faux-grain corporate look. All in all, the artist seems lost, or anyway a mite bewildered. Through Feb. 27. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

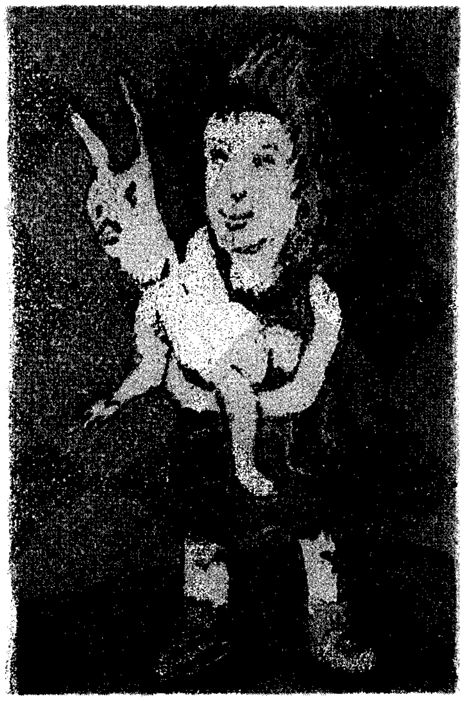
**ARNOLD FERN**—Large paintings of the heads of male pinups floating in beautiful, turbulent seas. Most of Fern's men wear pain-scrunched brows that belie their captivating appearance, and a few of the youngest ones wear no expression at all—they have the hardened skin of mannequins. There are also several small paintings of parakeets flapping about frantically, as if they were the souls of the pinups trying to escape. Through Feb. 6. (Feature, 484 Broome St.)

**CHARLES LEDRAY**—All the works in this début are meticulously constructed infant-size garments hung limply on the wall. The most moving piece in the show is a tuxedo. It is rumpled and soiled, suggesting all sorts of mishaps mundane and maudlin, yet the feel of death unmistakably permeates it. Even those garments that look crisp and unworn have an aura of tragedy. Through Feb. 27. (Cugliani, 40 Wooster St.)

**BETTY WOODMAN**—The painting on Woodman's ceramics becomes more lush with every show, as if she were taking us deeper and deeper into the tropics. Her wall works, which are somewhere between pottery and art, are much better than other artists' efforts to make a "high" art of ceramics, but even so they don't quite succeed. As in the past, Woodman's best works here are her freestanding pots. The new ones are quite large and fanciful. Attached to the back of each pot is a balustrade that envelops the pot like a cape. The appendages are shaped roughly like male figures, and seem intended as good-natured retorts to the classical notion of vessels as female forms. Through Feb. 13. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

**MICHAEL ZWACK**—A strong show of foggy paintings having to do with big themes—there are two called "The History of the World." One of the more tangible works, "The Contemplation of Heaven," follows in the German Romantic tradition of Casper David Friedrich, except that in Zwack's case the ponderous void is a sky filled with letters and symbols from languages ancient and modern—a world view in which Heaven is a deconstructivist's Babel, with the means of communication restricted to indecipherable codes. The rest of the paintings are even more obscure, as if their contours had been burnt into pigment by sheer psychic will. There's a stillness to all of Zwack's paintings, a sense of suspension—even when the subject is the wind. Through Jan. 30. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

**"SELECTIONS/WINTER '93"**—There are some notable works in The Drawing Center's current show, including Kenneth Goldsmith's word drawings with their poetic patter in overlapping stanzas and Janine Gordon's pleasant "Hypnotic Tattoos," which could make any body more tantalizing. The most compelling works, by the late Charles Crumb, while not drawings per se, have about them an urgency so often lacking in the work of "professional" artists. He is represented by several notebooks filled with page after page of psychotic hen-scratchings. Crumb was a shut-in, and according to his brother, the cartoonist R. Crumb, considered himself "a failed mystic." Before committing suicide, at forty-nine, he spent his days in his room in his mother's house, reading literature, philosophy, and Eastern religion and then rewriting the texts. These notebooks are supposedly those texts, although Crumb's notations long ago lost all resemblance to any known written language. They offer a tragic image of the isolate, so devoted to language that he becomes incapable of communication. Through Feb. 20. (35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)



*"The Pet Show"*
*at the Helander gallery*

GARY LEIB/COURTESY HELANDER GALLERY

**"THE PET SHOW"**—A menagerie of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and other objects devoted to domesticated animals. Among the artists represented are Duncan Hannah, Gary Leib, Laurie Rosenwald, Peter Hujar, Dennis Oppenheim, David Sandlin, Richard Merkin, and Nancy Lorenz. Proceeds from the show benefit P.O.W.A.R.S. (Pet Owners With AIDS/ARC Resource Service). Through Jan. 30. (Helander, 415 West Broadway.)

**SHORT LIST**—**JAMES BIEDERMAN** and **SUSAN LEOPOLD,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Feb. 6); **PIER CONSAGRA,** Toll, 146 Greene St. (through Feb. 6); **SASÀ GIUSTO,** Ala, 560 Broadway (through Feb. 6); **DANA GORDON** and **JOYCE ROBBINS,** 55 Mercer Street Gallery (through Jan. 30); **GRACE GRAUPE-PILLARD,** Perry, 472 Broome St. (through Feb. 20); **JASPER JOHNS,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through Feb. 5); **MARY KELLY** and **DAVID DIAO,** Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (through Feb. 6); **HYUNG-DAE KIM,** Zarre, 154 Wooster St. (through Feb. 6); **WOLFGANG LAIB,** Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (through Feb. 27); **PAUL MC CARTHY,** Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (through Feb. 13); **FRANK MOORE,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through Feb. 6); **DAVID MORIARTY** and **KATHERINE BRADFORD,** Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (through Feb. 6); **CARL OSTENDARP,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through Feb. 6); **PANAMARENKO,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through Feb. 13); **CHARLES SEARLES,** Kelly, 591 Broadway (through Feb. 2); **HELEN SOREFF,** M-13, at 72 Greene St. (through Jan. 30); **HEDDA STERNE,** Briet, 558 Broadway (through Feb. 27); **KEVIN SULLIVAN,** Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St. (through Jan. 28); **LISA YUSKAVAGE,** Koury, 89 Greene St. (through Jan. 30); **JOE ZUCKER,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 420 West Broadway (through Feb. 13).

# PHOTOGRAPHY

**GUSTAVE LE GRAY** (1820-82) / **ROBERT ADAMS**—Two groups of seascapes, taken about a hundred and forty years apart, that are breathtaking, both for their drama and for their technical beauty. In Le Gray's luminous images, the horizon line stimulates the viewer's imagination. Robert Adams' contemporary pictures were shot in the region of Oregon where the Columbia River meets the Pacific. They are so articulate that the waves seem to undulate in their frames. Also on view is a Le Gray series of luscious photographs, all in different tones, of Millet's copy of the "Mona Lisa." Through Jan. 30. (Lowinsky, 575 Broadway.)

**DAVID SEIDNER**—A clean and exacting installation of black-and-white portraits of contemporary artists, most of whom are very well known, and all of whom are captured with an intensely dignified simplicity. Despite the differences of character that come through, the penetrating eyes connect them all. Surrounded by these pictures, you feel that you are being looked at by these artists as much as you are looking at them. Through Jan. 30. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

**SHORT LIST**—**BERND AND HILLA BECHER,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through Jan. 30); **JOSEF BREITENBACH,** Houk Friedman, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St., and Hirschl & Adler Modern, 420 West Broadway (both through Feb. 27); **FLOR GARDUÑO,** Americas Society, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. (open daily, except Mondays, noon to 6, through March 7); **CRAIGIE HORSFIELD,** Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (through Feb. 6); **MAX KOZLOFF,** P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway (through Feb. 6); **HIROJI KUBOTA,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through Jan. 31); **SAUL LEITER,** Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (through Feb. 20); **ANDRES SERRANO,** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through Feb. 20); **TOSHIO SHIBATA,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Feb. 12); **MICHAEL A. SMITH,** Bace, 2 Bond St. (through Feb. 13); **MAUD SULTER,** Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (through Feb. 13); **LEONARD SUSSMAN,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through Feb. 27); **ROMAN VISHNIAC,** International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; starts Jan. 29).

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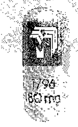

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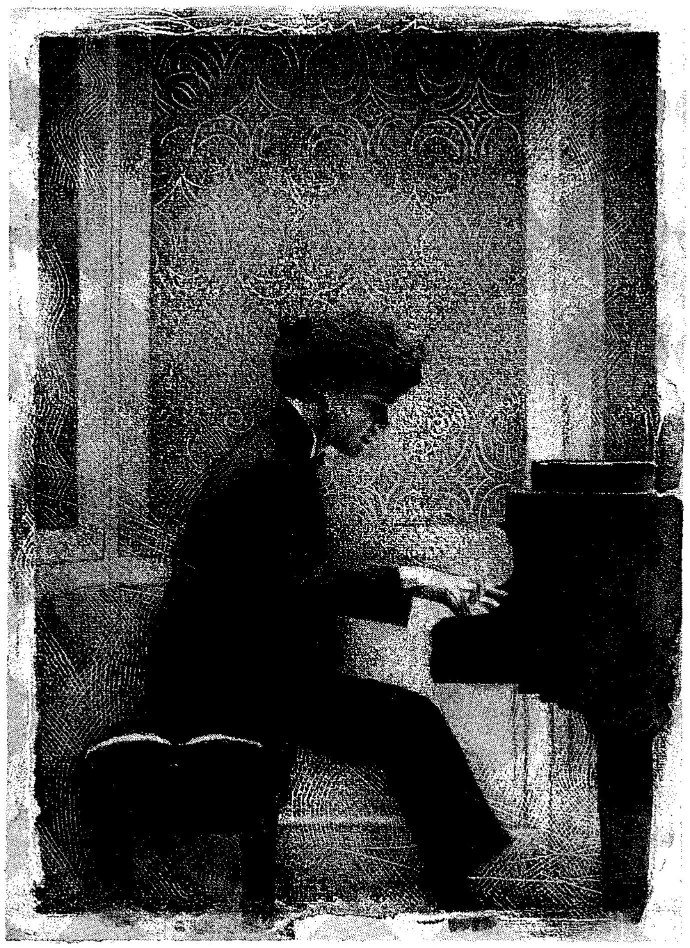
# MUSIC

## *The New Europeans*

If new compositions in the "classical" tradition still matter, there can hardly be a more significant series of concerts than the current installment of the Juilliard School's annual Focus! festival. The event concentrates mostly on chamber-music programs, specifically those devoted to some aspect of twentieth-century music. While January new-music festivals at Juilliard date back to 1945, the name "Focus!" was given to them in 1984 by Joseph Polisi, who, taking office as the school's president, determined to change the image of Juilliard as a factory producing romantic-concerto soloists.

This year, the emphasis is on the very newest music; hence the festival's extra importance, at least potentially. The theme is "Voices of Western Europe's Younger Generation," and the chamber programs (which began January 25 and continue through this week) are organized geographically. The finale is an orchestral concert on January 30. Almost all the pieces are being heard for the first time in the United States, or at any rate in New York. Most of the composers are in their thirties and forties, and few have reputations, as yet, in America. The titles suggest at least some measure of fantasy and even whimsy—"Accords perdus," "Vues Aeriennes," "Perduto in una città d'acque," and the like.



*Evgeny Kissin, with the Boston Symphony, at Carnegie Hall*

RAUL COLON

*(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719.)*

### OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—**UN BALLO IN MASCHERA,** with Sharon Sweet, Harolyn Blackwell, Ludmila Schemtchuk, Taro Ichihara, and Juan Pons; conducted by John Fiore. (Jan. 27 at 8 and Jan. 30 at 12:30.)... **DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE,** with Dawn Upshaw, Sally Wolf, Frank Lopardo, Gottfried Hornik, and Eric Halfvarson; Donald Runnicles. (Jan. 28 at 8.)... **IL TROVATORE,** with Aprile Millo, Dolora Zajick, Lando Bartolini, and Vladimir Chernov; Nello Santi. (Jan. 29 at 8.)... **DIE MEISTERSINGER,** in a new production, with Karita Mattila, Francisco Araiza, Lars Magnusson, Donald McIntyre, Hermann Prey, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; James Levine. (Jan. 30 at 6:30.)... With Gwynne Geyer, Francisco Araiza, Lars Magnusson, Donald McIntyre, Gottfried Hornik, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; James Levine. (Feb. 2 at 6.)... **DER ROSENKAVALIER,** with Mechthild Gessendorf, Susanne Mentzer, Kathleen Battle, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; Christian Thielemann. (Feb. 1 at 7:30.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—Erich Leinsdorf conducts Hindemith's "Symphonic Metamorphoses on a Theme by Weber," Haydn's Symphony No. 100 (the "Military"), and a concert suite from Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake." (Avery Fisher Hall. Jan. 28-30 at 8 and Feb. 2 at 7:30.)

**CONCERT ROYAL**—James Richman leads the period-instrument ensemble in Bach's six "Brandenburg" Concertos; soloists include Mr. Richman (harpsichord), Sandra Miller (flute), Stephen Hammer and John Abberger (oboes and recorders), Lisa Rautenberg (violin), and John Thiessen (trumpet). (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 27 at 8.)

**CHOIR OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA**—Kent Tritle directs a-cappella works by Perotin, Giovanni Gabrieli, Bach, Brahms, and Rachmaninoff. Presented by Sacred Music in a Sacred Space. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. 439-8044. Jan. 27 at 8.)

**BOSTON SYMPHONY**—Seiji Ozawa conducts Bartók's "Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta" and Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3 (featuring Evgeny Kissin). (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 27-28 at 8.)

**BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC**—Dennis Russel Davies conducts works composed by, or helped along by, Luciano Berio: his Piano Concerto No. 2 (subtitled "Echoing Curves," which evolved in 1988-89 from the composer's earlier "Points on the Curve to Find..."); his "Rendering (Sketches from Schubert's Symphony No. 10)," a symphonic mélange of Schubert's sketches for a very unfinished symphony and Berio's often dreamlike connective passages; and Berio's 1966 realization and orchestration of Monteverdi's seventeenth-century madrigal-scene "Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda," here featuring tenor Paul Sperry, with briefer contributions from soprano Marilyn Taylor and baritone André-Solomon Glover. Pianist Andrea Lucchesini will be the soloist in the concerto. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Jan. 29-30 at 8, with a post-concert forum, featuring Messrs. Berio and Davies, on Jan. 30.)

**GREGG SMITH SINGERS**—Presenting choral music by Americans who studied and worked in Paris (Elliott Carter, Virgil Thomson, Louise Talma, Irving Fine, and Ned Rorem), and by composers whose works they encountered there (Messiaen, Duruflé, Milhaud, and Stravinsky). (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Jan. 30 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**—Riccardo Muti conducts Stravinsky's "Monumentum pro Gesualdo di Venosa," Bernard Rands' "Canti dell'Eclissi" (in its New York première, with bass Thomas Paul), and Brahms' Serenade No. 1. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 1 at 8.)

### RECITALS

**JUILLIARD FOCUS! 1993**—An exploration of works by European composers of the "post-Boulez, Stockhausen, and Nono generation." Jan. 27: Composers from Scandinavia, including Poul Ruders and Jouni Kaipainen. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St.)... ¶ Jan. 28: Music from France and Benelux by Michael Levinas, Tristan Murail, and others. (Juilliard Theatre.)... ¶ Jan. 29: Music from Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Greece. (Alice Tully Hall.)... ¶ Jan. 30: Christopher Wilkins conducts the Juilliard Symphony in George Benjamin's "A Mind of Winter" (featuring soprano April-Joy Gutierrez), James MacMillan's "The Confession of Isobel Gowdie," Peter Ruzicka's "Satyagraha," and Jan Sandström's Trombone Concerto (featuring James Miller). (Juilliard Theatre. Evenings at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required for all of these concerts, call 769-7406.)

**BARGEMUSIC**—Chamber pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Saint-Saëns, Bloch, and Debussy, for flute, violin, viola, and harp (in various combinations). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Jan. 28 at 7:30 and Jan. 31 at 4.)

**NEW YORK PHILOMUSICA**—Presenting chamber music by Beethoven: his Horn Sonata, Septet for Strings and Winds, and "Ghost" Trio. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 28 at 8.)

**ISABELLA LIPPI**—Violinist, in her New York début recital, playing sonatas by Handel and Fauré (his First), Bach's D-Minor Chaconne, and

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## MUSIC—Cont'd

works by Kreisler and Sarasate; with pianist John Novacek. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Jan. 28 at 8.)

**Lynn Harrell and Yefim Bronfman**—The cellist and the pianist perform sonatas by Beethoven (Op. 102, No. 1), Schubert (the "Arpeggione"), and Rachmaninoff. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 29 at 8.)

**Orion String Quartet**—Performing quartets by Haydn (his so-called "Fifths" Quartet, Op. 76, No. 2), Leon Kirchner (his First), and Beethoven (in B-Flat, Op. 130). (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Jan. 29 at 8.)

**Eugenia Zukerman**—Jan. 27 at 6: The flutist performs an Italian Baroque program, with harpsichordist Anthony Newman. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. For information about tickets, call 930-0571.). . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 7: Violist Paul Neubauer and harpist Yolanda Kondonassis join Ms. Zukerman for an hour-long program that includes Debussy's Trio for Flute, Viola, and Harp. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949.)

**Richard Stoltzman**—The clarinettist is joined by pianist Irma Vallecillo and harpist Nancy Allen for a program of chamber works by Weber, Messiaen, Poulenc, William Thomas McKinley, Debussy, and Clare Fischer. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Jan. 30 at 8.)

**Juilliard String Quartet**—Jan. 30 at 8: Performing quartets by Haydn (in D Minor, Op. 9, No. 4), Janáček (his First, subtitled "Kreutzer Sonata"), and Brahms (in A Minor). (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.). . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 8: Opening a four-concert series surveying (very selectively) the quartets of Haydn. This installment will comprise four quartets: Op. 9, No. 4; Op. 33, No. 5; Op. 55, No. 2 (the "Razor"); and Op. 76, No. 5. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

**Fou Ts'ong**—The Shanghai-born pianist performs Beethoven's A-Flat-Major Sonata (Op. 110), Schumann's "Kreisleriana," two Chopin Nocturnes, and Book Two of Debussy's Preludes. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 30 at 8.)

**Yale Music Spectrum**—French chamber music—by Poulenc, Satie, and Debussy—with a New Haven accent. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 30 at 8.)

**Håkan Hagegård**—The baritone performs lieder by Grieg, Strauss, Brahms, and Berg; selections from Milhaud's "The Household Muse"; and Stephen Paulus's "Bittersuite" (to a text by Ogden Nash). Pianist Warren Jones assists. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 31 at 2.)

**Pamela Frank and Ignat Solzhenitsyn**—The violinist and the pianist perform sonatas by Strauss and Prokofiev, Dvořák's "Four Romantic Pieces," and Webern's "Vier Stücke." (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 229-5689. Jan. 31 at 2.)

**Anonymous 4 (plus nine)**—Thrice three gentlemen singers assist the women's vocal quartet in a program of a-cappella works by Johannes Ockeghem and his late-fifteenth-century contemporaries; included are Ockeghem's Mass "De plus en plus," several motets, and Josquin Desprez's "Déploration sur la morte d'Ockeghem." Presented by Music Before 1800. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. 666-0675. Jan. 31 at 4. . . . **Note:** Selections from the program will also be performed on Jan. 28 at noon, at St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St. Admission by contribution.)

**Richard Goode**—In the first of two Beethoven-and-Schubert concerts, the pianist performs the former's Bagatelles (Op. 119) and a pair of his sonatas (Op. 10, No. 3 and Op. 109), as well as the latter's D-Major Sonata (Op. 53) and a set of his Ländler. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Jan. 31 at 8.)

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—Pianists Lee Luvisi and Gilbert Kalish perform Mozart's D-Major Sonata for Two Pianos (K. 448) and Bartók's Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion (with percussionists Richard Fitz and Gordon Gottlieb); and Ani Kavafian collaborates with Mr. Luvisi to perform Strauss's Violin Sonata. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 31 at 5 and Feb. 2 at 7:30.)

**Music Today Ensemble**—Performing Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat" as well as arrangements of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Capriccio Espagnol," Richard Rodgers' "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," and the symphonic dances from Bernstein's "West Side Story" (the last two being particularly appropriate for the neighborhood). (Walter Reade Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. Feb. 1 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.)

**St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble**—Performing Mozart's Horn Quintet, Brahms' String Sextet No. 1, and the première of Jeffery Cotton's "Quartet for Low Strings." (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 2 at 8.)

**Gloria Cheng**—The pianist, a specialist in the music of our century, performs Antheil's "Sonata Sauvage," Messiaen's "Quatre Études de Rhythme," Carter's "Night Fantasies," John Adams' "Phrygian Gates," and the New York première of Joan Huang's "Pipa." Presented by the League of Composers/ISCM. (Weill Recital Hall. Feb. 2 at 8.)

### JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

**Extreme**—This Boston-based MTV-metal quartet hit the big time with a 1990 concept album—don't ask—called "Pornograffitti." Notwithstanding the silly hardcore title, it was a sensitive-hunk acoustic video for a ballad called "More Than Words" that made them a top-drawer act that appealed to swooning gals as well as hard-rock guys. Their new album, "III Sides to Every Story," continues in this metal-and-mellow vein, and it, too, is a huge hit. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Jan. 29 at 8.)

**Bobby Brown/Shabba Ranks/TLC/Mary J. Blige**—Meet the new jack, same as the old jack. Bobby Brown and his entourage can make Marky Mark look like a PG-13 attraction, but he doesn't always deliver the goods, even if he shows up on time. If he's on, he's a sizzler. The Jamaican rapper-singer Shabba Ranks is also largely concerned with matters below the belt, but his phallocentric boasting will appear a little silly after the feisty female rap trio TLC and opening-act singer Mary J. Blige have done their cool thing. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Jan. 31 at 8.)

**Ute Lemper**—The singing actress, a latter-day *Kabarettistin* who is represented to be an aesthetic descendant of Dietrich and Piaf, will include in her concert songs associated with both. That means plenty of Weill and Holländer, several nods towards Kosma and Moustaki, and other classics that may sound familiar even if their authors' names have slipped into obscurity. Many who admire past and present cabaret luminaries—not just Dietrich and Piaf, but also the likes of Berthe Sylva, Charles Trenet, Lotte Lenya, and Gisela May—must be surprised to see Ms. Lemper elevated by her business managers to the same rank. Through an amazing coincidence, her program (titled "Illusions") happens to coincide with the release of CD, video, and laser-disc issues of the same name, so you can relive Ms. Lemper's efforts over and over, if you're so inclined. But don't clean out the oldies from your collection just yet. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Feb. 1 at 8.)

**Harlem Spiritual Ensemble**—Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Feb. 1 at 7.

**David Hykes**—Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Jan. 29 at 8. For information about tickets, call 545-7536.

**Benefit**—A seventy-fifth-birthday tribute to Ella Fitzgerald, with Ashford & Simpson, Jon Hendricks, Nancy Wilson, the Duke Ellington orchestra (conducted by Mercer Ellington), and other performers. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Feb. 2 at 7:30.)

## SPORTS

### HOME TEAMS

**Knicks**—Vs. the Atlanta Hawks, Jan. 28. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Bullets, Feb. 2. (Game time, 7:30.)

**Nets**—Away until Feb. 4, when they face the Seattle Supersonics.

**Rangers**—Vs. the Winnipeg Jets, Jan. 27 at 7:30.

**Islanders**—Vs. the Boston Bruins, Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Rangers, Feb. 1. (Game time, 7:35.)

**Devils**—Away until Feb. 3, when they face the Calgary Flames.

*(The Knicks and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Nets and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)*

### RACING

**Horses**—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . **Trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; Sundays at 6:45. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

*Barry Hannah at the 92nd Street Y*

PAUL HAMLYN

## ABOVE AND BEYOND

**The Great White Lawn**—Hit the slopes of Central Park during the Winter Festival, where, in addition to free skiing lessons and free use of cross-country and downhill-ski equipment, there will be a snow-sculpture contest, an ice-sculpture exhibit, a skiwear fashion show, and in-line skating demonstrations. Snow-making machines from Killington Ski Resort will cover as much of the south end of the Great Lawn as possible. Participants are requested to bring canned goods to contribute to a food drive. (Great Lawn, mid-Park at about 81st St. For more information, call 518-4800. Jan. 30, from 9 to 4. If it's not cold enough for snow production, the festival will be postponed until Feb. 6 or Feb. 13.)

**Russian Bloom**—Claire Bloom will wear a Russian hat over the weekend. Jan. 29 at 8: Ms. Bloom will read Chekhov's "The Lady with the Pet Dog." Fritz Weaver will read the same author's "A Misfortune."... ¶ Jan 30, from 4 to 6 (Act I) and from 8 to 10 (Act II): The actress will present her own adaptation of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina."... ¶ Jan. 31 at 5: Ms. Bloom will read, in English, the poems of Anna Akhmatova and Marina Tsvetayeva. Russian actress Alla Demidova, in her New York début, will read the poems in Russian. Soprano Anna Steiger will sing Prokofiev settings of some of the poetry. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Tickets at the door on the nights of the performances.)

**Barry Hannah**—The fiction writer will give two readings from his forthcoming book of short stories, "Bats Out of Hell." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Feb. 1 at 8, with Randall Kenan.... Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Feb. 2 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

**Inside Out**—Thirty-three galleries will participate in the Outsider Art Fair, a show of naïve, visionary, and intuitive art. Works by such artists as Bill Traylor, Adolf Wölfli, Martin Ramirez, and Nellie Mae Rowe will be exhibited. (Puck Building, Lafayette and Houston Sts. Jan. 30, from 11 to 7, and Jan. 31, from 11 to 6. Tickets at the door on the days of the show.)

**Bonjour, Bonsai**—Ranging in size from dwarf plants small enough to hold in your palm to a thirty-inch-wide *penjing*, or rock planting, more than fifty bonsai plants will be exhibited in the mid-Atlantic indoor bonsai show. (Steinhardt Conservatory, Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. Jan. 30-Feb. 7. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4. No tickets necessary.)

**Readings**—Jan. 27 at 6:30: Translator Alberto Manguel will be the host for an evening of Italian short stories as part of the Selected Shorts series. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)... ¶ Jan. 28 at 8: Edward Field will read from a book of essays by Alfred Chester and an anthology of gay and lesbian poets, as well as from his own work. (A Different Light, 548 Hudson St. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ Feb. 1 at 8: Three new one-act plays about New York City, including one by John Guare, will be read by actors. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ Feb. 2 at 7: Phillip Lopate, Jill Eisenstadt, and Klaus Kertess will read from their own work. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

**Talk**—Jan. 31 at 7:30: Erica Jong moderates a discussion titled "Is Sex Politically Correct?" with novelists Gay Talese and Nicholson Baker, A.C.L.U. president Nadine Strossen, and humorist Christopher Cerf. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.)

**Walks**—Jan. 30 at 2: Two separate movie-stars-and-locations tours: one on the Upper West Side, the other in Greenwich Village, sponsored by Sidewalks of New York. For more information, call 517-0201.... ¶ Jan. 31 at 1: A jaunt through the Jewish East Side, sponsored by Big Onion Walking Tours. For more information, call 439-1090.

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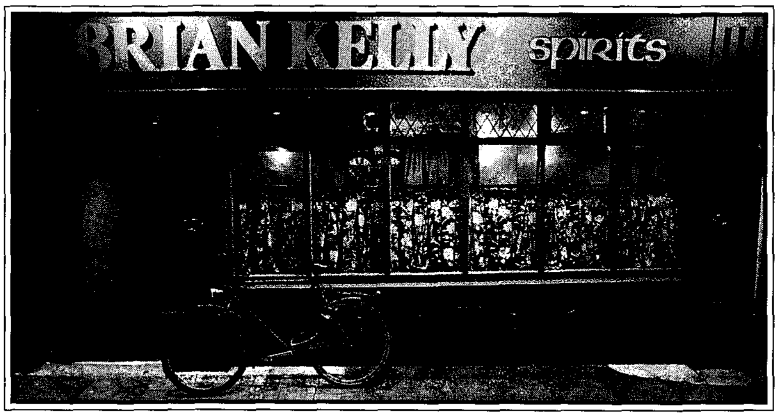

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 27.

### EAST SIDE

**Angelika Film Center,** 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Enchanted April" (directed by Mike Newell), with Miranda Richardson, Josie Lawrence, Polly Walker, and Joan Plowright.
Theatre 2: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 3: "Peter's Friends" (Kenneth Branagh), with Branagh, Emma Thompson, Rita Rudner, Stephen Fry, and Hugh Laurie.
Theatre 4: "A Captive in the Land" (John Berry), with Sam Waterston and Alexander Potapov.
Theatre 5: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 6: "Bad Lieutenant" (Abel Ferrara), with Harvey Keitel.

**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through Jan. 28: "In Advance of the Landing" (Dan Curtis), a documentary film. From Jan. 29: (Separate admissions) "China, My Sorrow" (1989, Dai Sijie; in Mandarin); and "In Advance of the Landing."

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*Melina Mercouri and Jules Dassin in "Never on Sunday"*

MICHAELE VOLLBRACH

**Movieland 8th Street Triplex,** 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Chaplin" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 28: (Matinées only) "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (†); and (evenings only) "The Bodyguard" (†). From Jan. 29: "Children of the Corn, Part 2."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 28: "Forever Young" (†). From Jan. 29: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa), with Tom Berenger and Billy Zane.

**Village Theatre VII,** 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Bob Roberts" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Few Good Men" (†).
Theatre 3: "Malcolm X" (†).
Theatre 4: "A Few Good Men" (†).
Theatre 5: "Damage" (†).
Theatre 6: "Knight Moves" (Carl Schenkel), with Christopher Lambert, Diane Lane, Tom Skerritt, and Daniel Baldwin.
Theatre 7: "Nowhere to Run" (Robert Harmon), with Jean-Claude Van Damme and Rosanna Arquette.

**Village East Cinemas,** 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Hexed" (Alan Spencer), with Arye Gross and Claudia Christian.
Theatre 2: "Alive" (Frank Marshall), with Ethan Hawke, Josh Hamilton, and Vincent Spano.
Theatre 3: "Aspen Extreme" (Patrick Hasburgh), with Paul Gross and Peter Berg.
Theatre 4: "Aladdin" (†).
Theatre 5: "Howards End" (James Ivory).
Theatre 6: "Used People" (Beeban Kidron), with Shirley MacLaine, Kathy Bates, Jessica Tandy, and Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 7: "Unforgiven" (†).

**19th Street East 6,** B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Hexed" (Alan Spencer), with Arye Gross and Claudia Christian.
Theatre 2: Interfilm.
Theatre 3: "Alive" (Frank Marshall), with Ethan Hawke, Josh Hamilton, and Vincent Spano.
Theatre 4: "The Bodyguard" (†).
Theatre 5: "Chaplin" (†).
Theatre 6: "Aladdin" (†).

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Flirting" (John Duigan), with Noah Taylor and Thandie Newton.

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Lorenzo's Oil" (†).

**Murray Hill Cinemas,** 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Alive" (Frank Marshall), with Ethan Hawke, Josh Hamilton, and Vincent Spano.
Theatre 2: "Body of Evidence" (†).
Theatre 3: "Nowhere to Run" (Robert Harmon), with Jean-Claude Van Damme and Rosanna Arquette.
Theatre 4: "Aspen Extreme" (Patrick Hasburgh), with Paul Gross and Peter Berg.

**34th Street Showplace,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Malcolm X" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hexed" (Alan Spencer), with Arye Gross and Claudia Christian.
Theatre 3: "Knight Moves" (Carl Schenkel), with Christopher Lambert, Diane Lane, Tom Skerritt, and Daniel Baldwin.

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"A Few Good Men" (†).

**Sutton I and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Crying Game" (†).

**Gotham Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Hoffa" (†).

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Reservoir Dogs" (Quentin Tarantino), with Harvey Keitel and Tim Roth.

**Manhattan Twin,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Hexed" (Alan Spencer), with Arye Gross and Claudia Christian.
Theatre 2: "Aspen Extreme" (Patrick Hasburgh), with Paul Gross and Peter Berg.

**59th Street East Cinema,** 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Toys" (Barry Levinson), with Robin Williams.

**Baronet and Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Used People" (Beeban Kidron), with Shirley MacLaine and Kathy Bates.
Theatre 2: "Body of Evidence" (†).

**Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Alive" (Frank Marshall), with Ethan Hawke, Josh Hamilton, and Vincent Spano.
Theatre 2: "Damage" (†).
Theatre 3: "Aladdin" (†).

**First & 62nd Cinemas,** 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lorenzo's Oil" (†).
Theatre 3: "Lorenzo's Oil" (†).
Theatre 4: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Jan. 28: "Knight Moves" (Carl Schenkel), with Christopher Lambert, Diane Lane, Tom Skerritt, and Daniel Baldwin. From Jan. 29: "Matinee" (Joe Dante), with John Goodman and Cathy Moriarty.
Theatre 6: "Scent of a Woman" (†).

**Gemini I and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 28: "Malcolm X" (†). From Jan. 29: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa), with Tom Berenger and Billy Zane.
Theatre 2: "Chaplin" (†).

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"A Few Good Men" (†).

**New York Twin,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Bodyguard" (†).
Theatre 2: "Nowhere to Run" (Robert Harmon), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Passion Fish" (John Sayles), with Mary McDonnell, Alfre Woodard, and David Strathairn.

**Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Forever Young" (†).

**East 85th Street,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Body of Evidence" (†).

**Park & 86th Street Cinemas,** 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Lorenzo's Oil" (†).
Theatre 2: "Scent of a Woman" (†).

**Orpheum VII,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Nowhere to Run" (Robert Harmon), with Jean-Claude Van Damme and Rosanna Arquette.
Theatre 2: "A Few Good Men" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Bodyguard" (†).
Theatre 4: "Hoffa" (†).
Theatre 5: "Alive" (Frank Marshall), with Ethan Hawke, Josh Hamilton, and Vincent Spano.
Theatre 6: "Forever Young" (†).
Theatre 7: "Hexed" (Alan Spencer), with Arye Gross and Claudia Christian.

**86th Street East Twin,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Aspen Extreme" (Patrick Hasburgh), with Paul Gross and Peter Berg.
Theatre 2: "Aladdin" (†).

### WEST SIDE

**Film Forum,** 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "Guncrazy" (directed by Tamra Davis), with Drew Barrymore, James LeGros, Joe Dallesandro, and Billy Drago.

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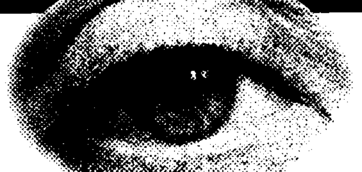

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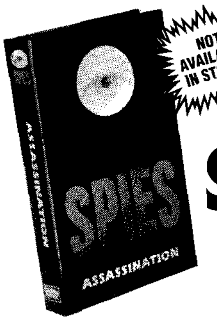

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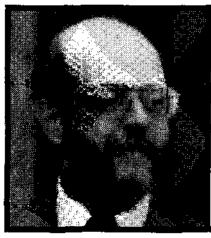

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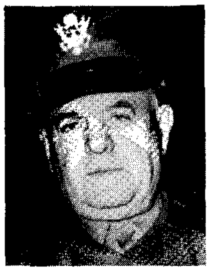

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## MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Malcolm X—The Documentary" (1972), a documentary.

**Waverly I and 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 28: "Hoffa" (†). From Jan. 29: "Matinee" (Joe Dante), with John Goodman and Cathy Moriarty.
Theatre 2: "Lorenzo's Oil" (†).

**Art Greenwich Twin,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Body of Evidence" (†).

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Tous les Matins du Monde" (Alain Corneau, in French), with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Gérard Depardieu, Anne Brochet, and Guillaume Depardieu.
Theatre 2: "Reservoir Dogs" (Quentin Tarantino), with Harvey Keitel and Tim Roth.
Theatre 3: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974, Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns.
Theatre 4: "The Match Factory Girl" (Aki Kaurismaki, in Finnish).

**Chelsea Cinemas,** 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "A Few Good Men" (†).
Theatre 2: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 4: "Body of Evidence" (†).
Theatre 5: "Aspen Extreme" (Patrick Hasburgh), with Paul Gross and Peter Berg.
Theatre 6: "Lorenzo's Oil" (†).
Theatre 7: Through Jan. 28: "Body of Evidence" (†). From Jan. 29: "Matinee" (Joe Dante), with John Goodman and Cathy Moriarty.
Theatre 8: "Used People" (Beeban Kidron), with Shirley MacLaine.
Theatre 9: "Nowhere to Run" (Robert Harmon), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

**23rd St. West Triplex,** 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Knight Moves" (Carl Schenkel), with Christopher Lambert, Diane Lane, Tom Skerritt, and Daniel Baldwin.
Theatre 2: "Hoffa" (†).
Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (†); and (evenings only) "Forever Young" (†).

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Aladdin" (†).

**Worldwide Cinemas,** 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "A Few Good Men" (†).
Theatre 2: "Knight Moves" (Carl Schenkel), with Christopher Lambert, Diane Lane, Tom Skerritt, and Daniel Baldwin.
Theatre 3: "Lorenzo's Oil" (†).
Theatre 4: "Enchanted April" (Mike Newell), with Miranda Richardson, Josie Lawrence, Polly Walker, and Joan Plowright.
Theatre 5: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (James Foley), with Al Pacino and Jack Lemmon.
Theatre 6: "A River Runs Through It" (Robert Redford).

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Hoffa" (†).

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Malcolm X" (†).

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Damage" (†).

**Carnegie Hall Cinemas,** 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Peter's Friends" (Kenneth Branagh), with Branagh, Emma Thompson, Rita Rudner, Stephen Fry, and Hugh Laurie.
Theatre 2: "Peter's Friends."

**Fine Arts,** 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Lover" (Jean-Jacques Annaud).

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Howards End" (James Ivory).

**Columbus Circle,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Chaplin" (†).

**62nd & Broadway,** 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Used People" (Beeban Kidron), with Shirley MacLaine.

**Lincoln Plaza Cinemas,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Tous les Matins du Monde" (Alain Corneau, in French), with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Gérard Depardieu, Anne Brochet, and Guillaume Depardieu.
Theatre 2: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 3: "Indochine."
Theatre 4: "The Crying Game" (†).

*At the Japan Society, Minosuke Bando and Toshiko Iizuka in "Utamaro and His Five Women"*

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART/FILM STILL ARCHIVE

Theatre 5: "Indochine" (Régis Wargnier, in French), with Catherine Deneuve.
Theatre 6: "The Oak" (†).

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Scent of a Woman" (†).

**84th Street Sixplex,** B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Damage" (†).
Theatre 2: "Alive" (Frank Marshall), with Ethan Hawke and Vincent Spano.
Theatre 3: "Body of Evidence" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Bodyguard" (†).
Theatre 5: "Aladdin" (†).
Theatre 6: "A Few Good Men" (†).

**Metro Cinema I and 2,** B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Lorenzo's Oil" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hexed" (Alan Spencer), with Arye Gross and Claudia Christian.

**Olympia I and II,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Aspen Extreme" (Patrick Hasburgh), with Paul Gross and Peter Berg.
Theatre 2: "Nowhere to Run" (Robert Harmon), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

### TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Center,** B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "Home Alone 2: Lost in New York" (†); and (evenings only) "Trespass" (directed by Walter Hill), with Bill Paxton, Ice T, William Sadler, and Ice Cube.
Theatre 2: "Body of Evidence" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Bodyguard" (†).
Theatre 4: "Forever Young" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Jan. 28: "Body of Evidence" (†). From Jan. 29: "Sniper" (Luis Llosa), with Tom Berenger and Billy Zane.
Theatre 6: "Leprechaun" (Mark Jones), with Warwick Davis.
Theatre 7: "Malcolm X" (†).

**Embassy I,** B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Alive" (Frank Marshall), with Ethan Hawke, Josh Hamilton, and Vincent Spano.

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Hexed" (Alan Spencer), with Arye Gross and Claudia Christian.
Theatre 2: "Bad Lieutenant" (Abel Ferrara), with Harvey Keitel.
Theatre 3: "Aspen Extreme" (Patrick Hasburgh), with Paul Gross and Peter Berg.

**Astor Plaza,** 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Nowhere to Run" (Robert Harmon), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

**National Twin,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Few Good Men" (†).

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Film Forum 2,** 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Jan. 27: A program of short films with Robert Benchley; and "The Green Pastures" (1936, directed by Marc Connelly and William Keighley), with Rex Ingram, Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, and Oscar Polk.
Jan. 28-29: "Saboteur" (1942, Alfred Hitchcock), with Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings, and Otto Kruger; and "The Moon's Our Home" (†).
Jan. 30-Feb. 1: "Twentieth Century" (1934, Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "His Girl Friday" (1940, Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.
Feb. 2: "Elmer the Great" (1933, Mervyn LeRoy), with Joe E. Brown; "Alibi Ike" (1935, Ray Enright), with Brown, Olivia de Havilland, Ruth Donnelly, Roscoe Karns, and William Frawley; and "So This Is New York" (†).

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Jan. 27: "Walkabout" (1971, Nicolas Roeg); and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975, Peter Weir), with Rachel Roberts.
Jan. 28: "Never on Sunday" (†) and "Topkapi" (†).
Jan. 29-30: "Annie Hall" (1977, Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979, Allen), with Allen, Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.
Jan. 31: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966, Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis; and "Butterfield 8" (1960, Daniel Mann), with Taylor, Laurence Harvey, Eddie Fisher, and Dina Merrill.
Feb. 1: "Jour de Fête" (1950, Jacques Tati) and "Mon Oncle" (1958, Tati; in French), both with Tati.
Feb. 2: "The Man Who Would Be King" (see page 27); and "The Mackintosh Man" (1973, John Huston), with Paul Newman, Dominique Sanda, James Mason, Harry Andrews, and Ian Bannen.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art,** Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Jan. 28 at 2:30 and Feb. 1 at 6: "La Strada" (1954, directed by Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 3 and 6: "Intervals of Silence" (1990, Deborah Lefkowitz), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at

6 and Feb. 2 at 2:30: “Shoot the Piano Player” (1960, François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 2:30: “The Red Shoes” (1948, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 3 and Jan. 31 at 5: A program of animated films by Osamu Tezuka and Kihachiro Kawamoto. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 6: “Black Orpheus” (1959, Marcel Camus; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 6, Jan. 30 at 2:30 and 5, and Jan. 31 at 2:30: Two different programs of animated short films from the fourth International Animation Festival, held in Hiroshima, Japan. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 2 and Feb. 2 at 6: “Lola Montès” (1955, Max Ophuls; in French), with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 5: “Yojimbo” (1961, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 1:30: “Richard III” (1956, Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Claire Bloom, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Cedric Hardwicke. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 5: “Summertime” (1955, David Lean), with Katharine Hepburn, Rossano Brazzi, Isa Miranda, and Darren McGavin. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 2:30: “The Seventh Seal” (1956, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 6:30: A program of films by Stuart Sherman, who will be present.

**Walter Reade Theatre,** Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Jan. 27 at 2 and 4, Jan. 28 at 2, 4, 6, and 8, Jan. 29 at 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, Jan. 30 at 4, 6, 8, and 10, and Jan. 31 at 4, 6, and 8: “Get Thee Out” (1991, Dmitry Astrakhan; in Russian). . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 8: “Movement as Metaphor: Jazz Dance on Film,” six decades of films, including clips of the Nicholas Brothers, the Berry Brothers, and Bunny Briggs. . . . ¶ Jan. 30-31 at 2: “Pinchcliffe Grand Prix” (1975, Ivo Caprino). . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 2 and 5: “Up the Junction” (1965, Ken Loach). . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 3:30: “Cathy Come Home” (1966, Loach). . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 6:30 and 8:30: “Riff-Raff” (1991, Loach).

**Museum of Television and Radio,** 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—“The Trial of Bernhard Goetz” (1988, Harry Moses), with Michael P. Boatman and Peter Crombie. (Showings Tuesdays through Sundays at 2.). . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 6: “True West” (1984, Allan Goldstein), with John Malkovich and Gary Sinise. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 6:30: “Lemon Sky” (1988, Jan Egelson), with Kevin Bacon, Tom Atkins, Lindsay Crouse, and Kyra Sedgwick.

**American Museum of the Moving Image,** 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—“Changing the Picture: The Emergence of African Americans in Television.” Jan. 30 at 2: Music of the sixties, featuring Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Aretha Franklin, Duke Ellington, Harry Belafonte, and others. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 4:30: “Freedom Is a Lovesome Thing, God Wot!” (1964), an episode of “Channing,” with James Earl Jones and Agnes Moorehead; and “Frederick Douglass” (1965), an episode of “Profiles in Courage,” with Robert Hooks and Frederick O’Neill.

**Japan Society,** 333 E. 47th St. (752-0824)—Jan. 29 at 6:30: “Utamaro and His Five Women” (1946, Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Minosuke Bando and Kinuyo Tanaka; and “Women of the Night” (1948, Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Tanaka.

**Florence Gould Hall,** 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Jan. 27 at 3 and 6:30: “Sweetheart” (1992, Michel Deville; in French), with Jacques Dutronc, Mathilda May, and Patrick Bruel.

## MOVIES IN BRIEF

**SEE PRECEDING PAGES FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.**

### *Royal Flush*

As proved most recently by Barry Levinson’s “Toys,” few things are riskier than a director’s dream deferred—and filmed years later. The results can reflect the difficulty of launching the production rather than the fun of dreaming it up. One magnificent exception is John Huston’s 1975 epic “The Man Who Would Be King” (playing February 2, at Theatre 80 St. Marks). He first envisioned making a film of Rudyard Kipling’s 1888 short story in the mid-fifties, when he hoped to star Gable and Bogart as the British soldiers of fortune who conquer the lost kingdom of Kafiristan. During the two decades it took to bring this jaunty adventure to the screen, Huston expanded and embellished the strongest parts of the story. He accented the comedy in Kipling’s treatment of Freemasonry, and turned a supporting native character named Billy Fish (eventually played, wonderfully, by Saeed Jaffrey) into a full-blown Gunga Din. He considered several other stellar acting teams over the years (including Burton and O’Toole), but still ended up with ideal casting: Sean Connery as the booming, romantic Daniel Dravot and Michael Caine as the wry, canny Peachy Carnehan. Connery and Caine—who achieved their career breakthroughs as, respectively, James Bond and the anti-Bond, Harry Palmer—do the best kind of star performing, fusing aspects of their own personas with the sharply written characters. And Huston’s detail work is both complete and beguiling. When the men ride the Indian railways and white smoke billows in through the windows, it registers as macho fairy dust.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

**Aladdin**—Spiffy, inventive, and hilarious. The directors, John Musker and Ron Clements, who collaborated on the screenplay with Ted Elliott and Terry Rossio, streamline the traditional Aladdin story into a contest between the boy and a towering vizier-wizard named Jafar, Aladdin’s rival for the hand of the Sultan’s daughter, Princess Jasmine. What makes this wisecracking cartoon such intense, giddy fun is the eruption of uninhibited parody that Robin Williams provides as the voice of the Genie in Aladdin’s lamp. The Genie mutates into dozens of variations on himself as Williams impersonates everyone from William F. Buckley, Jr., to Arsenio Hall. The animators’ quick-draw craftsmanship keeps up with Williams’ breakaway creativity. With the voices of Scott Weinger, Linda Larkin, Jonathan Freeman, and Gilbert Gottfried (who unexpectedly triumphs as Jafar’s tough parrot, Iago); composer Alan Menken contributes five songs, with lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman.—M.S. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/30/92.) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Cinema 3rd Avenue, 86th Street East Twin, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

**Bob Roberts**—Tim Robbins is the writer, director, and star of this mock documentary that chronicles C-SPAN style, the senatorial campaign of a young radical-right demagogue. Bob Roberts is a folksinger: instead of giving speeches, he picks up an acoustic guitar and invites his audiences to sing along with his reactionary “protest” anthems. He’s Pat Buchanan in Woody Guthrie’s clothing, and what’s scary about the movie is that this grotesque coupling doesn’t even feel like a stretch. Robbins tosses off nasty satiric riffs at a reckless, headlong pace, and the movie, even at its most chilling, is hilarious; its humor is both precise enough to deflate its targets and goofy enough to feel liberating. And his performance as smiling Bob, although it’s conceived as a caricature, is never tiresome: it’s too finely detailed, and too gleeful. This terrifically entertaining movie represents something very unlikely and very welcome: liberal humor with sharp teeth.—T.R. (9/7/92) (Village Theatre VII.)

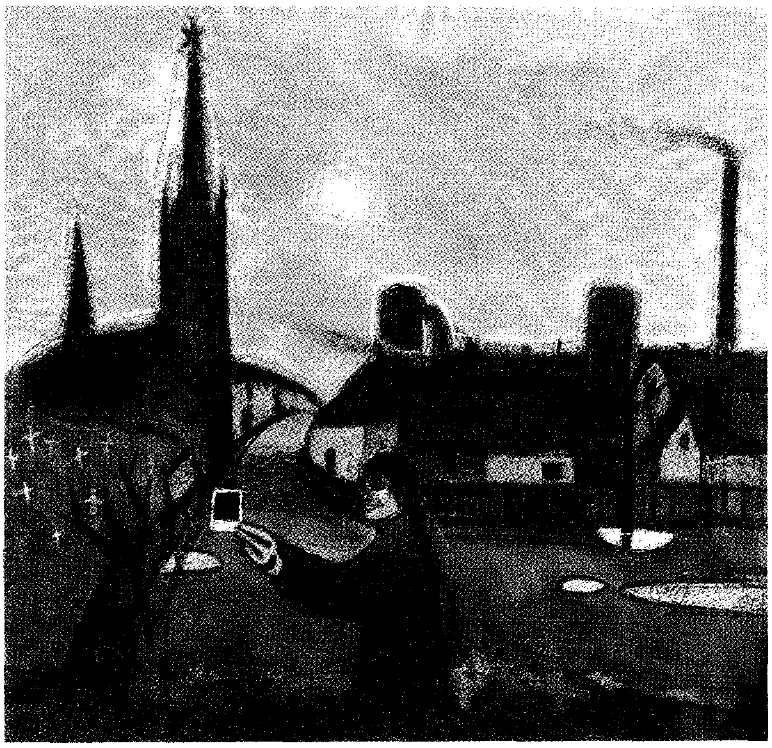
**The Bodyguard**—According to the screenwriter (and co-producer), Lawrence Kasdan, the script for this picture was written in 1975 as a possible vehicle for Steve McQueen. In lieu of McQueen, Kevin Costner plays the title character, a retired Secret Service man who is hired to protect a famous singer (played by Whitney Houston). Costner sports a fuzzy crewcut that’s more travesty than homage, and he’s very grim; he looks as if he were still troubled by inconsistencies in the Warren Commission report. Houston flings herself repeatedly at the taciturn hero, begging him for both sex and manly state-of-the-art security. It is, perhaps, a sign of progress that a big-budget commercial picture like this can feature a romance between a white man and a black woman without ever making the racial difference an issue. It would be a more encouraging sign if the movie were any good. Directed by Mick Jackson.—T.R. (12/14/92) (19th Street East 6, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through Jan. 28, evenings only.)

**Body of Evidence**—Madonna plays a woman on trial for deliberately inducing a fatal coronary in her wealthy older lover by means of overstrenuous sadomasochistic sex. Aside from morons, the only viewers likely to be thrilled by this star vehicle are her academic fans: they gaze avidly, deconstructing her with their eyes. For them, the turn-on might be the question: In the light of Sharon Stone’s brilliant appropriation of Madonna’s persona in “Basic Instinct,” is Madonna still the author of Madonna? To the layman, the answer to that one is obvious. Stone’s “Madonna” is so much wittier and sexier than its model that it obliterates the original: it turns the “real” Madonna into an immaterial girl. Madonna—the hardest-working sex symbol in the history of show business—tries with her customary dogged application to reclaim her creation, but it’s no use. She seems to be taking herself too seriously, and her erotic audacity lacks even the illusion of playfulness. Her performance feels strained and heavy-spirited; watching it is like watching Joan Crawford tap-dance. Also with Willem Dafoe, Anne Archer, Joe Mantegna, and Julianne Moore. The ridiculous screenplay is credited to Brad Mirman; the sluggish direction is by Uli Edel.—T.R. (1/25/93) (Murray Hill Cinemas, Coronet, East 85th Street, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

**Chaplin**—Aside from a few attempts to ape silent-slapstick style, the director of this sprawling bio-pic, Richard Attenborough, and the screenwriters (William Boyd, Bryan Forbes, and William Goldman, working from

## IN BRIEF–Cont'd

a story by Diana Hawkins), do their job like crammers. They overstuff nearly two and a half hours of running time with Chaplin's Dickensian London boyhood, his apprenticeship in vaudeville, his growing mastery of movie comedy, his frustrating love life, and the political consequences of his social conscience. Not surprisingly, simplification sets in early. Luckily, Robert Downey, Jr., as Chaplin, displays extraordinary physical and emotive talents. His deftness and agility make the loose re-creations of Chaplin's evolving style fun to watch; his suggestion of an unruly interior life is what keeps the movie (barely) alive. And Geraldine Chaplin manages the feat of playing her own mad grandmother, imbuing Hannah Chaplin with a wrenching combination of wounded maternalism and addled propriety.—M.S. (12/28/92-1/4/93) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Gemini, and Columbus Circle.)



*Maia Morgenstern in "The Oak"*

ANDREA VENTURA

**THE CRYING GAME**—This amazing new movie by the Irish writer and director Neil Jordan ("Mona Lisa," "The Miracle") has the sure grip and the unstoppable momentum of a dream. Jordan tells the story of Fergus (Stephen Rea), a troubled I.R.A. gunman who undergoes a thorough emotional metamorphosis, and he makes the hero's change of heart moving and persuasive; the film inspires an irrational sort of trust, a willing suspension of something deeper and more fundamental than disbelief. The script is full of reversals and abrupt dislocations and, halfway through, the movie springs a huge, jaw-dropping surprise. Disorienting us isn't the ultimate aim of Jordan's artistic strategy, though; he jars us out of our accustomed responses to prepare us for the purer, more penetrating ones he really wants from us. The picture is a splendid entertainment—an elating, charmed sprint through all sorts of contemporary terrors.—T.R. (11/16/92) (Angelika Film Center, Sutton, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

**DAMAGE**—A middle-aged British politician (Jeremy Irons, looking and sounding alarmingly like Boris Karloff) falls in love with his son's girlfriend, a mysterious half-French beauty (Juliette Binoche). The screenplay—by David Hare, from Josephine Hart's sensationally stupid best-seller—aims to create a sense of tragic inevitability out of a banal infidelity story: what it achieves is lethal predictability. For almost two hours, the movie alternates joyless, desperate (but tastefully lit) couplings with painfully awkward family gatherings; then somebody dies and everybody's sad and it's over. Director Louis Malle has played artistic sugar daddy to Hart's shallow little novel—provided a lavishly appointed flat for a story that isn't worth a cheap motel room. Also with Miranda Richardson (who is dreadful), Rupert Graves, Ian Bannen, and Leslie Caron.—T.R. (1/25/93) (Village Theatre VII, Cinema II, 57th St. Playhouse, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

**A FEW GOOD MEN**—Tom Cruise and Jack Nicholson square off in this yuppie version of "The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial," with Cruise as a glib, Harvard-trained Navy lawyer defending two Marines accused of murder, and Nicholson as the Captain Queeg-like officer who set the crime in motion. The writer, Aaron Sorkin (who adapted his own hit play), and the director, Rob Reiner, seem to think the story has something to say about legal and military honor. They take issues that have been chewed over for centuries and finally succeed in reducing them to cud. The whole film, with its steady, important-picture pacing, its foursquare visual style, and its pseudo-profundity, is a piece of glorified banality. Nicholson boasts a couple of bravura scenes but Kevin Bacon gives the most persuasive performance, as the no-nonsense prosecutor.—M.S. (12/14/92) (Village Theatre VII, 34th St. East, Beekman, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, National Twin.)

**FOREVER YOUNG**—A retro romance in the insufferably gloppy manner of Steven Spielberg's "Always" (which had many of us hoping "Never"). Mel Gibson stars as a daredevil Air Corps pilot in 1939 who volunteers for a cryogenics experiment after his true love (Isabel Glasser) enters a seemingly irreversible coma. By a twist of fate, he stays frozen for over fifty years, emerging with enough of his Dudley Do-Right manliness intact to impress single mom Jamie Lee Curtis, her young son, Elijah Wood, and even her dull suitor, Nicholas Surovy. The screenwriter, Jeffrey Abrams, has a mind that channel-hops from AMC to Nick at Nite: he stuffs the film with old-movie gimmicks and sitcom devices, such as Gibson's being able to propose marriage only when his lover is absent. The director, Steve Miner, matches the writer drip for drip. Gibson isn't smarmy, exactly, but the film makes him appear that way; it's like the joke in "L.A. Story" picturing him as the man of everybody's dreams, male or female.—M.S. (Tower East, Orpheum VII, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex. Evenings only. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through Jan. 28.)

**HOFFA**—The life of the flamboyant labor leader, who lay down with mobsters and got up with subpoenas, is a terrific subject for a movie—a story of corruption and power, like "Citizen Kane" and the "Godfather" pictures. But what director Danny DeVito and screenwriter David Mamet have done here couldn't have been predicted. They've made a two-hour-and-fifteen-minute movie that doesn't tell the story of Jimmy Hoffa; they've made his life inconsequential. Their Hoffa (Jack Nicholson) is just a blustery movie tough guy: he gives speeches whose content we aren't encouraged to think about; he pops up in the foreground of labor disputes that haven't been explained to us; he appears before investigative panels whose purposes are unclear, and is interrogated about crimes we've neither seen nor heard about. "Hoffa" tells us less about Hoffa than it does about Mamet's chronic nostalgia for the manly-man ethos of yesteryear—a romantic vision of America, where beefy, two-fisted giants once walked and thugs were thugs, not corporate weasels.—T.R. (12/28/92-1/4/93) (Gotham Cinema, Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Ziegfeld. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Jan. 28.)

**HOME ALONE 2: LOST IN NEW YORK**—The director, Chris Columbus, and the producer-writer, John Hughes, use the first "Home Alone" as a template. Leaning hard on the sensitive-brat charm of the eleven-year-old Macaulay Culkin, they duplicate and exaggerate every laugh-getting, tearjerking separation and reunion, every crowd-pleasing gibe and gambit. This time, young Kevin McCallister mistakenly boards a plane to Gotham while his folks fly off to Miami for their Christmas vacation. The filmmakers pump up the volume on the schmalz and sadism, hoping to attain a hyperbolic balance. What they achieve is double overkill. Culkin is directed as if he were an animatronic doll. He screams, he pouts, he proclaims "Yes!" Either you're captivated or you want to muzzle him.—M.S. (11/30/92) (First & 62nd Cinemas. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex, and Criterion Center. Matinées only. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through Jan. 28, matinées only.)

**LORENZO'S OIL**—Susan Sarandon and Nick Nolte portray an extraordinary (real-life) couple named Michaela and Augusto Odone, whose five-year-old son, Lorenzo, is found to have an extremely rare, ruthlessly degenerative, incurable disease. Frustrated by the inadequancy of available therapies and outraged by the primitive state of knowledge about the disease, the Odones won't accept the inevitability of his fate until they've studied the disease thoroughly. It's easy to imagine the Odones' courage and tenacity processed by Hollywood into the sort of shrink-wrapped package of uplift that has, over the years, given the loftiest qualities of the human spirit a really bad name. But director George Miller, a former doctor best known for the punk-inflected "Mad Max" series of action movies, doesn't treat his characters reverently, and explains the data to us patiently, slowly, so we get caught up in the medical mystery. The result is an almost freak occurence: an inspirational drama that's genuinely inspiring.—T.R. (1/11/93) (Bay Cinema, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema.)

**Malcolm X**—There's a great deal of passion in Spike Lee's three-hour-and-twenty-minute adaptation of "The Autobiography of Malcolm X," but it's not an artist's passion. Malcolm, who achieved fame in the early sixties as a compelling spokesman for the black-pride philosophy of the Nation of Islam, is an unlikely hero for a big-studio prestige picture: he begins as a predatory street criminal, becomes a studious Muslim ascetic, and fulfills himself as a scourge. The ponderous rhythms of the great-man bio-pic only emphasize the impossibility of rendering this story with conventional movie-narrative means. Denzel Washington's performance as Malcolm gets off to a rocky start—for the first hour, he's required to play the hero as a teen-ager—but it gains authority as the movie goes along. This film's Malcolm isn't so much a character as an image: a statue for us to look up at in wonder.—T.R. (11/30/92) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Festival, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Gemini; through Jan. 28.)

**The Moon's Our Home** (1936)—A thoroughly frivolous farce. Those who've seen it aren't likely to have forgotten the gag of the wedding night when the groom (Henry Fonda) has a violent reaction to the perfume that his bride (Margaret Sullavan) has doused herself with. Fonda plays a celebrity explorer-author; Sullavan plays a socialite movie star, high-strung, and hot-tempered. The film's premise is that these two world-famous (and self-infatuated) people meet and marry without either knowing who the other is. This may seem like the worst kind of madcap comedy (it's taken from a *Cosmopolitan Magazine* novel by Faith Baldwin), but after a script was written (by Isabel Dawn and Boyce DeGaw), Dorothy Parker and her husband Alan Campbell were called in to do a rewrite, and they did some near-ribald improvisation. There's something else that works to the picture's advantage: Fonda and Sullavan had actually been married and divorced. When they fight in the movie, you feel you're hearing their real battling rhythms. And when they're romantic, that has a real pulse to it, too. They look great: his long coats emphasize his height; her sleek dresses and fur pieces emphasize her tiny waist and narrow hips. (At times she seems to be parodying Katharine Hepburn.) Charles Butterworth is wonderfully mild as Sullavan's high-society suitor, and the other featured players have some good pungent scenes, because most of the characters surrounding the celebrities are wise to their narcissistic games. Directed by William A. Seiter.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Jan. 28-29.)

**Never on Sunday** (1960)—Melina Mercouri, as the happy whore who goes to bed only with men she likes, in Jules Dassin's clumsy fable about the joys of amorality and the stupidity of virtue. Pinheaded Shavian ironies and an exhaustingly robust heroine, but a great success. Made in Greece, with bouzouki music by Manos Hadjidakis. In English and Greek. —P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 28.)

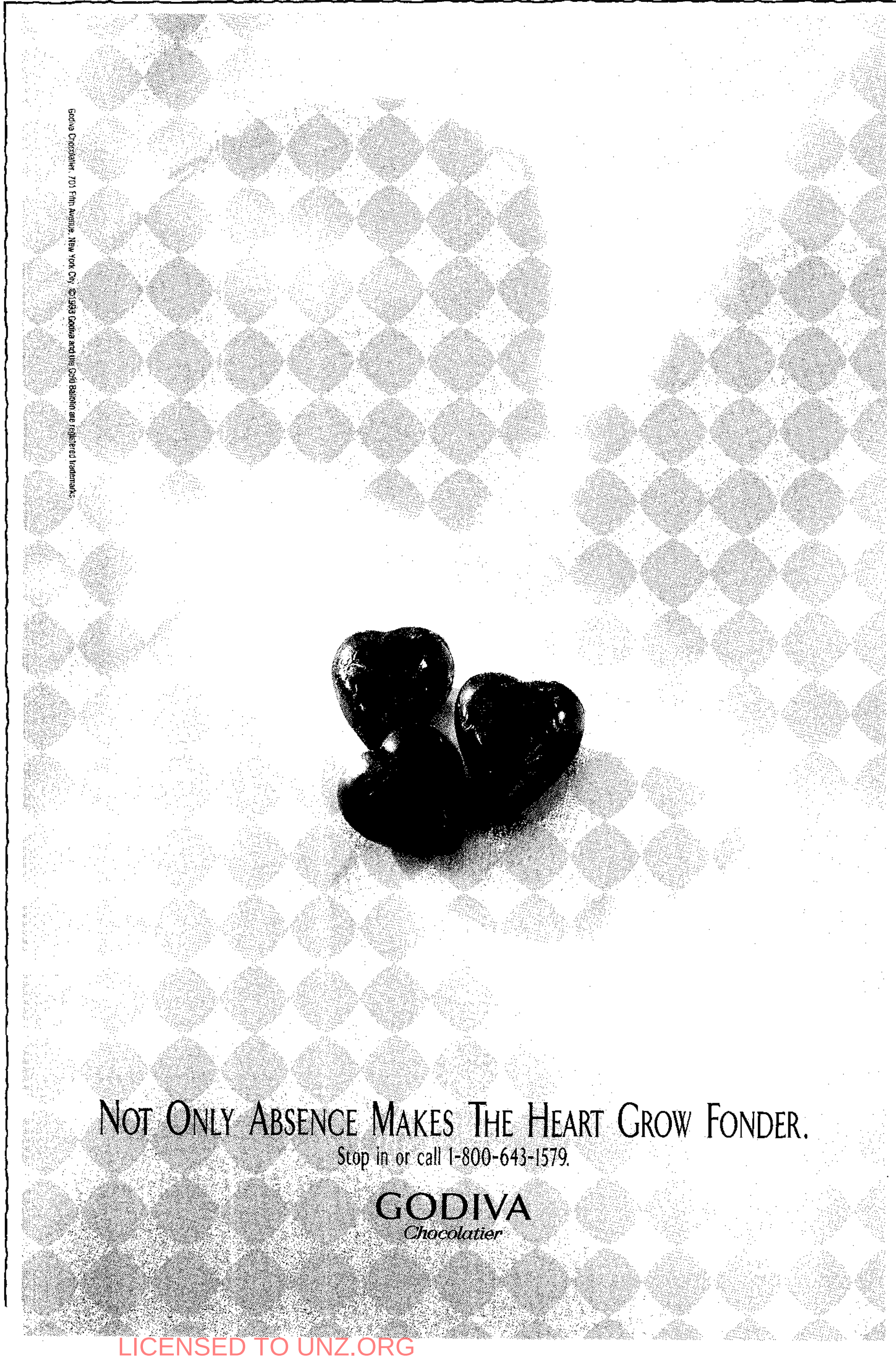
**The Oak**—With Maia Morgenstern, directed by Lucian Pintilie. In Romanian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

**Scent of a Woman**—Director Martin Brest and screenwriter Bo Goldman labor mightily to design a holiday-season heart-warmer about a middle-aged blind man and a troubled teen-ager (Chris O'Donnell), but fortunately their low intentions are undone by the star, Al Pacino, whose performance taps emotions too complex and too frightening to be resolved by the simple moral victory that ends the picture. His Frank Slade, a retired Army officer and former aide to L.B.J., is a bitter, misanthropic, profoundly depressed man, and the actor makes us feel the full weight of the character's hopelessness. This is acting that chills the heart beyond any possibility of warming. The filmmakers may dismiss the audience with a banal lesson written on the blackboard—"Smell the roses" is the gist—but by the end we're not paying much attention. We're still sorting out the ambiguities and uncomfortable truths that Pacino's great performance has let us in on.—T.R. (12/28/92-1/4/93) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin.)

**So This Is New York** (1948)—Henry Morgan plays the Indiana cigar-salesman hero in this adaptation of Ring Lardner's "The Big Town." The movie is a satire of New York in the twenties—a deadpan farce that's uneven, but frequently very funny. Morgan and his wife (Virginia Grey) take her sister (Dona Drake) to the big city to find a husband: the prospects include Rudy Vallée as a millionaire, Hugh Herbert as an explorer, Leo Gorcey as a jockey, and Bill Goodwin as an egomaniac actor. Directed by Richard Fleischer, from a screenplay by Carl Foreman.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Feb. 2.)

**Topkapi** (1964)—Comic grand larceny in Eric Ambler terrain—Istanbul. The gang in this Jules Dassin thriller includes Peter Ustinov, Melina Mercouri, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, and Akim Tamiroff, and they all work too hard at being merry, lovable scoundrels. Music by Manos Hadjidakis.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 28.)

**Unforgiven**—Set in eighteen-eighties Kansas and Wyoming, this engrossing, moody Western is the sixteenth film Clint Eastwood has directed, and by far the best. The canny script, by David Webb Peoples, revives the old story about the retired gunfighter (Eastwood) who picks up his firearms again for one last score. But there's no easy resolution, and the movie is stronger because of its loose ends: the filmmakers acknowledge that the bloody chaos of an outlaw's life can't be settled in two hours and eleven minutes. The action begins when a cowboy slashes the face of a prostitute, and her co-workers pool their money to offer a reward for the murder of him and his partner. Jaimz Woolvett is the upstart who enlists Eastwood in the bounty hunt. Morgan Freeman plays Eastwood's longtime partner, Gene Hackman a megalomaniac sheriff, Richard Harris a flamboyant English gunslinger, and Saul Rubinek a dime novelist. This is the finest set of performances ever to grace a Clint Eastwood movie, and this time Eastwood even does a good job directing Eastwood. Every bullet in this movie matters; under its leathery hide is a genuine compulsion to de-romanticize Western gunfighting.—M.S. (8/10/92) (Village East Cinemas.)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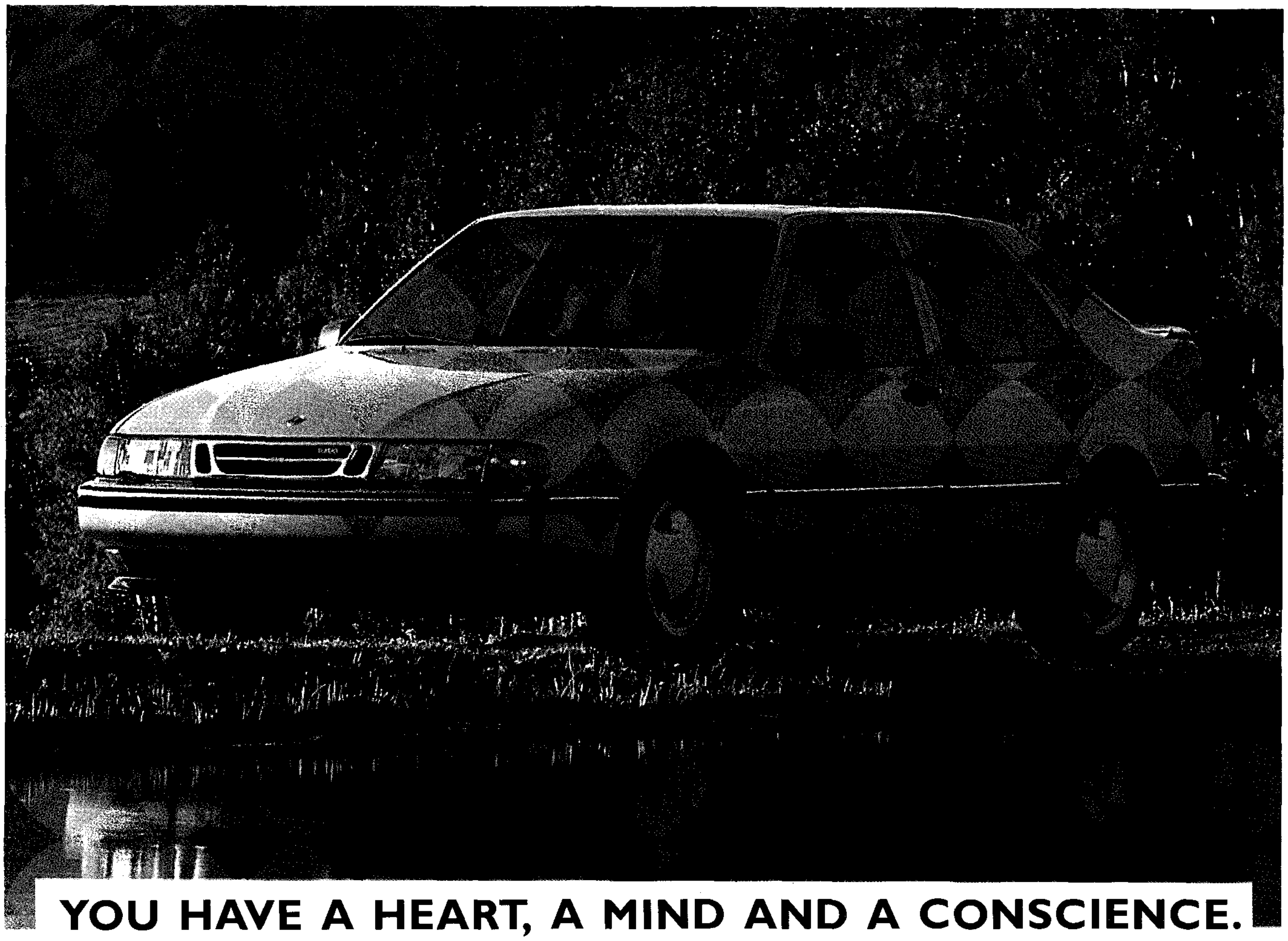

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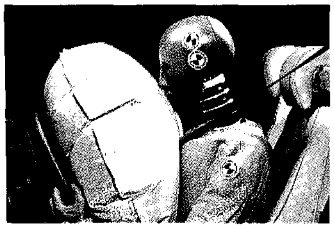

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## MOTHER'S DAY

To understand why the new President cannot keep his hands off people, you need only meet his mother, Virginia Kelley, who seems to be a compulsive hugger. She hugs you when she first meets you, and is liable to do it again at any moment if you are not paying attention. Last Monday, two days before her son Bill's Inauguration, Mrs. Kelley was doing a lot of hugging at a party given by Yolande Fox, the widow of the Hollywood producer Matthew Fox, in her large Georgetown mansion (it was lived in by Jacqueline Kennedy for a while after President Kennedy was assassinated), which is immediately across N Street from the even larger mansion of Ben Bradlee, the former editor of the Washington *Post*. Mrs. Fox, a former Miss America, had taken a lot of trouble to make Mrs. Kelley feel happy and at home, offering Southern food and, among the guests, an assortment of old-time show-business personalities, such as Mickey Rooney, Lauren Bacall, Shelley Winters, and Harry Belafonte.

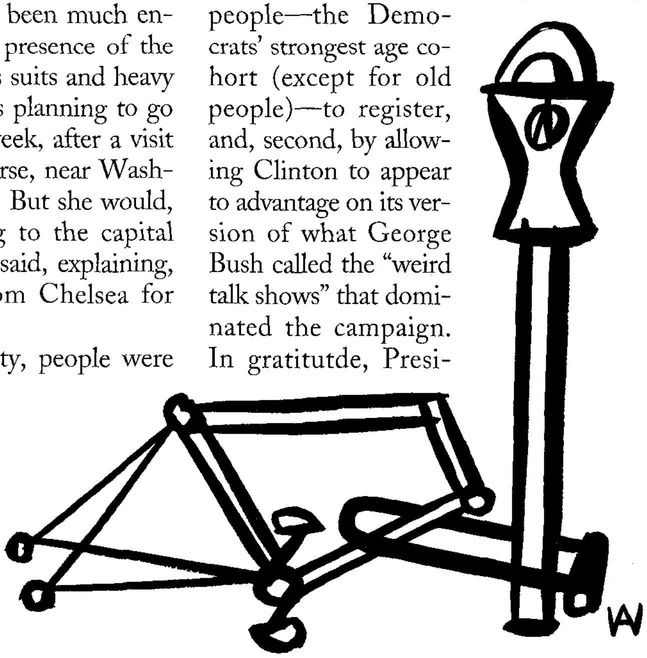
Mrs. Kelley is an intelligent and engaging woman, who deals skillfully with the hoopla about her son. "He's going to do us proud," she was telling everybody. Even when Bill was young, she said, he had made his own decisions, and she cited once again his independent choice to change his surname from Blythe to Clinton. On being asked whether Bill had always been a bit of a bookworm, Mrs. Kelley agreed that he had read and studied a lot in his youth, but she added, "He also liked sports and girls. He wasn't a nerd."

Mrs. Kelley said she was going to spend the first night of her son's Presidency in Lincoln's bedroom in the White House and pronounced herself thrilled at the prospect, but said she hoped that she wouldn't be sleeping in the great man's bed. "I wouldn't like that," she said firmly. (The Washington *Post* had reported on the morning of Inauguration Day that the historic bedroom would be occupied that night by Bill and Hillary's Hollywood friends Harry Thomason and Linda Bloodworth-Thomason, even though "normally the honor of Night One in the Lincoln Bed goes to family." The next day, the White House confirmed that the Thomasons, and not Mrs. Kelley, had slept there, but the Thomasons, who ought to know, denied it. They had moved into the bedroom on Thursday, they said.) Unfortunately for Washington, which has been much enlivened by the cheerful presence of the First Mom, in her pants suits and heavy jewelry, Mrs. Kelley was planning to go back to Arkansas this week, after a visit to the Laurel Race Course, near Washington, on the weekend. But she would, of course, be returning to the capital from time to time, she said, explaining, "I can't keep away from Chelsea for long."

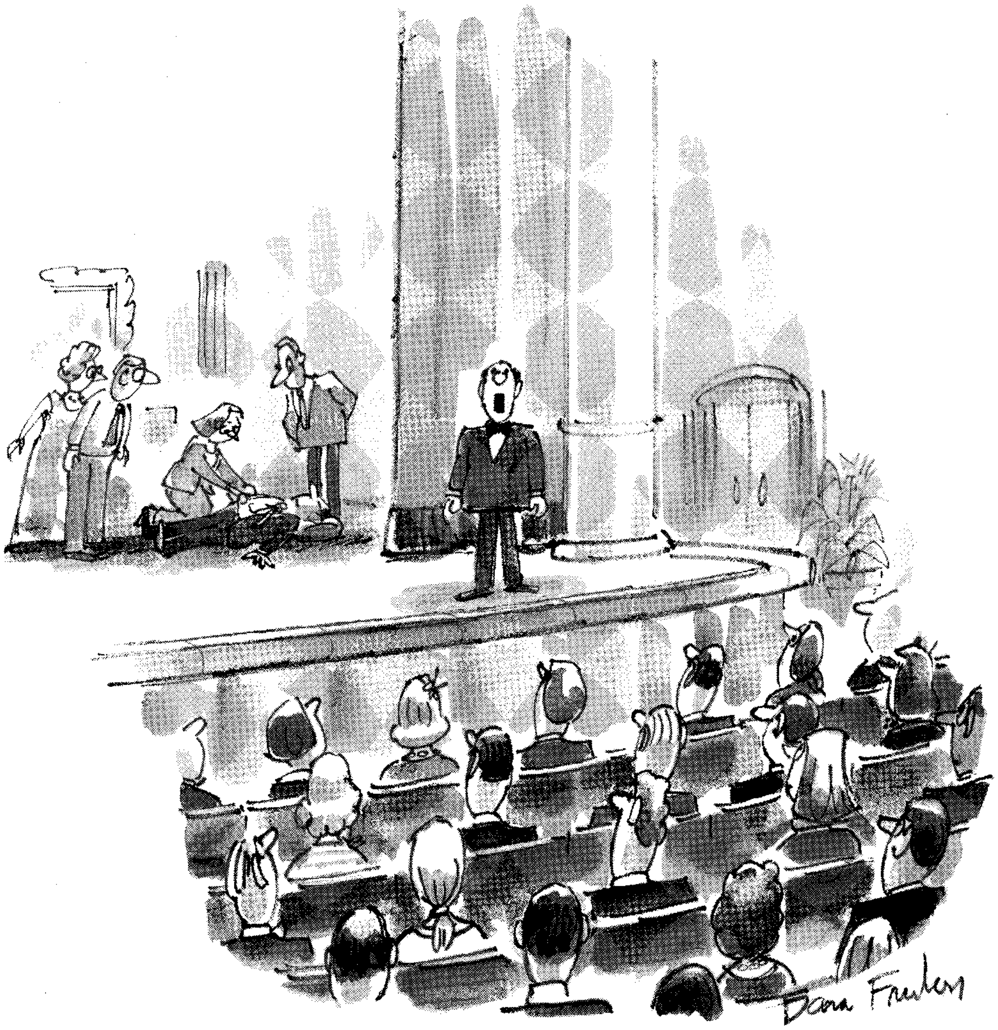
Throughout the party, people were casually singing nostalgic songs at the piano, some with pointed-sounding titles, such as "Make Believe," "I'm Only a Cock-Eyed Optimist," and the Wodehouse-Kern love song "Bill." The musical-comedy writer Adolph Green and the cabaret singer Barbara Cook were the principal vocalists, but when Mrs. Kelley asked for a rendition of her favorite song, "Just the Way You Are," nobody at first was able to oblige. Mickey Rooney was asked to come to the rescue, but after throwing his hat theatrically onto the piano he limited himself to plucking the inside of his mouth and making funny faces while the pianist played the tune. In the end, though, somebody was found who could sing the words.

## ROCK OF AGES

Music Television, the pre-adult cable network, did Clinton as candidate a world of good last fall: first, by mounting a promotion called "Rock the Vote," which encouraged young people—the Democrats' strongest age cohort (except for old people)—to register, and, second, by allowing Clinton to appear to advantage on its version of what George Bush called the "weird talk shows" that dominated the campaign. In gratitutde, Presi-



ANDERS WENNGREN



*"Are there several doctors in the house, so we can have a little managed competition?"*

• •

dent Clinton did a drop-by at the big rock-and-roll bash the network threw at the Washington Convention Center.

It may have been an MTV ball, but it's an Administration of older rockers—VH-1 rather than MTV viewers—and this disparity gave rise to a certain amount of— Well, "tension" would be too strong a word: "affectionate mutual incomprehension," perhaps. When Clinton appeared, at nine-fifteen, the audience, or that youthful part of it which crowded around the stage, wouldn't let him speak at first but drowned him out with good-natured chants of "Chel-sea! Chel-sea!" These subsided only after he brought his daughter forward for a shy bow. When there was enough quiet for the President to be heard, he opened his remarks with what appeared to be a baby boomer's parody of the MTV generation's syntax. "Y'know . . ." he said, with mock sullenness. "I mean . . ."

It was all like totally friendly, right?—even self-deprecating, in a way, because everybody knows whose generation taught the MTVers how to talk.

In keeping with the Clinton era's compromise populism, there was massive food and drink for all, and there was also a special platform reserved for the rich, famous, or well-connected. Movie stars—Jack Nicholson, Warren Beatty, Ron Silver—huddled together for warmth. The musicians performing on the stage were very well known to kids on the floor, but many of those on the raised platform had no idea who they were. Conversation was often difficult. One of the movie stars, Terence Stamp, gave up. He sat peacefully with his elbows on his knees and his index fingers in his ears.

Wisely, the President left before his brother, Roger, sang. Roger Clinton isn't musically disadvantaged; he's musically *challenged*. But at least his appearance insured that the show, which featured so many talented, successful, cool performers, was not one of those shamelessly homogeneous élite events. As soon as Roger stepped up onstage and opened his mouth and wagged his trousers, he managed in a single croon to embody the new Clinton ethos of Inclusion. "What did it mean to you to be up on that stage?" Maria Shriver later asked the First Brother, and he replied that it meant that Ahmet (the music mogul Mr. Ertegun to you) now had higher and higher hopes for him, record-career-wise. As for what the audience thought of him, a woman from Arlington, Virginia, who was staring transfixed at the stage, said, "I'm not sure what to think. I guess it's nice that the President is nice to his brother, but somehow it makes me feel like I'm in a karaoke bar."

## VOICE OF CALM

AMID the mayhem and hysteria surrounding the Inauguration, most people probably found themselves feeling just the way Andy Warhol once did when he said, "I'm the type who'd be happy not going anywhere as long as I was sure I knew exactly what was happening at the places I wasn't going to. I'm the type who'd like to sit home and watch every party that I'm invited to on a monitor in my bedroom." To meet such people's needs, there is, fortunately, an unsleeping witness to America's political life—the cable public-affairs network C-SPAN. Beginning in April of 1991, when Paul Tsongas became the first Democrat formally to announce his candidacy for the Presidency, C-SPAN broadcast more than twelve hundred hours of politics, covering every detail of the campaign, up to and including the election. And, throughout, C-SPAN distinguished itself from the other television channels by an extraordinary serenity.

Even on the day of Bill Clinton's swearing-in, there was calm at the center. Susan Swain, one of the network's senior vice-presidents and an on-air host, was looking totally at ease as she chatted with Tony Coelho, the former House majority whip, against a background of the day's great events. C-SPAN's chosen style is unwavering focus and steadiness. "Our pace is so slow that getting rattled doesn't seem to make any sense," Ms. Swain says. "What we're doing is sitting back and just letting people watch, without all the commentary. People don't need me to tell them that the Presidential motorcade is going down the avenue. It's a chance for everybody to be in as many places as we can be with our cameras and not have somebody tell them what to think about it."

By these innocuous-seeming methods, C-SPAN has managed during its thirteen years of existence to invade the privacy of American politicians to an extent never previously dreamed of. Many politicians have actually been willing accomplices in this meticulous exposure of their weaknesses, even volunteering to be wired for sound as they make their rounds. And now, with the arrival in the White House of Bill Clinton, who has an acute awareness of television's possibilities, Ms. Swain foresees further progress down this road. "Mr. Clinton is going to move that right along," she says. "He's wearing a wireless microphone all the time these days. He's very media savvy in the sense of letting people get close to him with the technology."

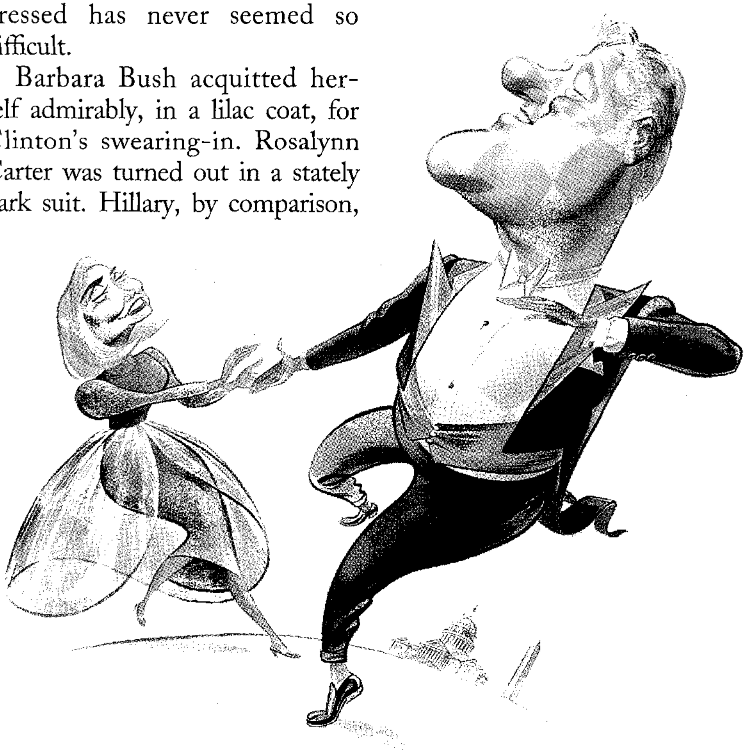
In the C-SPAN studio on Capitol Hill, from which the network broadcasts to fifty-eight million households, Ms. Swain smiled sweetly as viewers watching the Inauguration phoned in with questions from across the land. Inside the nearby control room, quiet generally prevailed, although there were occasional shrieks of dismay when a breeze made a camera wiggle or when a central figure, such as the President himself, vanished for an instant from the screen. By late afternoon, when C-SPAN's founder and chairman, Brian Lamb, calmly took over the studio, the network had observed everything from the early-morning church service (in which it focussed on Bill Clinton clutching Hillary's hand), through the Clintons'

## RIGHT AND FITTING

So now we have a First Lady who waited until the day before her wedding to buy her wedding gown, who when she goes shopping for clothes buys only one or two outfits at a time and only what she needs, who went to law school instead of finishing school. Already, the press has hailed her as an anti-fashion icon. When a bit of sartorial decorum is required, she will dutifully rise to the occasion, as this Inauguration proved, but never with the relish of a Nancy Reagan or a Jacqueline Kennedy. So far, however, Hillary Clinton's periodic forays into the world of fashion have the slightly uneasy feeling of a first time out. Viewers watching the festivities on television—not fashion plates but ordinary people who somehow manage to get dressed every morning without mishap—found themselves quietly cheering her on: Come on, Hillary (at the black-tie gala on the eve of the big day), wear that dress as if you meant it! Oh, *no*, Hillary (at the parade), not the blue hat with the fuchsia checked suit. Next time, Hillary (as she made the rounds of the balls), leave the handbag at home. Being well dressed has never seemed so difficult.

Barbara Bush acquitted herself admirably, in a lilac coat, for Clinton's swearing-in. Rosalynn Carter was turned out in a stately dark suit. Hillary, by comparison, looked utterly lost in a sapphire-blue coat with a high collar, a matching hat, and a tinselly gold scarf not unlike the one that the Barbie for President doll wears. Tipper Gore was equally swamped, in a picture hat that didn't quite match the purple shawl draped across her chest. Why the hats, when all the other women in the crowd were bareheaded, despite the cold? Maybe the two wives were following the example of the women of the English Royal Family, who seem to insist on their hats as some vestigial reminder of the authority of a crown. And why the purses? What's *in* those purses, anyway? Not money, presumably, or credit cards, or a driver's license. How much more graceful these women would look if only they could stride unencumbered alongside their husbands.

The husbands, in suits, were hatless. Any similarities to the Camelot era and the Kennedy Presidency fell away for an instant at the sight of Clinton and Gore in workaday business attire. (Kennedy took the oath of office wearing a morning coat and a top hat.) Clinton's one concession to



JOHN KASCHT

the event's momentousness seemed to be a French-cuff shirt, in place of his usual barrel-cuff models; he wore a sky-blue tie that might have been chosen to harmonize with his wife's coat. Gore, for his part, sported a run-of-the-mill striped tie. Meanwhile, George Bush, in a dark suit and a tie that on television appeared black, looked as if he were dressed for his own funeral.

Hillary's wardrobe consultant is reported to be Cliff Chally, the costume coördinator for "Designing Women," who, according to *People*, believes that American women will "relate" to her style, because it's so accessible: "They'll see things that they could go out and buy themselves if they wanted to," he says. The glamour that Hillary Clinton and Tipper Gore project is a middle-class, middle-American, middle-of-the-road kind of glamour, of the sort that characterizes the heroines of TV miniseries and fills the racks of stores in suburban shopping malls.

An article in the *Times* the week before the ceremonies got under way said that the Clinton Inauguration was proving to be a boon for clothing-rental shops, most of them with salacious names like One Night Stand and Just One Affair. One proprietor hypothesized that "Democrats tend not to have a wardrobe of evening dresses," and therefore need to rent them, whereas Republicans, presumably, have a closetful. Whether or not that is the case, the new First Lady's longtime disregard for clothes as mere window dressing is perhaps a sign of something deeper and farther-reaching in those who elected her husband President: Never mind the notion that our leaders—as our emissaries to the rest of the world and as examples to us here at home—should be attired in the best, because they occupy what is routinely called the highest office in the land; in these hard times, our leaders deserve no better than the rest of us.

—HOLLY BRUBACH

pre-Inauguration visit to the White House (where it watched Bill and Chelsea stoop to pet the Bushes' dog), to the poignant departure of the Bushes by helicopter from the Capitol. In the evening, while C-SPAN's cameras were observing grim-faced people in evening dress ascending an escalator en route to one or another of the Inaugural balls, Mr. Lamb commented, "If I had my druthers, we'd almost never talk. We'd just turn the camera on."

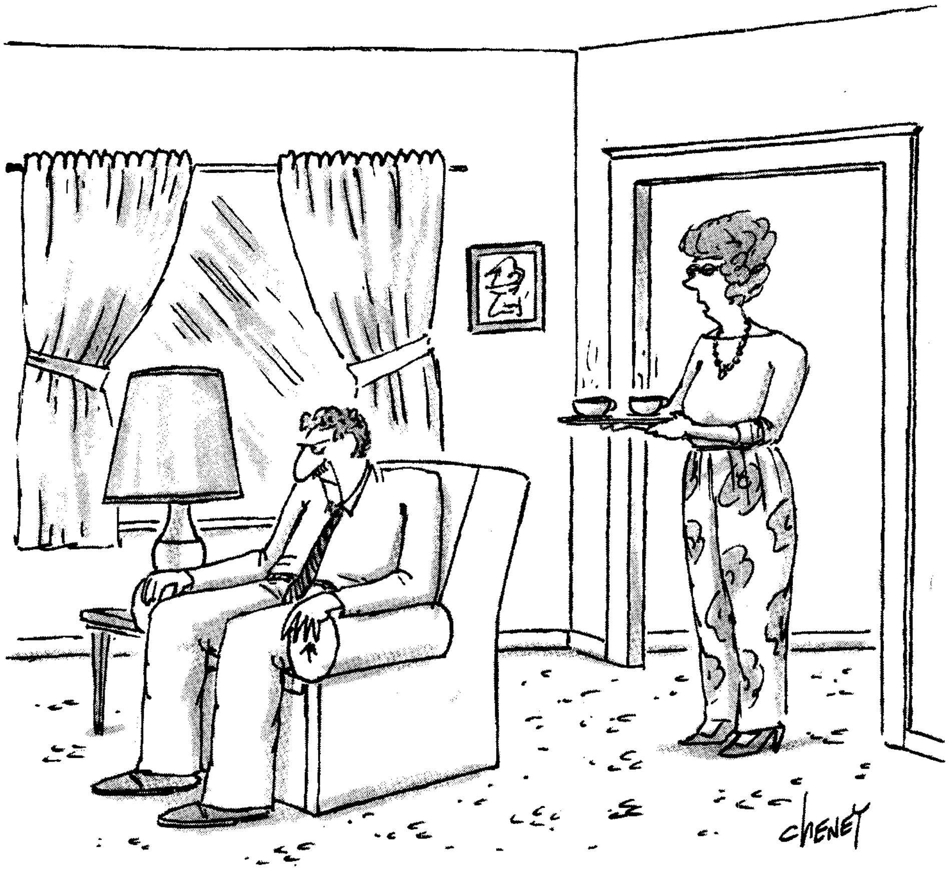
## POETIC JUSTICE

THE nation's Poet Laureate, appointed each year to a twelve-month tenure by the Librarian of Congress, is (unlike the British Poet Laureate) not expected to write poems for state occasions, but the incumbent, Mona Van Duyn, was sufficiently inspired by Bill Clinton's election victory to write a poem in his honor, which was published in the Washington *Post* on January 5th, after she read it on the Charlie Rose show. As it happened, this act of homage received no recognition from the new President; he had commissioned another poem, from Maya Angelou, for his Inauguration. Ms. Van Duyn listened with interest to Ms. Angelou's recitation on television and said afterward, "She achieved brilliantly what she intended to do—that is, to speak to all the parts of the diversity of this country." She then somewhat qualified her praise. Speaking by telephone from St. Louis, she went on, "It is extremely difficult to write a poem of that kind for so gigantic an audience, and Ms. Angelou certainly knows, as I do, that to do so one must give up some of the strategies and resources of poetry that might be very effective."

What kind of strategies and resources?

"A certain density of imagery and a tightness of the poem—any kind of complicated imagery," Ms. Van Duyn explained. Ms. Angelou's poem, "On the Pulse of Morning," was not, she added, a poem that she admired.

Ms. Van Duyn, who comes from Iowa, also revealed that she had written another poem inspired—indirectly, this time—by Mr. Clinton's victory. It was written last Christmas and is entitled "On Seeing a TV Shot of Mrs. Bush, Her Arm Around the Younger Woman's

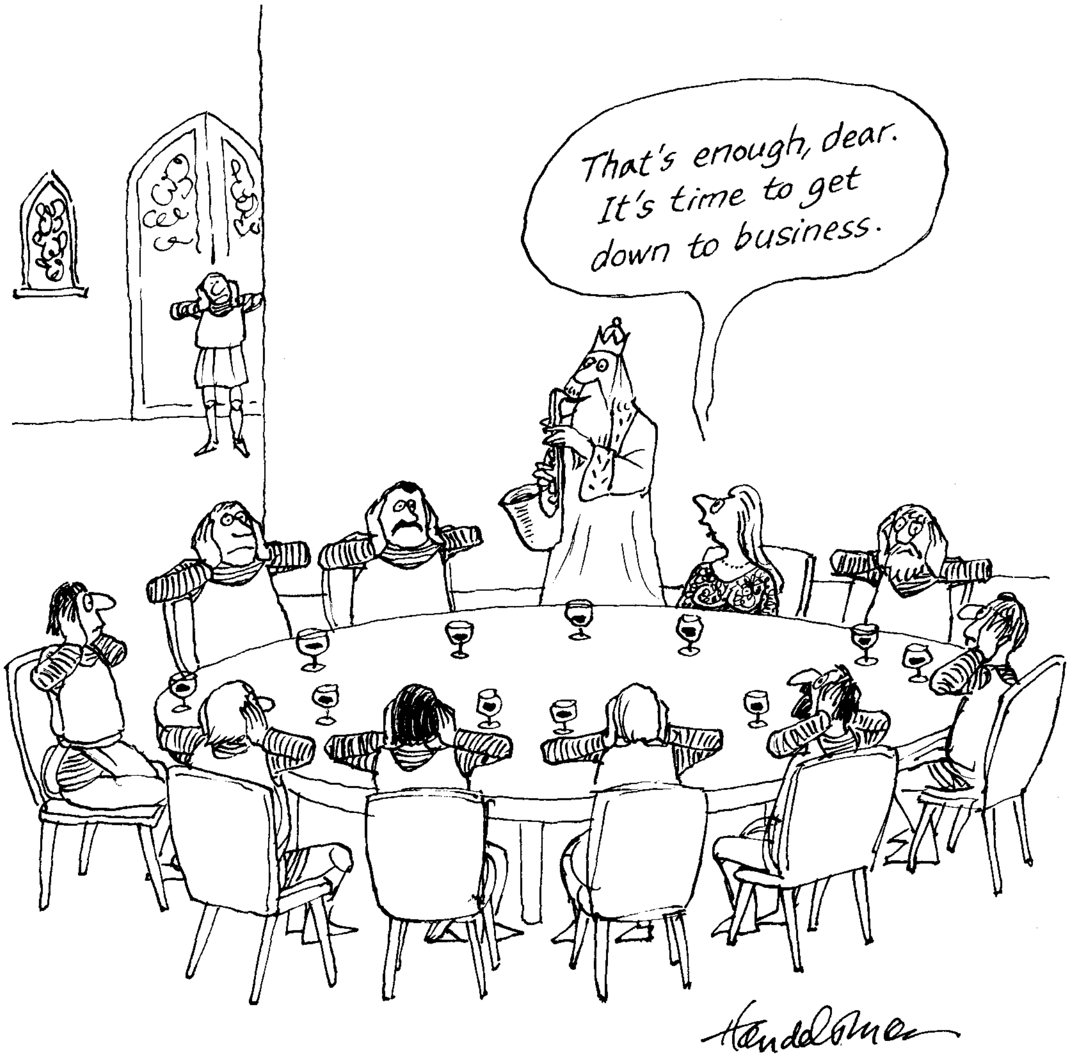


*"Permission to enter the no-fly zone?"*

Waist, Leading Mrs. Clinton Into the White House." This poem, which is forty-six lines long, has never been published, and Ms. Van Duyn says she is embarrassed by it and would like to consign it to oblivion. Nevertheless, she arranged for us to get a copy. It makes no mention of either First Lady but is a reflection on the nature of government, and begins:

What form of government shall we choose for the self?
Maps and histories are no help in this.
We cannot change regimes, nor alter borders,
Nor create new laws, new policies, new orders.

Irrespective of its merits as poetry, Ms. Van Duyn's poem certainly meets her criterion of "density of imagery."


That's enough, dear. It's time to get down to business.

*Despite some initial reservations, the knights were often grateful for Guinevere's presence at the Round Table.*

• •

## ON WITH THE DANCE

IN his Inaugural Address, Bill Clinton criticized Washington as "a place of intrigue and calculation," in which "powerful people maneuver for position and worry endlessly about who is in and who is out, who is up and who is down." Never was that observation more patently true than in its application last week to the teams of show-business celebrities who poured into the capital to celebrate his Inauguration. The people from Hollywood arrived not only to rejoice at a Democratic triumph or just do the fashionable thing but for a more important purpose—to conduct business. For a few days, Washington was a convention center for the entertainment industry. Forever status-conscious, producers, actors, agents, and their various clients and acolytes jostled frantically for the best hotel rooms, the best seats, and invitations to the best parties.

Yet, even in the face of all the posturing and privilege-seeking, Mr. Clinton's ideals of equal opportunity for all and of giving "this capital back to the people to whom it belongs" were often achieved. It proved possible for ordinary people to get into many of the more exclusive parties without a ticket, while in other cases possession of a ticket failed to insure access. Sometimes, access was granted but the party hardly materialized. The doors of the Rock the Vote party, for instance, had been open for only forty-five minutes when the closing speeches began. It seemed that the only thing that mattered was to have got in.

Not all the parties were desultory. The Arkansas Ball, for one, which was packed with genuine Clinton enthusiasts, had by two in the morning thinned out from a crush of thousands to a happy throng of only a few hundred, who could then begin seriously enjoying themselves. Half of Arkansas had come, including a former teacher of the President's, old friends from Yale and from Oxford (who were having a de-facto reunion and were trying to recognize in one another's middle-aged faces the friends they had gone through the Vietnam years with), and campaign workers who had pulled together and held on when it looked as if the candidate were finished. Mr. Clinton, visiting the ball several hours earlier, had both played the saxophone and danced with his wife. He doesn't dance like Elvis. His phrasing is friendly, not explosive, and his moves are cool, not hot; they are abandoned enough to be real rock and roll but controlled enough to keep you from feeling he might wig out on this and not pick up the hot line if it was ringing. And he's a sensitive partner: he let Hillary shine. ♦

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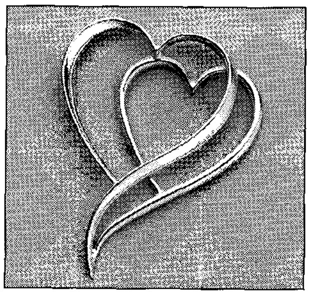

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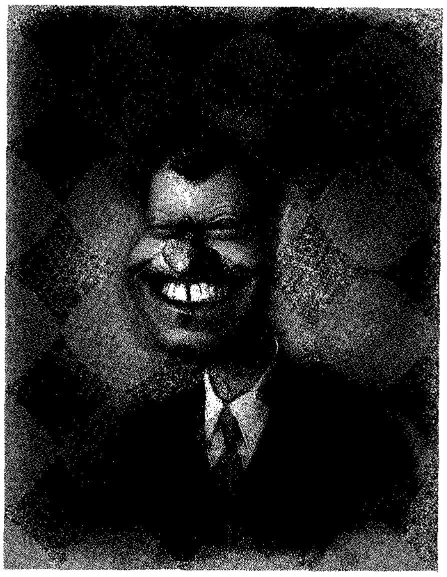
### ANNALS OF COMMUNICATIONS

# LATE-NIGHT GAMBLE

*NBC suffered a major blow to its prestige when it lost David Letterman, but will it get the last laugh?*

### BY KEN AULETTA

ALTHOUGH David Letterman and his contract negotiations had been the subject of intense media attention for months, the prospect of facing reporters for a press conference to announce his new contract filled him with dread. Now, on Thursday, January 14th, he entered a conference room on the nineteenth floor of CBS headquarters, on West Fifty-second Street. Twelve television camera crews were there, and perhaps a hundred reporters. Letterman knew that many of the assembled journalists had written a lot about whether he would decide to stay at NBC, where "Late Night with David Letterman," broadcast at 12:30 A.M., had become a hit, or would accept a more lucrative offer from a rival network or a syndicator. Journalists had written that his humor—sometimes wicked, always youthful—might not play as well to an older, more mainstream audience, such as he would have if he chose an 11:30 P.M. show on CBS. Now it was official: he would be on CBS five nights a week at eleven-thirty, beginning next fall.



*Letterman's Revenge: "I can't pretend it was all Dave the good guy."*

RICHARD THOMPSON

"I felt like these people were wanting me to collapse on the floor, sobbing or something," Letterman said to me after the press conference, in the only extensive interview he has given about his departure from NBC. "And I look back and I see Siskel and Ebert"—the film critics Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert—"and I say, 'Why are *these* guys here?' Of course, they're here for the refreshments!"

As Letterman stepped to the lectern for the press conference, he glanced down and saw that powder-blue carpeting covered every inch of the floor, even the small stage. He was convinced, he said later, that it would muffle "any attempt at laughter." He worried that reporters would press him about competing against Jay Leno and "The Tonight Show," on NBC at 11:30, and he worried that he might sound glib or angry. His anxiety was heightened when Howard Stringer, the president of the CBS/Broadcast Group, said in his introductory remarks that this was "a red Letterman day" and the reporters groaned.

When Letterman's turn to speak came, however, something clicked. First, he thanked the reporters "for that stirring ovation"—when their greeting had been stony silence. A few moments later, he declared, "I never dated Amy Fisher. I fixed her car. I helped her with her homework. I never laid a hand on Amy Fisher!" He had them laughing. When a reporter asked if his lucrative new contract might take the edge off his humor—he will be paid at least forty-two million dollars over three years—he replied, "Come up here and let's settle this now!" A few seconds later, he looked at the same reporter and said, "There are many, many other things to make fun of in this world. Beginning with your tie, for example."

Letterman was asked whether he would bring along the bandleader Paul Schaffer, a frequent foil for his humor, and he slapped his head and exclaimed, "Oh, shit—Paul!" He then turned to Laurence Tisch, the chairman of CBS, who was seated nearby, and asked, "Have you got a little extra for Paul?" The reporters laughed again when he was asked if his humor would be too hip for an earlier, probably older audience and he replied, "I don't know. You people seem to be keeping up."

Stringer was clearly impressed. "He defused all the tough questioning by, in effect, demonstrating what he stands for and who he is," he said later. "It was an awesome performance." And it was one that would play to any audience.

In June of 1991, when NBC chose Jay Leno to replace Johnny Carson as the host of "The Tonight Show," Letterman was so depressed that he thought, he says, "I didn't have a future." Knowing that he needed reassurance, Letterman's agent, Michael Ovitz, the president of the Creative Artists Agency, set out to restore his client's confidence, and to establish Letterman's viability in the marketplace. Letterman's unhappiness and the possibility that he might be lured away from NBC led to a prolonged courtship, carried on by a number of suitors. The courtship started on the afternoon of July 27, 1992, when various television and studio executives began appearing at C.A.A.'s headquarters, in Beverly Hills, to meet Letterman. They included Stringer, of CBS; Robert Iger, then the president of ABC Entertainment; Brandon Tartikoff, then the chairman of Paramount Pictures; Rupert Murdoch, the chairman of Fox; and representatives from Warner Brothers and Columbia Pictures. While it is the Hollywood custom for network and studio executives to function as buyers, listening to writers, directors, producers, and agents pitch ideas, the roles were reversed in this case: buyers became sellers. The switch was orchestrated by Ovitz, who knew that he could arrange it, because of Letterman's financial importance to NBC: with a nightly audience of three million, Letterman made NBC a net profit of twenty-five to thirty million dollars a year.

"Late night is one of the last great money-making time periods," Howard Stringer says. That notion has certainly proved true at NBC, where, for years, late-night programming has been a fountain of profits. In fact, by 1992 late night was the network's most lucrative part of the day, netting an estimated sixty to eighty million dollars a year. NBC reserves sixteen advertising minutes during the hour of "The Tonight Show," and allots half of that time to local stations to sell on their own. It charges roughly thirty-five thousand dollars for each thirty-second commercial it sells during "The Tonight Show," for a nightly total of five hundred and sixty thousand dollars. The five-night total comes to two million eight hundred thousand dollars. In the 1990-91 season, "The Tonight Show" took in a hundred and fifteen million dollars, according to Broadcast Advertisers Reports; minus a fifteen-per-cent commission for advertising agencies, the show's network revenues totalled ninety-eight million dollars. The Letterman show, coming on later and consequently reaching a smaller audience, sold each spot for an average of nearly eighteen thousand dollars; it brought in fifty-one million dollars in the 1990-91 season.

The executives hoping to buy Letterman's services knew, of course, that he was angry at NBC for having chosen Leno, but they may not have realized the depth of his anger. "It was the one real disappointment I had in my professional life," Letterman said at the CBS press conference. In fact, when Warren Littlefield, the president of NBC Entertainment, and John Agoglia, the president of NBC Enterprises, flew from California to New York to tell Letterman that NBC had chosen Leno, Letterman listened, told them that he wanted to be released from his contract, and stalked out of the room. "It was me trying to pull off some bottom-of-the-ninth heroics that might reverse the tide," Letterman disclosed in our interview. Still, the network's having chosen Leno was just one more item on a list of resentments that Letterman felt against NBC. For much of his tenure there—thirteen years—his show, he felt, had been treated like a stepchild. As much money as he made for NBC, as talented as he was, NBC executives kept their distance.

When Letterman and his co-executive producers, Peter Lassally and Robert Morton, assembled in C.A.A.'s conference room last July, they were trying to plot the future. Did networks have a future? Had the balance of power tipped from the networks to the local stations or to the hundreds of cable channels? The first pitch they heard was from Howard Stringer. He knew that Letterman might prefer the security that a network contract could offer him, in contrast to some other arrangement; more important, he also knew that Letterman had expressed a desire to have an eleven-thirty time slot. So Stringer first set out to undermine his network competitors. "You're too decent a person to be going to Fox," he recalls saying, only half in jest, about Rupert Murdoch's relatively new network. As for ABC, Stringer simply mentioned that it already had a successful eleven-thirty show—Ted Koppel's "Nightline."

Stringer then talked about the studios, warning Letterman not to be enticed by syndicators, who did not have their own affiliated stations. Linking a chain of local stations to broadcast a syndicated show is a "fragile" enterprise, he said, particularly since the competition for late night on independent stations was already fierce. Paramount had Arsenio Hall syndicated both to network and to independent stations; Whoopi Goldberg and Rush Limbaugh were scheduled to have talk shows sold to local stations starting in September of 1992; and, in addition, Fox was planning a show starring Chevy Chase, to begin in the fall of 1993. "You're trying to find homes all over the place, like satellites in space looking for a landing," Stringer said.

Stringer was also aware that Letterman is what his friends call a nester—someone who doesn't like change. He said, "Why a network? A network gives you a home and a long-term guarantee. A syndicator is here today and gone tomorrow. A syndicator is not a home." A syndicator couldn't offer a single time period in which the show would be broadcast nationwide, Stringer argued.

When Bob Iger made his pitch, he noted that ABC was committed to Ted Koppel and "Nightline," and said that Koppel hoped Letterman would join with him in building a solid late-night franchise.

Letterman interrupted Iger to praise Koppel, then wondered aloud whether his show would provide a strong lead-in for "Nightline."

Iger awkwardly responded that maybe "Nightline" would be a strong lead-in

*"Look, hon, I know both of our schedules have been crazy, but I still think we should take time out to consummate our marriage."*

for Letterman. He then spoke of ABC's "demos," knowing he didn't have to explain to Letterman that demographic surveys showed ABC to be No. 1 in reaching prime-time viewers aged eighteen to forty-nine—the group most coveted by advertisers, who believe that younger viewers are more likely than older ones to try new products. Finally, Iger, like Stringer before him, turned to the idea that his network could provide a more comfortable home for Letterman. ("What I was selling more than anything else was a network personality," Iger said later.) ABC and its parent, Capital Cities/ABC, were known for their emphasis on collegiality, Iger said. Unlike General Electric, which owned NBC, or Laurence Tisch, who owned a controlling interest in CBS, they were lifelong broadcasters. They were deft in communicating their concern for talent. Implicit in Iger's remarks was the idea that even though Letterman might find Howard Stringer and Jeff Sagansky, the CBS Entertainment president, to be wonderful people, if Letterman went to CBS his real boss would be Larry Tisch, and he would merely be replacing one boss he didn't like—G.E.—with another. And if he went to Fox he would have to contend with Rupert Murdoch. These bosses might provide Letterman with a foil for his humor, as G.E. had done, Iger implied, but he would still be miserable.

Following Iger, Jamie Kellner, the president of Fox Broadcasting, made his pitch. Kellner, who has since left Fox, had been campaigning to get Letterman to Fox from the day the network was launched, six years earlier. Kellner and his former boss, Barry Diller, who left Fox in early 1992, had also tried to hire Ted Koppel, offering him what a knowledgeable source says was an annual contract worth twelve million dollars. "What is unique about Fox and what the audience likes about us and what sets us apart is identical to what Letterman is," Kellner recalls telling Letterman. Both appealed to younger viewers. Both were known for their irreverence. Both were young—Letterman is forty-five—and hungry. Both had an edge, a contemporary style.

Murdoch, accompanying Kellner, said little, but he spoke up at one point to mention another Fox strength: Letterman would have the flexibility of starting his show at eleven, or even at ten-thirty. This was an idea that had apparently never been discussed with other Fox executives, or with Chevy Chase, who had been promised the 11 P.M. slot. But it was an idea that several syndicated bidders later came to. The logic was inexorable: the earlier the Letterman show was broadcast, the bigger the audience; the bigger the audience, the greater the advertising revenue.

As the first of the syndicators to speak, Brandon Tartikoff, who is no longer at Paramount, took a whack at the networks. "In late night, just like daytime, syndicators swing a big stick," he recalls saying. "Outside of NBC, everybody has a problem with late night." Fox had nothing, he said. After "Nightline," ABC had nothing. And CBS was losing both stations and money in late night, because the stations made more money from reruns or old movies than they did from CBS's patchwork of action-adventure shows plus the cash compensation the network paid them. Thus there was no advantage to a network, and there was a decided financial benefit in going with a syndicator. A syndicator makes money in two ways. First, it receives a share of advertising dollars, as the networks do; then, unlike the networks, which pay their affiliated stations to distribute network shows, syndicators reverse the dollar flow and charge each station. And among syndicators, Tartikoff said, Paramount ranked No. 1 in first-run syndication, and made more money from shows like "Star Trek: The Next Generation" than from any other part of its television or movie businesses. Tartikoff didn't dwell on Arsenio Hall, for Hall would be competing with Letterman for many of the same stations and time slots in late-night syndication, and also competing for the favor of Tartikoff.

The pitches stretched over two July afternoons, but, even so, did not include all the eventual bidders. In the next few months, Letterman was also approached by Michael Eisner, the chairman of Disney; by Viacom, which owns the MTV and Showtime cable channels and also produces shows for the networks; and by Herbert Siegel's Chris-Craft Television, which retained as a consultant Fred Silverman, the former NBC president, who had approved Letterman's first network contract, in 1979.

SOON after the pitch meeting last July, the courtship of Letterman heated up. No suitor was more ardent than Howard Stringer. He took Letterman's producers to the United States Open tennis matches. He came across an anthology of Civil War pictures containing a photograph of Dr. Jonathan Letterman, a Civil War surgeon, and sent it to Peter Lassally with a note: "If you all decide to come to CBS, I can promise you better accommodations than those depicted in the photograph. You will also leave the Civil War at NBC far behind." He sent along a tape of Connie Chung, of CBS News, whose husband is Maury Povich. On the tape, Chung gave several reasons that Letterman should switch to CBS, including this one: "For one year, whenever Maury and I make love, I promise to say, 'Oh, Dave! Oh, Dave!' "

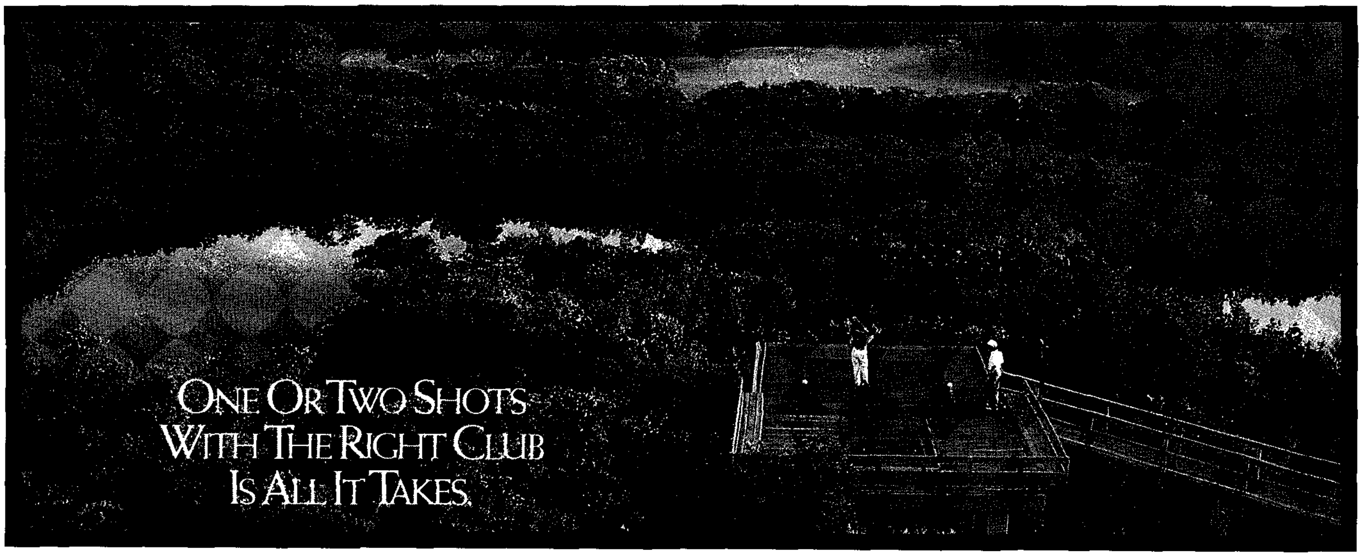
Although Letterman and his producers thought the Chung tape sophomoric, they were partial to Stringer. But they wondered whether the CBS affiliates would coöperate with the network by clearing the eleven-thirty time slot for Letterman. Asked about Stringer's gifts and missives, Letterman said, "Save his money and get me another affiliate!"

ABC was also wrestling with a predicament. Some programmers at the network wanted to challenge the news division, which produces "Nightline," by inviting Letterman to precede, not follow, Koppel. They worried that if Letterman signed with a syndicate he would be a threat to "Nightline." One network official said at the time, "If David chooses syndication, 'Nightline' may be dead. Most of the available slots for Letterman are on ABC affiliates. He would displace Ted Koppel in many of them." The nightmare was that ABC would not only not sign Letterman but would also lose "Nightline," which alone earned twenty-five to thirty million dollars a year for ABC.

Koppel, for his part, decided to visit Letterman at his NBC offices, on the fourteenth floor at 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Once there, he insisted that hot dogs be brought in for lunch, and the two men kicked around a soccer ball, one of many pieces of sports equipment in Letterman's office. "You would be happy at ABC," Koppel recalls saying. "There would be a symbiosis between 'Nightline' and the Letterman show." Letterman was flattered, he said later, for he admires Koppel.

As Koppel left, making his way down a long corridor to a bank of elevators and saying hello to NBC people in the hallway, Letterman suddenly stuck his head out the door and yelled, "And don't come back!"

NBC, meanwhile, was having troubles of its own. Jay Leno was miserable. His ratings had fallen twenty-four per cent from his "Tonight" début, in May, and there had been so much turmoil on the show's set that in September NBC fired Helen Gorman Kushnick, Leno's execu-



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tive producer and manager of seventeen years. Leno's future, an NBC executive with a say in it conceded in November, was "shaky." The network itself was mired in third place in the prime-time ratings race, and it was hounded by rumors that General Electric wanted to sell it. To make matters worse, NBC's president and C.E.O., Robert Wright, and his management team were baffled by Letterman. They didn't know whether they should "get close or go away," as one executive put it; that is, they didn't know whether Letterman wanted to be courted or to be left alone. In the past, the network had left him alone. While Letterman did at times feel neglected, he also liked the network's hands-off attitude. "The truth is, we were more comfortable like that," he said after he announced that he was leaving NBC. "But *you also want to feel like you're part of* the family. Instead, we felt like our efforts were always going to be secondary to 'The Tonight Show.' "

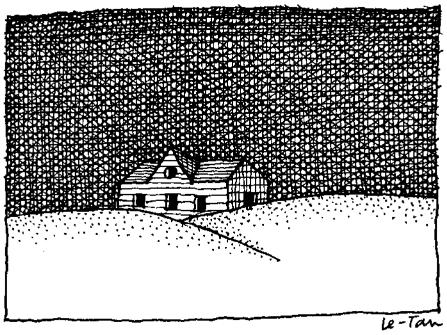
While NBC pondered what to do about Letterman, CBS was trying to improve its relations with its affiliates. In May, it had announced a cut in the compensation it pays to affiliates, but in early October it announced that the cut would be only half as big as it had said originally. That week, the CBS-affiliate board officially endorsed the network's plan to hire Letterman for an eleven-thirty show.

Fox asked its stations how they would feel about a Letterman show at ten-thirty. "Fox is clever," observed Phil Jones, the president of the Meredith Corporation's Broadcasting Group, which owns seven stations, including two Fox affiliates. "They want to package it as late prime." The idea was to use Letterman and Chevy Chase as a two-hour block, from 10:30 P.M. to 12:30 A.M. As for the syndicators, they continued to discuss among themselves what they might offer Letterman, although by October he had cooled to the idea of syndication. The marketplace for selling shows to independent stations had weakened. Whoopi Goldberg's new talk show was not building, Arsenio Hall's ratings had fallen, and the Dennis Miller show was already history.

REGARDLESS of the efforts expended by the suitors, they all faced one obstacle that none could overcome for the moment: Letterman was under contract to NBC until April of 1993, and was forbidden to negotiate with anyone else until January of 1993. The contract, which had been negotiated by Letterman's longtime lawyer, also stipulated that NBC could keep Letterman off the air for a full year and that it had the right to match any offer; for those two reasons, the lawyer had been replaced. In the spring, Letterman had also replaced his longtime manager, Jack Rollins, bringing in Michael Ovitz and C.A.A.

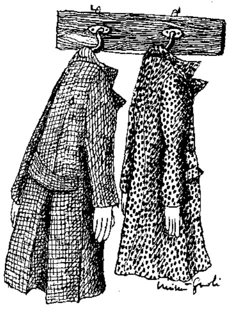
In October, Ovitz set out to bring a measure of stability to the relationship with NBC. If the network freed Letterman to talk to other suitors, Ovitz suggested, it could buy some necessary good will. With time, perhaps Letterman would choose to remain at the only network home he had ever known. An NBC executive recounted what Ovitz had told the network: "You're dealing with a human being who is a time bomb. He won't make it under these terms. Let's go to the principle of fairness. If you're ever going to have him continue, let him look at options and he'll agree to extend his contract to June." Further, when Robert Wright made the request that Letterman not talk to the press at any time during the negotiations, Ovitz gave Wright his word. On October 30th, NBC announced that Letterman had agreed to extend his contract to June and, in return, was free to entertain offers immediately. Within days, C.A.A. dispatched to each bidder a list of nine questions, including one that was crucial: "Will you pledge to an eleven-thirty time period?" An initial deadline of November 11th was set for each bid.

Among the bidders, CBS started with an advantage. It had an open eleven-thirty time slot, unlike ABC. It had better stations than Fox. It had what no syndicator could match—the promise of a home with a single, uniform time period. And it had Howard Stringer, who had become a favorite of Letterman's producers, Lassally and Morton. (True, Stringer—like every other suitor—had had no contact with Letterman himself, having conversed with him only during the July pitch meeting.) CBS now bid nearly fourteen million dollars for Letterman, agreed to grant him the ownership of the show, and promised profit participation if he achieved at least a four rating—four per cent of all viewers at eleven-thirty. CBS gave what were interpreted as affirmative answers to C.A.A.'s questions, and offered Letterman a three-year guaranteed contract plus production costs of twenty-five million dollars. Even with this generous offer, plus fifteen million dollars that it expected to pay to affiliated stations to clear the eleven-thirty time period, CBS executives initially said they expected the network to make an annual profit of at least fifteen million dollars by signing Letterman.



ABC decided to pass. Iger asked if a bid to broadcast Letterman at midnight, after Koppel, would be acceptable, and when C.A.A. said that it would not, the network didn't submit a formal proposal. Murdoch instructed Fox to make an offer for a show starting at either eleven or eleven-thirty. Its money package was similar to CBS's, including comparable financial incentives based on ratings. But Murdoch was not optimistic. "He's a talented, insecure artist, who feels safer at an older network," Murdoch said of Letterman in November. By then, the syndicators had played their trump card: money. Viacom, which had not been invited to the July pitch meeting, phoned Ovitz in October and asked to be included. Its final bid, according to one Viacom executive, would guarantee Letterman a three-year contract and pay him a minimum of twenty million dollars if he achieved the same 2.8 per cent rating he was getting, and thirty million if he reached a rating of four per cent. Glancing at a chart that itemized what Viacom would charge stations and advertisers, the executive said, "If he does a five rating, he'd be making about sixty million dollars, and Viacom would make about thirty million." The Viacom executive recalled that Letterman's reaction, relayed by an associate, was short and sweet: "Oh, an Oprah offer!"

Paramount, which was already committed to Arsenio Hall, folded its cards. Disney and Columbia and Warner's entered bids, but they were not as lavish as Viacom's bid, or as that of Chris-Craft Television, which offered to syndicate Letterman at 8 P.M. in at least half the country and at 11:30 P.M. in the rest, promising that he would earn thirty to forty million dollars annually.



The money did not dazzle Letterman. "He has exceedingly high moral standards," his former manager, Jack Rollins, says. "When we started 'Late Night,' the original contract was for five years. At the two-year mark, it was clear they had a hit show. It was suggested to David by various people, including me, that he go in and renegotiate. He refused to do that. He said, 'I signed a contract, and I'll live with it.' "

In all, there were seven bidders. Ovitz pushed back the November 11th deadline several times, as C.A.A. used rival suitors to extract more from each. Finally, the deadline was extended into the first week of December. Each bidder, including NBC, now understood who its principal rival was, and took aim at CBS and Howard Stringer. "CBS cannot deliver a viable eleven-thirty lineup," an NBC executive in New York declared. Many CBS stations already enjoyed strong ratings with syndicated shows like "Murphy Brown," "Night Court," "The Arsenio Hall Show," and "Newhart," he pointed out, and would lose money if they sacrificed half their ad revenues by switching to Letterman. CBS could buy stations off by increasing their compensation, "but it would eat up all their profits," he said. "If Letterman expects to move to eleven-thirty everywhere in the country by signing with CBS, it's a false negotiation."

Stringer acknowledged that CBS had clearance on only fifty per cent of its stations at 11:30 P.M., but he said that if the network hired Letterman he would launch the show with sixty-five per cent clearance, and ninety per cent of the stations would broadcast the show by midnight. Privately, Stringer wanted to counterattack, but he held his tongue. CBS did not want NBC to change its mind and fire Leno. Nor did Stringer want to slam the door on Leno, in case CBS failed to sign Letterman.

By most accounts, Letterman grew extremely anxious as December approached. He was "freaking out" over clearances, according to one bidder, who had guessed this from remarks tossed off by Lassally and Morton and the C.A.A. agents. "Letterman is saying to himself, 'Why am I leaving?' " the bidder said, but he could have only surmised this, for, aside from courtesy letters of thanks to bidders like Stringer for their gifts, Letterman was in contact with no one outside his immediate entourage, even at NBC. From NBC executives came tales of strange Letterman behavior. He was said to have locked himself in a closet and screamed for three hours one night after taping the show. Associates of Letterman deny this, but one did acknowledge that he was "in an emotional state."

Letterman admits that he hated "the uncertainty of it all," and says, "For me, emotionally, it was very unsettling." He remained angry at NBC, yet he feared that he needed it, for in late-night TV only NBC could now deliver almost the whole country at a given hour. By early December, Letterman had made a decision that would have severely depressed Howard Stringer if he had known about it. "We want to stay here," a Letterman friend declared. "He'd like to do 'The Tonight Show.' Here he'd have a hundred per cent clearance." Yet Letterman's team remained ambivalent, angry that NBC still praised Leno and still didn't give Letterman his due. "We have a guy everybody wants, and they have a guy nobody wants," the friend said. "Yet they stay with the guy nobody wants."

Letterman's unease must have increased when he saw Leno's ratings for November. The ratings climbed to nearly five per cent during the month, from a low of 4.2, and his youthful demos also improved, prompting NBC executives to boast about how Leno had settled down, how he was funnier, more relaxed. "We feel we're only getting better, and that's what the numbers say," an NBC strategist said on December 1st. If he were forced to choose between Leno and Letterman at that moment, this man said, he would choose Leno.

By December, NBC had begun to feel some hope that Letterman could be

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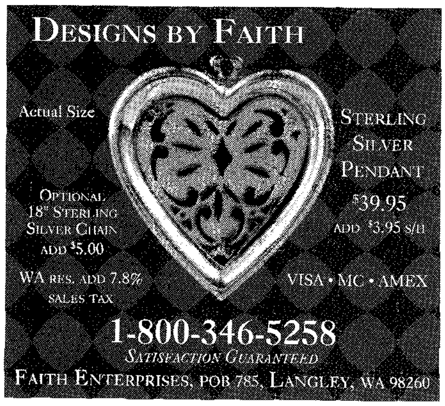

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induced to stay at twelve-thirty. NBC, the strategist said, was prepared to give Letterman ownership of his show and to sweeten his contract in other ways. Still, NBC executives guessed that CBS and Stringer would likely win the first of two hands. The guess proved correct. Early on the evening of December 7th, Ovitz presented to NBC a document containing the CBS bid and announcing that CBS had indeed won the first hand. After being notified, Stringer immediately dispatched a crystal Steuben eagle to Letterman with a note: "If the eagle hasn't landed, at least it's in flight." He sent Steuben bulls to Lassally and Morton.

NBC had a deadline of January 15th: by then, it had to match the offer or lose Letterman. As Christmas approached, NBC executives began to believe that time might be their ally. "We think we have a shot at keeping him," said one member of NBC's inner circle of decision-makers. Accepting this possibility, and urged on by Ovitz, who wanted NBC to boost his client's confidence by at least making an offer, Robert Wright, who had spent most of his career at G.E. and barely knew Letterman, made an appointment to visit him four days before Christmas. He came alone. He told Letterman how much the network valued him, how much it hoped to keep both Letterman and Leno, how vexing this decision was, and how much he hoped he could keep the NBC family intact.

Letterman is respectful when he recalls this private encounter. "There was a humanity about the guy that made me feel that he and I were more alike than other people at NBC," he said in our interview. "He seemed to me to be genuinely concerned about me. He impressed me, for the first time, that he really, really didn't want me to go. I talked to Warren Littlefield many, many times, and he never said, 'I hope you'll stay.' " (Littlefield says that on several occasions he did urge Letterman to stay.)

Because of holiday vacation schedules, there was insufficient time for Wright's team to caucus before January 7th, when NBC's management would go to Florida for a scheduled retreat. Besides, one top executive said, they needed all the time they could get to decide whether Leno or Letterman had the brighter future.

To help its executives decide, NBC commissioned "competitives"—tests of the appeal of performers—to determine who might play better at eleven-thirty. The tests are conducted in selected cable homes, and in this case, the Letterman and the Leno shows were alternately broadcast at 11:30 P.M. The tests proved inconclusive. "From a sales perspective, there's not much difference," one NBC executive said. Either Leno or Letterman, it appeared, would command a premium from advertisers. But in the short run there was a difference—a point that Leno stressed in an interview. "They have a show that is working now," Leno said. "What are they going to do, replace it with a show that's untested, and pay two times as much for it?"

THE box that NBC executives had put themselves in offered no easy way out. One executive—the only one of six NBC officials who, on being asked in late December, said he favored dumping Leno—wanted to know what would happen if they kept Leno. Would Letterman go to CBS and destroy NBC's "Tonight" franchise? Would Letterman and Leno destroy each other, leaving ABC's "Nightline" triumphant? Would Dana Carvey, of "Saturday Night Live," agree to replace Letterman and follow Leno at twelve-thirty? Would Carvey, who is usually scripted, be any good in an unscripted show?

On the other hand, if NBC decided to purge Leno, would it agree to match not only CBS's annual salary offer for Letterman but also production costs and bonus clauses that, according to CBS, could boost the yearly total to fifty million dollars? Would NBC also pay Leno a severance package of ten million for the remaining year and a half of his contract? (It was frequently reported that NBC paid Leno three million dollars a year, but in fact the figure was six and a half million.) Could Leno be persuaded to dress up his demotion by accepting a weekly prime-time variety hour? And, with CBS officials conceding that if Letterman was given Leno's job they would likely offer Leno CBS's 11:30 P.M. time slot, what if Leno signed with them?

When Bob Wright gathered his executives in Boca Raton, the Leno-Letterman topic was not on the agenda, and, in fact, it was never raised in the official meetings. But it was discussed endlessly in private. The West Coast contingent, led by Warren Littlefield and John Agoglia, championed Leno. Much of the delegation from New York did, too. Wright, to prod his team, played his cards close to the vest, often saying, "I don't have an adamant point of view." He talked to Ovitz on the phone all that week and through the weekend, exploring options, seeking a way out of the box.

Ultimately, there were only intangibles for Wright to deal with. "The decision on Letterman was as much an image as a business decision," a senior NBC executive said. From a dollars-and-cents point of view, it would cost NBC more to keep Letterman than to lose him. But if Letterman went to CBS, this executive feared, the greatest loss would be not the damage Letterman might inflict on Leno's ratings but the damage done to NBC's prestige. If it conveyed to Hollywood and the creative community a sense that NBC was not a happy home for talent, the cost could be incalculable.

There are limits to dollars-and-cents logic, as NBC executives were being reminded. The emotional nature of the entertainment business was rudely brought home to NBC in early December, when the producers of "Cheers," the network's top-rated program, which had been a fixture on NBC for eleven seasons, suddenly announced that this would be the show's final season. Why? Because, officials of both NBC and Paramount, which produces the show, explained, the show's star, Ted Danson (who is reported to have left his wife and to be dating Whoopi Goldberg), had convinced himself that he needed to transform his life. Seized by this powerful emotion, Danson walked away from a weekly salary of half a million dollars.

In show biz, as in life, emotion is the *x* factor. As NBC executives struggled to reach a decision, they knew that their decision, like Ted Danson's, finally would not be quantifiable. They had to rely on their feelings, as they knew that Letterman would. They knew that it was pride that drove Letterman to want to win the eleven-thirty competition and to become the host of "The Tonight Show." If they were honest with themselves, they knew that the network had put itself in this box by mishandling Letterman when it chose Leno to succeed Johnny Carson. They hoped that another emotion—Letterman's desire for security—would keep him at NBC. Yet they also knew that no matter which way things went NBC would lose.

And, of course, NBC lost Letterman. There is some dispute over whether the network really intended to lose Leno. Bob Wright kept talking to his friend Michael Ovitz, and, according to several people around Letterman, on Saturday, January 9th—five days before the decision was announced—Wright explored this proposal: would Letterman agree to stay with "Late Night" through June of 1994 if NBC pledged to replace Leno with Letterman after that? The money, Wright said, would not match the CBS bid; nor would Letterman own the program. But NBC would give Letterman what he always wanted: Johnny Carson's show. "They offered Letterman 'The Tonight Show' in a detailed offer," someone who should know declared. Wright knew he would lose one of his talented comedians, but his great fear was that he would lose both. Surely if Leno heard his job had been offered to Letterman he would leave, too. Wright asked Ovitz to keep this confidence. Ovitz asked for the offer on a piece of paper. Wright said they would fax a proposal the next day. Meanwhile, Ovitz phoned Letterman to inform him of NBC's offer. Although NBC had not matched the CBS bid, Ovitz left Letterman to sleep on it overnight. "It's your decision," he told his client.

The next day, John Agoglia, who handles all business affairs for NBC Entertainment, reportedly phoned C.A.A. and said that NBC would rather not put the offer on paper. Instead, he would read it. Others now heard directly that Letterman could, finally, sit in Johnny Carson's chair. They assumed that NBC really wanted Leno to quit, since if he did the network wouldn't have to pay the ten-million-dollar severance penalty. NBC "emphatically" denies making "an offer," insisting that,

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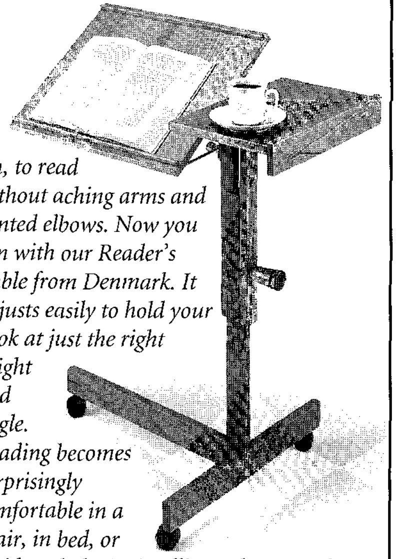

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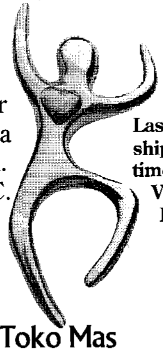

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though it wished to keep both comedians, Leno was its choice.

Someone is not telling the truth, and Jay Leno, for one, did not sound entirely convinced of NBC's devotion when reporters pressed him about whether he felt secure at NBC. "In the way that I think Saddam Hussein feels secure," he said. "Yes, I think that I have a bunker. I just don't know how long."

It's not clear who wins the public-relations contest. Or whether CBS will make money with Letterman. Larry Tisch is convinced that his network has acquired a late-night franchise. "We don't see a financial risk," he says. "David Letterman is a genuine star. You pay a lot for him, because he brings an audience."

When Letterman was asked if CBS will earn a profit from his show, he shrugged, and said, "I got a lot of things to worry about. This is not one of them. These guys didn't fall off a truck from Poughkeepsie!"

THREE clear winners emerged from the poker game. One is Howard Stringer, whose persistence and charm helped bring Letterman to CBS, and, with him, the possibility that CBS will break NBC's late-night monopoly. (Larry Tisch was so elated that when he was asked whether he was worried about becoming a target of Letterman's barbs he remarked casually, "What difference does it make to me? I have a solid family.")

A second winner is Michael Ovitz. "He's a smart, thoughtful man," Letterman says. "And the people he works with are smart and thoughtful. I'm a satisfied customer." Ovitz never set a fee for his services in getting Letterman and his team an annual total of at least thirty-nine million dollars in salaries and production costs; he decided to address this matter after an agreement was reached. If C.A.A. takes the standard six-per-cent packaging fee, a knowledgeable executive at a rival agency says, its annual fee will total at least two million three hundred and forty thousand dollars, and it will also receive ten per cent of the gross sales from syndication or any other revenues generated by Letterman. And Ovitz, even as he helped take Letterman away from NBC, was careful to strengthen his friendship with Bob Wright and, presumably, General Electric. Ovitz repeated his pledge to Wright not to talk to the press when Letterman decided to leave NBC. Even after press accounts questioned NBC's veracity, Wright refused to respond to press inquiries about an offer to Letterman, and reassured associates that "Michael" would remain silent. He was serenely confident that this fractious moment would pass, even as Ovitz' associates were saying that Letterman had been offered Leno's job.

The most obvious winner is David Letterman, who now will earn about two hundred and seventy thousand dollars a week from CBS. The day after his CBS press conference, Letterman looked back, and ahead, in our interview. He had just taped his last show of the week. He tugged on a baseball cap—one of many he keeps in his dormitory-like office, which has bare white walls, a simple wooden desk that looks as if it had been issued by the government, and an elaborate sound system that constantly blares music.

Softly, Letterman asked if he might light a cigar. Then he spoke about his years at NBC, which are to end on June 25th. "We caused them trouble," he admits. "I can't pretend it was all Dave the good guy. . . . But we all understood that it's professional wrestling. At the end of the year, everybody adds up the dollars."

Letterman was vague about the format of the new show, saying that he wasn't yet convinced that he had to alter his current format radically for a show that would be broadcast an hour earlier. He was also uncertain whether the show would still be taped in New York. "New York City definitely has the edge, because we're here and we're comfortable and we know what life is like here," he said. Yet an associate has said that if Letterman had been given the "Tonight" spot "he would have wanted to do the show out of Burbank, because that's where Johnny did it"—although, of course, Carson first did "Tonight" out of New York. Carson was his hero; as a boy in Indiana, Letterman stayed up to watch "Tonight," and he came to call Carson "my mentor."

Letterman's secretary opened the door. "Sorry to interrupt," she said. "It's Johnny Carson. I told him you were in the middle of an interview."

"Send him in!" Letterman barked, taking a deliberate puff on his cigar for effect, then avidly reaching for the phone. ♦

### THE NEW ARMS RACE

# THE IRAQI BOMB

*Because the International Atomic Energy Agency is ineffectual, Saddam Hussein will continue to outwit U.N. inspectors.*

BY GARY MILHOLLIN

LAST week, as the United States and its coalition partners sent cruise missiles crashing into a nuclear site near Baghdad, the message to Saddam Hussein was clear: Don't interfere with international inspectors—let them look anywhere, any time, and at anything, in accordance with the United Nations resolutions. The allies know that Saddam is still hiding part of his atom-bomb program, and they're eager for the inspectors to find it. What the allies did not say is that, even though Saddam has now allowed the U.N. nuclear inspectors back in, they probably won't find what he is hiding. They are being thwarted by their own management as well as by Saddam Hussein.

The inspection trips are a constant test of nerves. The inspectors usually stay at the Sheraton Ishtar Hotel, in Baghdad. "It is unlike any other Sheraton in the world," one of them told me. "The most gruesome thing is the dove. It's on a poster in the lobby, stretched out on a cross—crucified—with blood dripping down. And on the top of the cross is written 'U.N.' " This inspector is discouraged, and so are many others. For almost a year, they have found practically nothing new. The Iraqis are outfoxing them at every turn, harassing them, and making it more and more likely that Saddam Hussein will wriggle out from under the current embargo with large parts of his A-bomb effort intact. In fact, some inspectors believe that if Saddam escapes the embargo soon, he could get the bomb within five to seven years.

The best chance to deter him has already been lost. When the inspections began, in May of 1991, the Iraqis were still reeling from the Gulf War and were not able to deceive the inspectors. In June, the inspectors flushed out a convoy of trucks carrying A-bomb-making equipment, and in September they found trunkfuls of classified nuclear documents in Baghdad office buildings—apparently left there by mistake. These finds produced invaluable leads, which, if they had been followed aggressively, might have unveiled the essentials of the Iraqi nuclear program. The opportunity was lost, many inspectors believe, because of the timidity of the International Atomic Energy Agency, an arm of the U.N. based in Vienna. The I.A.E.A. was created in 1956 with two conflicting goals: to encourage the proliferation of atomic energy and, at the same time, to insure that the civilian nuclear projects it spawned did not make atomic bombs. After the Gulf War, the Security Council created a Special Commission to uncover the Iraqi missile, nuclear, and chemical-and-biological-weapon programs, but left control of the nuclear inspections in the hands of the I.A.E.A. The Special Commission and the I.A.E.A. immediately began to feud.

It is the Special Commission that gets intelligence about Iraq from the United States and other governments; it then designates sites for the I.A.E.A. to inspect, and it controls the inspection budget. The Special Commission also persuades friendly governments to supply technical experts, who are used to augment I.A.E.A. inspection teams. But the I.A.E.A. runs the inspections in the field, and it tends to rely on Iraqi disclosures, as it does in its civilian inspections. It also hoards any information it finds. The Special Commission does have inspectors of its own—on loan from friendly governments—but when they go to Iraq they are under the I.A.E.A.'s thumb.

The agency's timid managers, several inspectors say, gave the Iraqis the crucial time they needed to spin a web of deception—a web now too dense for the inspectors to penetrate. Representative Henry B. Gonzalez, the most prominent congressional investigator of U.S. exports to Iraq, told me that he is critical of "the ineffective manner in which the agency has addressed Iraq's secret net-

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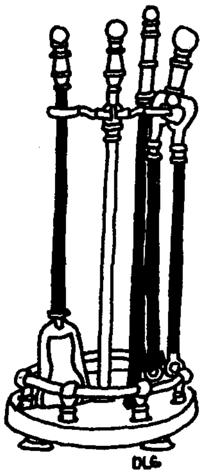
work of Western suppliers," and he added, "The whole effort to stop the proliferation of nuclear weapons depends on making the I.A.E.A. much more effective than it has been to date." Most of the inspectors I've spoken with—all of whom insist on anonymity—despair of finding anything more in Iraq as long as the I.A.E.A. remains in charge.

Here is how one inspector describes a team's arrival in Iraq: "You fly in from Bahrain on a C-160 Transall, operated by the German Air Force—the Luftwaffe. You sit on canvas seats made for paratroopers, and it gets cold. You take everything in with you—food, water, money, equipment, even tires. You need the tires to replace the slashed tires on U.N. vehicles. You land at Habaniya, an airport about sixty miles from Baghdad. The first thing you see is a dilapidated bus, in the green-and-white colors of Iraqi Airways. It's low-slung, belching, and stinking. It takes you to the operations center, where you get your visa stamp. Then you load your bags on another bus, which takes you to Baghdad. On this bus you meet your 'minders.' These are the Iraqis who will be your hosts. They're always with you, wherever you go. You assume the bus is bugged.

"At the hotel, everything is dimly lit—the lobby, the restaurant, the hallways, the rooms. Deliberately. The hotel is also bugged. In the lobby, there is an enormous portrait of Saddam, looking down on everything. There is also the poster of the dove. This is when you first notice the security guys. They're not the same as the minders. They stand around the lobby and watch everybody. Most of them wear dark jackets. They are also in the hallways upstairs. At about seven in the evening, you have the first team meeting, in a conference room off the lobby. The whole team usually has one or two dozen inspectors. Some are from the I.A.E.A. and some are from the U.N., but most are technical experts lent by friendly governments. The chief inspector breaks the team up into subgroups, and each group has a different mission. After the team meeting, you meet the Iraqis—or their representatives. These are your counterparts—the technical guys who are the experts. They ask you where you're going. They want to know, because they're going with you. They provide your security and arrange your visits. You tell them about the routine inspections—the ones where you go back to sites you've already been to—but you don't tell them about the surprise inspections, where you go to new sites. You save these until the next morning, at the last minute."



THE I.A.E.A. chief inspector for Iraq is Maurizio Zifferero, a sixty-two-year-old nuclear chemist from Italy who is a specialist in plutonium processing. He was asked to join the I.A.E.A. in 1980 as a deputy director-general—a high post for which he needed his government's backing. Several U.N. inspectors condemn his conduct of the entire inspection operation and cite a string of incidents involving him which, they claim, have enabled the Iraqis to stay ahead of the game. Last week, I gave him an opportunity to comment on these incidents in a telephone conversation with him at I.A.E.A. headquarters in Vienna.

Two U.N. inspectors who were present at secret pre-inspection discussions last February in Baghdad say that they believe the Iraqis were alerted to several surprise inspections because Zifferero discussed them in areas the Iraqis had bugged. The result, a United States official says, was that on one "surprise" inspection, the Iraqis were waiting for the inspectors with coffee and doughnuts. Rejecting this charge of careless talk, Zifferero told me, "I assume that everything is bugged in the hotel, and I never mention sites in meetings." The inspectors insist that it happened, and that United States intelligence and several inspectors warned Zifferero beforehand that the areas were bugged.

The same U.N. inspectors say that Zifferero has been lax about the security of documents. Inspection-team members are supposed to keep their backpacks with them at all times, but they say they saw Zifferero relaxing in the hotel without his backpack, which at the time contained line drawings of Iraqi nuclear sites based on recent American intelligence photographs. Again, Zifferero disputes the charge. He told me he always wears his backpack and always keeps his documents in it. (The seriousness of the Iraqi effort to find out what the inspectors know manifests itself outside the country. In New York, Marjatta Rautio, Finland's representative to the Special Commission, got a shock in her hotel room when she emerged from the bathroom to find a man who had been let in by the bellboy going through her wastebasket. The U.N. inspectors assume he was an Iraqi agent.)

The anxieties about Zifferero's performance go beyond concern over his carelessness. He is also charged with "spoiling" fresh intelligence. A few months ago, documents seized in Iraq revealed that the Iraqis had been doing secret research on plutonium metal. Some thirteen pounds of this substance destroyed Nagasaki in 1945. Although plutonium can fuel nuclear reactors, there is no real use for plutonium metal other than in atomic bombs, so the fact that the Iraqis were working on it proved their dedication to bomb-making. It was assumed that Zifferero, as the I.A.E.A.'s chief inspector, would use the tip as a lead and do additional research. That might have produced enough detail to force the Iraqis to reveal more leads, or might have brought about a surprise inspection. Instead, to the dismay of his colleagues, Zifferero merely took the information to the Iraqis and asked for an explanation. They coolly replied that they were planning to study neutrons. This was not credible technically, but Zifferero simply quoted the Iraqi reply, without comment, in his December 10th inspection report, which did not even note that Iraq was experimenting with bomb material. Last week, Zifferero told me that the I.A.E.A. didn't consider the matter closed, and might pursue it further.

ZIFFERERO'S behavior has not escaped the eye of the United States Congress. Senate Intelligence Committee staff members have specifically requested information about Zifferero from the C.I.A. The committee should have been told, among other things, that in the mid-nineteen-seventies Zifferero, who was then working for the Italian Atomic Energy Commission, went to Baghdad to, as he put it to me last week, help "negotiate a bilateral agreement" for Italy to sell plutonium-production equipment to Iraq. The equipment was essential to Iraq's plan for the bomb, and would complement a reactor that France was preparing to build there: the Italian equipment would extract plutonium after the French reactor irradiated uranium. Other Italian equipment, also part of the deal, would fabricate uranium into reactor fuel rods suitable for irradiation. Iraq had bought a complete plutonium-production line.

"We raised hell about the Italian deal," a senior American official who opposed it at the time told me. Zifferero says that in 1976 he visited an Iraqi radiochemistry lab to help Iraq determine whether it could do "fuel-cycle research"—plutonium research—in its existing facilities. He says that he never went back to Iraq—and never visited the facilities that were using the Italian equipment—until he was sent by the I.A.E.A. after the Gulf War.

The Israelis, who were not fooled by Iraqi promises of peaceful use, destroyed the French reactor with precision bombing in 1981. But the Italian equipment survived. In fact, it lived on to become the hottest topic of conversation during the I.A.E.A.'s fourth inspection, which began in late July of 1991. Before a shocked group of inspectors, a senior Iraqi official calmly revealed that Iraq had used the Italian equipment to extract plutonium in violation of Iraqi promises to the I.A.E.A.

This was a watershed for the I.A.E.A. It was the first time in history that a country was known to have broken its pledge to report all work with plutonium to agency inspectors. Thus the very equipment that Zifferero helped supply was used to break the promise that he is now responsible for enforcing. To make matters worse, the Iraqi official was himself a former I.A.E.A. inspector. He told his outraged ex-colleagues that his I.A.E.A. experience had made it easier to dupe them. "He really rubbed their noses in it," said David Kay, a former inspector and I.A.E.A. employee, who has led several inspections in Iraq, and was present at the meeting.

The Italian equipment was not all that survived the 1981 attack. The

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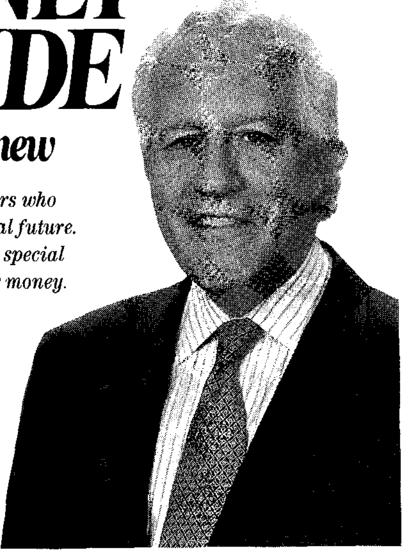

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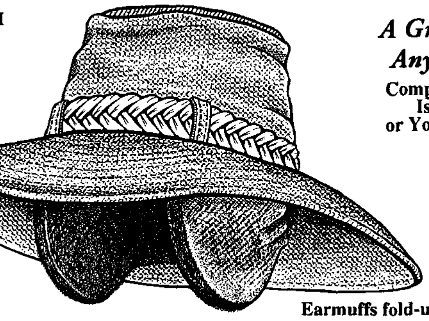

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• •

U.N. inspectors believe that Israel's bombs also missed the French reactor's control panels, instrumentation system, and computers. These are vital components, and the Iraqis would have a hard time replacing them if they decided to build a second reactor. Some U.N. inspectors think they have tried to build a new, underground reactor; otherwise, the plutonium research makes no sense. The inspectors have searched for this reactor with no success.

The French components were yet another lead that was not followed up. The components are on an I.A.E.A. list of sensitive nuclear items that the inspectors know the Iraqis have, and which the Iraqis are required to account for, but when Zifferero asked where the components were, the Iraqis refused to produce them (while admitting that they existed). Zifferero accepted this refusal without challenge. Last week, when I pressed Zifferero about the components, he said, "This is a lead that will be followed up soon. It may have been an oversight not to follow it up earlier."

Senate Intelligence Committee staff members are still puzzled about Zifferero. The committee asked the C.I.A. months ago about his background, but still has no answer. Some senior officials at the Pentagon say they have been complaining about Zifferero for months, but they say the State Department has done nothing to have him removed. Our government is divided on this issue. Officials in at least one other major Western government also have doubts about him. According to a well-placed official, its intelligence analysts find his behavior inexplicable.

AN inspector described to me a typical day in the field: "The loudspeakers in the mosques come on at 5 A.M. with the first call to prayer, so you don't need an alarm. You assemble in the lobby by seven. If you are driving, you go in a bus or a van, usually a blue-and-white Toyota. All the vehicles are Toyotas, usually with broken windows. Behind you is a U.N. vehicle driven by a U.N. medic or radio operator. It's loaded with water, communication equipment, medical kits, and food. The Iraqis provide all the other vehicles, including the one you ride in, and the drivers. In front, there's an Iraqi police car—an Olds Cutlass Ciera, with a blue light on top. If you get caught in traffic, the Iraqi police stick their arms out the windows and wave their guns. Then everybody gets out of the way."

The teams always take along a portable IMARSAT—International Marine Satellite dish. The size of a big suitcase, it beams its signal up to an IMARSAT over the Indian Ocean, enabling team members to talk to the U.N. in New York. If a team is going to a new site, its leader shouldn't tell the Iraqis where until the team actually gets in the car. Then the Iraqis radio ahead. This usually gives the site a half hour to an hour's notice. And, of course, the Iraqis can drive slowly. The site is usually protected by a high fence and anti-aircraft guns. Team members go first to the headquarters building to meet the director-general in his office. In many of the factories, there is a model of the site after it was bombed, showing every piece of damage in detail. Next to it is a model of the new site—rebuilt to the highest standards. (As they approached one site, team members saw huge piles of debris that the Iraqis had bulldozed to clear the way for a new building. The Iraqis told the team that they had taken all the machines out of the site to escape the bombing. They hid them between people's houses, and after the war they moved them into the new building.)

The team leader will ask the director-general for a history of the plant, whether it made any nuclear equipment, and other questions. The Iraqis always deny everything. The interview takes twenty or thirty minutes. Then the team tours the plant, looking for proscribed activities and for equipment on Annex 3—the list of items that Iraq is not allowed to possess under U.N. resolutions. It also looks at the plant's potential for going back into weapons production. Team members can take notes, or samples, or photographs.

The inspector says, "Normally, you don't find anything. After two or three hours, you eat lunch. Usually it's American M.R.E.s—meals ready to eat—and bottled water. Then you go to the next site. By the end of the day, you're tired, because it's hot and you've walked so much. Everybody is also demoralized, because you haven't found anything. You do this every day for about ten days"—the usual duration of a team's tour. "Back at the hotel, you have the team meeting, which is a debriefing. The subgroups report on what they did, but you can't be very specific, because the room is bugged. Then you shower, eat dinner, and go to bed."

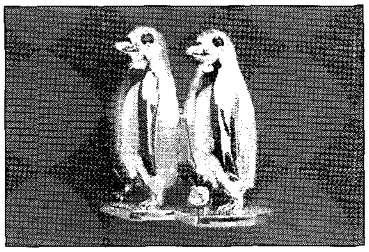
BEFORE the war, I.A.E.A. inspectors had visited Iraqi nuclear sites twice a year for a decade. Their job was to verify that Iraq was keeping its promise not to make an atomic bomb. As late as 1990, they rated Iraqi coöperation as "exemplary." But all that time Saddam was running a vast A-bomb program under their very noses. The inspectors spent their time at a huge complex called Al Tuwaitha, where they visited only the buildings that Saddam designated; they never looked at what was going on next door. If they had, they would have found laboratories busily engaged in research on both plutonium and uranium for atomic bombs. In the words of an American official, "the I.A.E.A. missed the Iraqi bomb before the war, and now it's missing it again."

One U.N. inspector accuses the agency of "playing information games." The process of gathering information about Iraqi activities is fairly complex. The Iraqis are watched by satellites, by U-2 spy planes, and by U.N. helicopters flying out of Baghdad. They are also being informed on by a number of defectors. Most of this intelligence pours in to the C.I.A., which sifts it and prepares a package of promising sites to visit. The package then goes to both the State Department and the Pentagon, which together decide what sites to propose to the Special Commission. The British, French, German, and Russian intelligence agencies do the same. The Commission weighs all this advice and decides where to strike next.

The process has worked well for missile and chemical-and-biological inspections, but it hasn't worked for nuclear inspections. When the missile inspectors, who work independently of the I.A.E.A., find something—a rocket-engine diagram, say—they immediately inform the governments that provided the leads. The governments then funnel the data back to their missile experts, who evaluate it and provide more leads. The Special Commission's missile inspectors thus get the benefit of concerted expert analysis, which they could never provide themselves. Each inspection builds on the previous one.

The I.A.E.A. doesn't work that way. It deems the results of its inspections confidential, and puts only a fraction of what it knows in its written reports; it gives data to the Special Commission only upon specific request. The Special Commission's inspectors complain that they don't know what to ask for, because they don't know what the agency has. Nor does the agency generally report its findings back to the governments that have supplied its intelligence leads. The result is a gap in the information loop, isolating the nuclear inspectors from competent intelligence work. The agency has no expertise in nuclear weapons, because since its inception it has inspected only civilian nuclear plants. Most of its employees are from countries without nuclear weapons, and they lack security clearances. "Your typical I.A.E.A. inspector wouldn't know a nuclear-weapon part if it fell on him," says one American bomb expert who was an inspector in Iraq. The agency has no photo interpreters—essential for understanding data from satellites. Its few available analysts cannot possibly match the power of the American, Russian, British, and French nuclear-weapon laboratories. (Incidentally, the I.A.E.A.'s practice of including as many nationalities as possible on the inspection teams allows inspectors from countries without nuclear weapons to learn in Iraq what machines are needed to build them, where to get the machines, and how to avoid detection.)

ONLY two of a total of sixteen nuclear inspections in Iraq have produced major intelligence leads, and in both the inspectors had to violate I.A.E.A. policies to get them. Late in June of 1991, at the beginning of the



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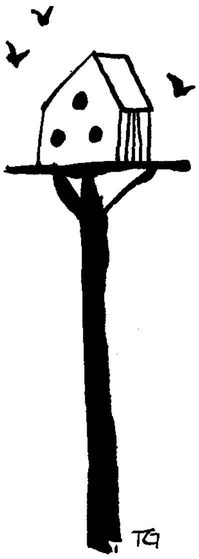
second inspection, the inspectors were giving the Iraqis between six and twelve hours' notice before each site visit. This was the rule laid down by I.A.E.A. headquarters in Vienna. The Iraqis understood the rule far too well; they were moving equipment from one site to another during the notice period. In June, as American satellites watched, the Iraqis went to hiding places in the desert, dug up giant machines for processing uranium, loaded them on trucks, and drove them to a site called Abu Gharib, to which the inspectors had been denied entry. Then the satellites saw the trucks move the equipment from Abu Gharib to a second site, at Al Fallujah.

David Kay, the American who led the team, says that he got this information in Iraq at about 3 A.M. He then called together six inspectors "for a long walk in Baghdad," during which they could talk without being bugged. They agreed to do a zero-notice inspection at Al Fallujah that morning, despite the policy of giving six to twelve hours' notice. Kay told the Iraqis that he was going "in the direction of" a site the team had already toured—a site that happened to be on the road to Al Fallujah. Kay managed to get his vehicle in front of the column and went right by the first site. The Iraqis "went crazy," Kay says. "They turned on red lights, pulled us over, and argued with us, but we got to Fallujah anyway." There they were denied entry, but they managed to photograph trucks leaving through another gate, while the Iraqis fired bullets over their heads.



The moment was dramatic: the inspectors had the first clear proof that Saddam was trying to make a bomb. The equipment included huge seventeen-foot magnets, weighing more than fifty tons, which could be used only for enriching uranium—raising it from its natural state to nuclear-weapon grade. Kay saw it as a vindication of the team. "We all pulled together and it worked," he said. "Even though we had to break I.A.E.A. rules to do it."

The I.A.E.A. then sprang into action. It and the Special Commission rushed to Iraq a high-level delegation that included Mohamed El Baradei, an Egyptian on the I.A.E.A legal staff. The delegation found the Iraqis arguing lamely that the equipment had nothing to do with uranium enrichment. El Baradei, fresh on the scene, embodied the tradition of the I.A.E.A. Before an incredulous group of inspectors, he declared, as Kay recalls it, "The Iraqis do not have a uranium-enrichment program. I know so, because they are my friends and they have told me that they don't."

El Baradei was wrong, of course. But he was following the line laid down by his I.A.E.A. superiors. If they had had their way, Kay's inspection might never have occurred. After the first inspection, in May, Iraq had accounted for all the imported nuclear material it had previously informed the I.A.E.A. about, which balanced the agency's accounts.

"The I.A.E.A. was lucky," a former inspector who was on the first team says. Kay and this inspector say that Zifferero and his boss, Hans Blix, the director-general of the I.A.E.A., wanted to put out a report at the end of May concluding that everything was fine. But a minority of inspectors, mostly Americans, wouldn't go along. They couldn't understand why the Iraqis had left some of the bombed buildings untouched while razing others, even tearing out foundations as far as several metres down. The Americans thought that the Iraqis might be concealing nuclear-weapon work, and they wanted the report to say so. "It all looked very suspicious," the inspector said. "But the I.A.E.A. wasn't interested. It wanted to pasteurize our language and put the report out anyway." The I.A.E.A. was saved from humiliation by a defector, who turned up just before the report was to be released and told Western intelligence about the equipment. A few weeks later, Kay succeeded in finding and photographing it.

Kay also led the only other team that produced major intelligence leads. After arriving in Baghdad late in the afternoon on September 22, 1991, the team set out early the next morning. Kay pointed toward the Al Rashid Hotel, and told the Iraqis simply to "drive that way." By 6 A.M., the team was searching a nine-story building in Baghdad from the top down. It turned out to be where the Iraqis were designing facilities for their first atomic bomb. When they reached the basement, a few hours later, the team found trunkfuls of classified documents from the Iraqi Atomic Energy Commission.

This discovery sparked an intense confrontation. The Iraqis kept the team in the parking lot until 7 P.M., confiscated the documents until 2 A.M. the next day, and then gave only some of them back. What the Iraqis didn't know was that the inspectors had spirited out two reports marked "Top Secret." These crucial papers contained the bomb design. The design was crude but workable, and would have produced a weapon with nearly twice the power of the Hiroshima bomb.

Early on the morning of September 24th, Kay's team began a search of two other buildings, using the same tactics. These buildings turned out to be the headquarters of the entire Iraqi A-bomb program, code-named Petrochemical 3. The team turned up personnel lists and procurement records, and four hours later there was another confrontation. The Iraqis demanded that the team surrender its records, its photographs, and its videotapes. When the inspectors refused, the Iraqis held them at the site. This was the celebrated "parking-lot incident"—a four-day standoff in the scorching Baghdad heat. The team lived near its immobilized bus until the Iraqis finally backed down.

Eventually, the team hauled out pay records, computer files, and more than sixty thousand pages of documents, including the two top-secret reports on bomb design. The reports were a gold mine of intelligence nuggets: they revealed numerous aspects of Saddam's bomb-manufacturing effort and still constitute the primary evidence of how close he was to the bomb when the war broke out.

The aggressive tactics required for this breakthrough did not please the I.A.E.A. Zifferero, who was not in Iraq at the time of that inspection, later told an inspector who was there that the episode was "one of the worst things that ever happened." And, according to Kay, Hans Blix reacted by saying that Kay was not going to be assigned to any more inspections in Iraq. Kay then resigned from the agency. He and another American inspector who was in the parking-lot standoff maintain that “everybody associated with the parking-lot incident became persona non grata” at the I.A.E.A. As for the sixty thousand pages of documents, only about fifteen per cent of them have been translated from the Arabic, although summaries of most documents have been completed. The titles alone show that the documents are rich in procurement data and other leads. The I.A.E.A. has farmed most of them out to coalition governments for translation, but none has committed the resources to do the job effectively. Thus, the inspectors are like treasure hunters who can read only scraps of a map.

Acting on an intelligence tip from a United States ally, Zifferero finally had a chance to lead his own team into the Petrochemical 3 headquarters last December. The team was an unusual combination. It had Special Commission inspectors from New York, who were looking for missile and chemical-and-biological-weapons documents, and I.A.E.A. inspectors who suspected the Iraqis of having moved nuclear documents back into the building. On this particular trip, I’m told, Zifferero appeared to observe security precautions more closely. Nevertheless, the difference in methods and attitudes between the I.A.E.A. and the Special Commission was striking.

When Zifferero gave the order to begin, the Special Commission’s “document-exploitation team” fanned out quickly to surround and occupy the building. Zifferero, however, had no experience with rapid engagement. “As team leader, he had to be ready to order teams to go here, go there—immediately—and to order Iraqi escorts to go with them,” a missile inspector later said. “But he was totally unable to do that—he couldn’t keep up.”

The result was a breakdown in command and control. The Special Commission and I.A.E.A. inspectors started to debate procedures in front of the Iraqis, and the Iraqis themselves began to move documents. One threw a bundle out a window, and another picked it up and ran with it to a city bus. A Special Commission inspector dashed in front of the bus to stop it, but had to leap out of the way to avoid being run over. (The Iraqis later returned what they said were the documents.) In this instance, the I.A.E.A. procedures were probably harmless, because Petrochemical 3 had been turned into a fundamentalist seminary with low security, making it an unlikely hiding place for sensitive information. The intelligence tip from the allied government was probably a dud.

To put the blame on Zifferero or Hans Blix for the I.A.E.A.’s attitude and its unwillingness to run intrusive inspections is to miss the point. Many inspectors don’t see Zifferero as a villain. They say that he is simply the wrong man for the job. One inspector sums it up this way: “Zifferero has poor organizational skills in the field, and he is out of his element when it comes to getting things done if the opposition doesn’t want you to.” Other inspectors agree that he doesn’t have the temperament for confrontation. The fundamental problem is the I.A.E.A. itself. “The agency’s charter didn’t have in mind the amplitude of inspections called for by the U.N. resolutions” on Iraq, says Gerard C. Smith, who was Ambassador at Large for Nonproliferation Matters in the Carter Administration and represented the United States on the I.A.E.A.’s board of governors. The agency was established in the glory days of nuclear power, when people thought that electricity from the atom would be “too cheap to meter.” It was given the job of spreading nuclear technology to developing countries, mostly by promoting exports from advanced countries. At the same time, it was supposed to inspect the exports to make sure they weren’t used to make atomic bombs. The conflict of interest is obvious: if the agency catches somebody making bombs, it means that the nuclear exports were too dangerous to have been sold in the first place, and should not have been promoted.

Iraq is the perfect example. The I.A.E.A. gave Saddam a clean bill of nuclear health for a decade before the invasion of Kuwait. Why would the agency now want to find even more evidence of how badly it was duped? “It’s against the I.A.E.A.’s culture to find anything,” says an American expert who was on one of the early inspection teams. Only this “culture” can explain Zifferero’s statements to the press. Just a year ago, in February, he told Reuters that “practically the largest part of Iraq’s nuclear program has now been identified—probably what is missing is just details.” He made this statement after his team’s tenth inspection trip—the one during which he is said to have discussed surprise-inspection sites in the bugged hotel.

On September 2nd, Zifferero told Reuters that Iraq’s nuclear program “is at

*“I’m behind on my carrots.”*

zero now," and that the Iraqis "have stated many times to us that they have decided at the higher political level to stop these activities." He also made the spectacularly improbable statement "This we have verified." Even the I.A.E.A. had to disavow that; it put out a statement the next day blaming the press for giving "a misleading impression of his understanding of the situation," and saying that it is "too early to conclude" that Iraq's entire nuclear program had been uncovered. Zifferero, undeterred, reiterated the same day that "there is no possibility of a substantial organized [nuclear] program going on in Iraq now." And, for good measure, he said a few days later, "I don't believe in the existence of an underground reactor."

When I asked Zifferero about these statements last week, he insisted, "The Iraqi program is now dormant. Iraq has other priorities, and now has no labs in which to continue the program."

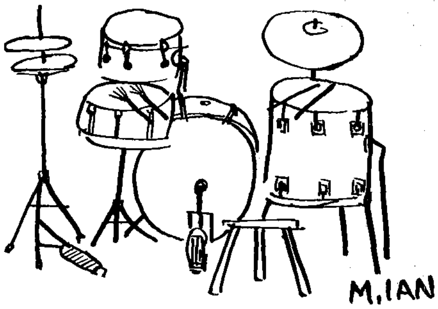
ZIFFERERO stated in his latest report that the inspection team "was not harassed." If that was the case, it was unique. On most trips, the inspectors tell me, the harassment is unrelenting. "The Iraqis start calling about 1 A.M.," one of them said. "They threaten you or they just dial to wake you up. You also get notes under the door." The Special Commission inspectors say the notes are often death threats. Some of the German members got notes saying that what the United States did to Iraq during Desert Storm was the same as what the United States did to Germany during the Second World War, so the Germans shouldn't coöperate with the "American" inspections.

Another inspector says, "They also come into your room, whether you're there or not. You have to put everything valuable in your backpack, and you have to assume that if you don't sleep with it tied to you, you'll lose it. This creates a lot of tension and makes it hard to sleep." Team members are also harassed in restaurants, another inspector adds. "Somebody will stop at your table, pick up your plate, and dump your food in your lap. This is always a young, well-dressed, physically fit Iraqi male."

On two occasions, while groups of inspectors were standing in the hotel atrium, someone threw a light bulb down on them from three stories up. It terrified everybody, because when it hit the floor it sounded like a rifle shot. A Special Commission inspector says, "They even came up to one of our people in the street and threw diesel fuel on him." Another inspector tells me that "after two weeks of this, you're exhausted. Nobody is sad on the trip back to the airport. When the plane takes off, everybody applauds."

THE Special Commission flatly rejects Zifferero's rosy picture of Iraq's nuclear status. In its reports to the Security Council, the Commission accuses the Iraqis of "non-coöperation, concealment and sometimes false information" in all areas that are being inspected, and goes as far as to say that they have "actively falsified the evidence." The Special Commission's inspectors still want to find (1) parts of the giant machines that the Iraqis used to raise uranium to nuclear-weapon grade, to learn how much progress they made; (2) the identities of Iraqi nuclear personnel, to learn what those people are doing; (3) records of test explosions, to learn the status of the Iraqi bomb design; (4) other records of the nuclear-weapon program, to learn whether all its components have been discovered; (5) Iraq's foreign sources of technical advice, to cut them off; and (6) Iraq's network of foreign equipment suppliers, to make sure that the network does not revive as soon as the embargo is lifted.

These inspectors also fear that Saddam may be hiding experimental centrifuges used to raise uranium to weapon grade, and an underground reactor that could secretly make plutonium for bombs. They are not likely to find any of these things under the aegis of the I.A.E.A. Zifferero's press statements alone have undermined his credibility. Can he plausibly search for something that he says doesn't exist? The solution to the problem, these inspectors argue, is to transfer authority for the nuclear inspections to the Special Commission, which would require a U.N. resolution. The I.A.E.A. knows how to do only one thing: visit declared sites. In civilian inspections, a country tells the agency what it is doing and invites it in, and then the agency inspects only agreed-upon items at agreed-upon sites. It closes its eyes to anything else. And, worse, it usually doesn't reveal what it finds. But no bomb-builder ever admits what he is doing, let alone where he is doing it. And Saddam Hussein is certainly no exception. (However, some United States government analysts think that Saddam is likely to make a spectacular offer soon to President Clinton. It will probably contain a dramatic revelation about one or more of the weapon programs and will probably include information—and disinformation—about Western companies that provided crucial help. Saddam's goal will be to drive a wedge into the Gulf War coalition by convincing some of its members that he has finally come clean, and that the embargo should be lifted.)



There are still two big jobs to do in Iraq: find the rest of Saddam's bomb program and prevent him from gaining control of resources already found and reconverting them to bomb-making. To accomplish the first task, the inspectors need to change tactics. "We have diplomats when we should have detectives," a knowledgeable American official says. "This is a shell game, and you have to stop the other guy from moving the shells." The inspectors are reluctant to go into government ministries, universities, and private homes, but that is their best chance of finding the nuclear-bomb program. United States intelligence is convinced that the program is on computer data bases. Only a data base could keep track of the design, manufacturing, testing, and procurement data essential to continuity. The computers are believed to be at universities or in the homes of key members of the nuclear program. "We think that if the inspectors went into these places they would find some important stuff," says an informed United States official.

The United States government has also proposed that the Special Commission adopt an "area strategy," in which the Commission would pick an area and search every building and every cave before moving on to the next area. "There

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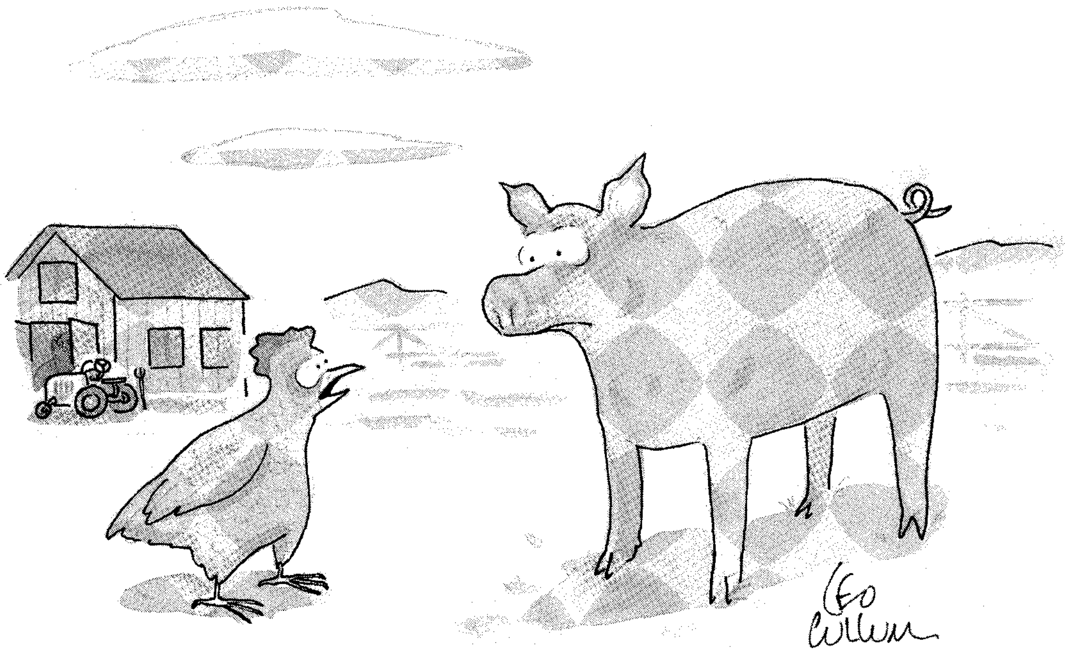

*"You know you have my support on pork and beans, but where do you stand on chicken and dumplings?"*

are only a few places where Iraq has the people, communications, and infrastructure to continue to run the program," an American official says, "so you can designate the areas." The goal is to freeze Saddam's shells in place so that any moves by the Iraqis could be detected.

This strategy would require more inspectors. The United States proposes that a score or more move into Iraq permanently. The plan is that they would work in prefabricated, bug-free quarters flown in from America, enabling them to talk to New York without Iraqi ears bent over their telephones. When new intelligence develops, they could strike quickly, hitting two or three areas at a time, thus overwhelming Saddam's disinformation specialists.

The United States proposal was submitted to Rolf Ekeus, of Sweden, the head of the Special Commission. Ekeus has been a tenacious leader of the Special Commission inspectors, but, with the exception of the proposal for secure, prefab quarters, he has rejected the American plan, out of concern that the U.N. might lose control of the inspections in the field. The inspectors would be mostly British and American, and he fears that once they began to generate hot intelligence leads, which would be analyzed in London and Washington, the U.N. could be pushed out of the information loop. He also points out that Saddam would have more ammunition for his charge that the inspections are really an Anglo-Saxon operation.

It may be that Ekeus can no longer afford these qualms. The information tug-of-war between the C.I.A. and the I.A.E.A. has reached a deadlock. As David Kay describes it, "The I.A.E.A. is saying, 'Tell us where to go,' and the C.I.A. is saying, 'Do something to get something moving, so we can see it.' " The C.I.A. has the better argument: some action is needed to flush Saddam's nuclear covey from its hiding place.

The other big job in Iraq is to guard what has been found. By mid-November, the I.A.E.A. had compiled a list of six hundred and ninety pieces of sensitive equipment, of which eighty-four have direct nuclear-weapon applications. Virtually all the equipment was imported, and most of it is "dual use"—capable of making either civilian products or weapons of mass destruction. The U.N. must decide whether to destroy it, monitor it, or release it to the Iraqis.

The United States wants the inspectors to destroy any item that was either used to make nuclear weapons or intended for such use. The I.A.E.A. doesn't want to go along with that proposal. It argues that Iraq would still have many machines—some still in their crates—equivalent to the ones destroyed, and therefore destruction would not really derail the Iraqi bomb program but would only be punitive. The I.A.E.A. would rather let the Iraqis use the machines under its monitoring.

But Iraq smuggled many of those machines out of Western countries illegally, and it falsely promised to confine others to peaceful use. For example, in the late nineteen-eighties, the Iraqi government secretly took over a British machine-tool maker called Matrix Churchill, which apparently lied to British customs about the uses to which its exports would be put in Iraq. According to a U.N. report, Matrix Churchill supplied thirty-three machines with nuclear-weapon potential. Matrix Churchill also sold Iraq nineteen additional machines, which were found in damaged condition. Letting Iraq keep these machines rewards Iraqi fraud.

If the inspectors were allowed to destroy any sensitive equipment not bought honestly, they would catch most of the machines now in dispute. Iraq is already supposed to disclose its supplier network, to comply with U.N. resolutions. But that network is one of its most important secrets. If Iraq won't say where it got the machines, the inspectors should assume that it got them dishonestly. To leave the machines in Iraqi hands, one inspector says, would be folly, for "Iraq already has the people and the know-how, and it will still have the dual-use equipment, so if the world gets tired of monitoring, Iraq is back in business."

Without new leadership and protection, the inspection effort will die by demoralization. The stakes are enormous. An American A-bomb expert who served on one of the inspection teams says that if Saddam had not invaded Kuwait, "he could have had a first crude device by now, deliverable with great accuracy in a Ryder truck." There is no evidence that any of Saddam's nuclear scientists have been laid off, and unless the inspectors find the rest of his nuclear program and neutralize it, the world will face the same uncertainty about the Iraqi bomb in 1993 that it faced before the war. ♦

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## A REPORTER AT LARGE

# STALINGRAD: LETTERS FROM THE DEAD

*Hitler's refusal to surrender at Stalingrad caused some two hundred thousand Wehrmacht soldiers to die in a defeat that has haunted Germany much as Vietnam has haunted America. Now, fifty years later, Germans seeking to honor those who died on the Russian steppes are finding that mourning their loss is as difficult as acknowledging their guilt.*

### BY TIMOTHY W. RYBACK

LAST July, Walter Seledec, an editor at ORF, the Austrian television network, visited the Russian city of Volgograd, formerly Stalingrad, a large industrial center on the west bank of the Volga five hundred and fifty miles southeast of Moscow. Seledec was preparing a documentary on the fiftieth anniversary of the bitter siege that had been sustained in and around Stalingrad from August of 1942 to February of 1943. The defeat of the German Sixth Army at Stalingrad not only dealt a crippling blow to Hitler's campaign in the East but also marked the strategic turning point of the Second World War, and has come to be recognized as one of the greatest military debacles of all time. Over the years, the terrible fighting at Stalingrad has also come to symbolize the senseless sacrifice of human life to individual hubris and political whim.

In mid-November of 1942, a surprise pincer attack by two Russian armies cut off the German Sixth Army, which was then locked in a bloody struggle for the city of Stalingrad. Trapped in a *Kessel*, or cauldron, an egg-shaped line of defense thirty miles wide and twenty miles deep, the Sixth Army, which was under the command of General Friedrich Paulus, was ordered by Hitler to hold its ground rather than retreat west to join the vanguard of the German forces.

In a matter of two months, from late November of 1942 until the end of January of 1943, a quarter of a million German soldiers, a thousand German panzers, eighteen hundred pieces of artillery, an entire air force of transport planes, and untold quantities of military supplies were obliterated by the combined forces of the Soviet Army and the Russian winter. Among the men of the Sixth Army to perish in Stalingrad were many non-Germans: Romanians, Croatians, Italians, and fifty thousand Austrians—for, with the Anschluss of 1938, Austria had become a part of Hitler's Third Reich. It was Seledec's mission to trace the fate of his countrymen.

"In mid-July, I went to Volgograd for a week to orient myself for the documentary," Seledec told me one evening last month, when I visited him at his apartment, in Vienna. "Until a year ago, most of the battlefield was considered a sensitive area. It was difficult for foreigners to go there. I had a guide named Valery Shtrykov. He had spent his childhood exploring the battlefield and knew the area like a fox. You could say, 'I would like to see the emplacements of the third company of this or that division,' and he could take you to the very place where they fought."

Seledec is a cheerful, animated man in his late forties. He speaks dramatically, modulating his voice, and punctuating his narration with occasional flourishes of his arms. "On July 13th—I remember the day exactly—we drove west out of Volgograd in a car," he says. "The road conditions are bad, almost exactly the way they were fifty years ago. You can't drive faster than twenty kilometres an hour."

Seledec visited the emplacements of former Sixth Army divisions that had had large numbers of Austrians. In the midst of parched earth and scrub, the contours of former trenches and dirt bunkers were still recognizable. "After we had looked around a bit, Valery said to me, 'So, you have seen a bit of the battlefield, but now I will show you something of Stalingrad the way it really was. I will show you bones,' " Seledec says. "I asked him, 'What do you mean, bones?' He simply replied, 'I will drive you there, and you can see for yourself.' "

Seledec and Valery drove across the battlefield for nearly an hour, to the town of Peschanka. There Valery pointed across the fields. Seledec tells me that at first he did not see anything but the intense blue sky and the brown steppes. But then, as he stared across the open fields, it became clear to him that the *balki*, the gullies and slopes of the steppes, were littered with sun-bleached bones.

Seledec's voice drops to a sort of gasp. "There you are, standing beside an open field, and you are confronted with things you cannot believe, things you have never seen in your life, things you would not think possible in this day and age. There in the open fields, all the way to the horizon, are the skeletons of human beings. Just lying there in the open fields. I don't mean a few. There are hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands." Seledec's voice rises. "Human remains lying in these fields. Human skeletons as far as the eye can see."

Seledec falls silent. He reaches over to a coffee table and holds up a stack of snapshots at least two inches thick. "Look at these," he says, handing me the first snapshot.

It shows an expansive, gently rolling landscape with patches of tough, low grass growing in orange-tinted soil. Between the foreground, where I see Seledec's shadow, and the distant horizon, which is marked by a line of green trees, the surface is littered with the remains of human skeletons—arms, legs, pelvic bones, skulls, an occasional rib.

Seledec hands me another snapshot. This one is of a recently plowed field. Beside it, gathered like sticks and branches, lies a large pile of bones.

A third photograph reveals only an open field—just brown earth and blue sky. "Look at this," he says. "Nothing but flat earth. Not a single place to hide. A catastrophe for defense."

The rest of the snapshots follow in

quick succession as Seledec peels them off and tosses them on the table. The images accumulate, in a kaleidoscope of grim remains: six or eight bones in a small, neat pile, like clothing waiting to be packed in a suitcase; a skull and a decaying hobnailed boot in a shallow pit; a random collection of bone fragments, shell cases, and an undetonated projectile; a rusted machine gun; a battered metal container; the ruins of a Russian church riddled with shell holes. One snapshot shows a skull sitting alone on barren soil, the cranium as white and smooth as polished marble. The lower jawbone, which is still in place, and which still has all its teeth except a left molar, has dropped open and is resting on the soil, as if in an eternal scream.

"Take it," Seledec says, when I pause to stare at the photograph. "Believe me, this is not the only one. There are hundreds of them, thousands of them. Just lying around out there in the open fields. Just like that."

STEPHEN KRONINGER

WHEN Seledec returned to Vienna from Volgograd, he described to his superior what he had seen. Three weeks later, he returned to Russia, this time with a camera crew, and in late August ORF broadcast a special program reporting on the remains.

Seledec's revelations caused a sensation in the Austrian press. Across the country, newspapers ran front-page stories bolstered by images of the scattered skeletons. The daily *Kurier* published a full-page story with the headline "THE DEATH FIELDS OF STALINGRAD." In the central province of Steiermark, a local paper headlined its report "BONE-LITTERED BATTLEFIELDS." Another daily paper, under the headline "BONES WITH IDENTITY TAGS," reported, "Skulls lie in helmets, decayed bones still stand in boots, on the spines hang the identity tags." *Wiener*, a popular monthly magazine, featured a story accompanied by a full-page color photograph of a skeleton lying in an open field, its arms at its sides. Tufts of grass had pressed up among the bones. Two moldering leather boots still stood at its feet. The photograph was accompanied by the caption "No cross. No wreath. This unknown soldier never made it into a mass grave. Today, he lies in the steppes outside Volgograd exactly as he fell fifty years ago. His shirt and uniform buttons still lie between his ribs."

At the urging of Seledec, and with the support of Vienna's mayor, Helmut Zilk, a special committee, 50 Jahre Stalingrad, was formed with the express intent of "constructing on the place of this horrible event a monument to the Austrians who died there." With Mayor Zilk as the chairman, 50 Jahre Stalingrad rallied to its cause virtually every leading political figure in Austria, including Chancellor Franz Vranitzky, Interior Minister Franz Löschnak, and Foreign Minister Alois Mock.

Seledec tells me he would like to see a memorial put up in the Tsaritsa Gully, a wide ravine that runs through the center of Volgograd. He envisions it as a monument that both warns and commemorates. "Currently, we are trying to gather the names of all fifty thousand Austrians who died at Stalingrad. Eventually, I hope, their names can be engraved in stone, like the names on the Vietnam Memorial in Washington, D.C. It would seem a very dignified and appropriate way to commemorate these men."

I remark that the creation of the Vietnam Memorial in Washington had been a very painful experience for Americans—that for nearly a decade the Vietnam War had remained a taboo theme, lurking darkly in the back of the American consciousness, that Vietnam veterans returning in the nineteen-seventies had for the most part gone unrecognized, that the American soldiers who died in Vietnam—who were viewed by some as "aggressors" in a foreign land and by others as "victims" in a war muddled by conflicting political and military interests—had mostly been unmourned by the American public, and that only now, two decades later, was our government actively looking into the fate of those soldiers listed as missing in action.

"It took you ten or twenty years to reach that point," Seledec observes with a smile. "It has been fifty years—a half century—since the end of the Second World War, and we are still not at the point where we can openly discuss these issues or publicly mourn our dead soldiers."

And it is not clear that other nations have reached that point, either; anytime the Germans attempt to commemorate their war dead, whether at Bitburg or in Volgograd, the world takes notice. A Volgograd resident I met in January told me his reaction to Seledec's idea; he was against it. "To put it rather bluntly, the Germans lost the war and we won," he said. "They came to this city and murdered our people. And now they want to come back and build cemeteries and monuments to honor their dead. We can't even begin to count the number of our dead. How many? One million? Two million? And the Germans build cemeteries for their people."

Waving his hands as if chasing off an intruder, Seledec says, "You have to realize that when we build monuments to dead soldiers, we are not honoring Nazis. These were soldiers like any other soldiers in the world. Of course there were Nazis among them, but should that bring all of them into disrepute? Does that make all of them criminals? Of course not. We are talking about burying and commemorating young men who fought and died for their country, just like young men anywhere else in the world. Our purpose is to see to it that after a half century these men are given a decent place of rest."

WHILE Austria expresses outrage and horror over the fate of its fifty thousand dead, the German government maintains an uneasy silence over the hundred and fifty thousand other Sixth Army soldiers who perished at Stalingrad.

According to Norbert Burger, the Mayor of Cologne—Volgograd's German sister city—the German federal government, which has its seat just across the Rhine, in Bonn, does not intend to acknowledge the anniversary of the siege. (Austria, having been identified by the Allies as "the first victim" of National Socialist aggression, believes it can take liberties with its historical legacy that Germany can ill afford.)

"Yuri Chekhov, the Mayor of Volgograd, was here just last week," Burger told me when I visited Cologne in late December. "Together, our two cities are planning a major commemoration in Volgograd from the thirty-first of January to the second of February. There will be speeches, special events, and a continuous twenty-four-hour television broadcast. There will be delegations from around the world."

However, with the exception of the German Ambassador to Moscow, Burger said, not a single prominent representative of the federal government was expected to attend. Chancellor Helmut Kohl, I was told, had received an invitation but had so far not responded to it.

When I called the Chancellor's office, I was told that Kohl would not be attending the fiftieth-anniversary event in Volgograd, nor would he be making any public statement about the battle on the anniversary. A spokesman explained that the federal government, though it commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of the outbreak of the Second World War, and would mark the end of the war, did not make a practice of recognizing individual battles. "As far as our war commemorations go, the Germans have one day for mourning each year—the *Volkstrauertag*," he said. "On that day, we mourn our soldiers who have fallen in all battles."

For many Germans, however, and especially for those who lived through the Second World War, Stalingrad is more than a battle. The very mention of the name causes unease among the older generation. A recent article in the national newsweekly *Stern* suggests how deeply Stalingrad sits in the German consciousness. "Stalingrad: the word touches on a trauma that lies buried beneath hardened lava crusts of the German soul, a collective primal experience, never 'mastered,' never 'overcome,' that has instead been banished to the deepest recesses of the unconscious, where it nevertheless continues to rumble from below."

The scale of the defeat of the Sixth Army at Stalingrad was unprecedented in German history. Of the two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers of the Sixth Army who battled their way to Stalingrad in the fall of 1942, nearly a hundred and fifty thousand had been killed or wounded by January of 1943. Of the ninety-one thousand who were captured by the Russians, fewer than six thousand ever returned to Germany. The chances of surviving Dachau, one German has told me, were more than five times as great as the chances of surviving Stalingrad.

"Stalingrad," a film by Joseph Vilsmaier, which will open in German movie houses at the end of this month, and is scheduled to have its American première in mid-February, chronicles in painful and graphic detail the suffering endured by the men of the Sixth Army. A fifty-four-year-old Munich-based director, whose two previous films, "Herbstmilch" and "Rama Dama," also deal with German war experiences, Vilsmaier has sought to re-create the horrors of Stalingrad through a blood-and-guts extravaganza—filmed in an abandoned factory near Prague and along the Arctic Circle in Finland—that underscores its grim message with three tons of explosives, a hundred thousand rounds of ammunition, twelve thousand actors, and a thundering phalanx of vintage T-34 Russian tanks. In tracing the stories of four typical German soldiers, Vilsmaier catalogues the entire range of human savagery and cruelty. Besides killing Russian soldiers in protracted gun battles, the four, Rollo, Hans, Fritz,

## PAUSE

The weird containing stillness of the neighborhood
just before the school bus brings all the neighborhood kids
home in the middle of the cold afternoon: a moment of pure
waiting, anticipation, before the outbreak of anything,
when everything seems just, seems *justified*, hanging
in the wings, about to happen, and in your mind you see
the flashing lights flare amber to scarlet and your daughter
in her blue jacket and white-fringed sapphire hat
stepping gingerly down and out into our world again, to hurry
through silence and snow-grass as the bus door sighs shut
and her own front door flies open and she finds you
behind it, father-in-waiting, the stillness in bits
and the common world restored as you bend to touch her,
to take her hat and coat up from the floor
where she's dropped them, hear the live voice of her filling
every crack. In the pause before all this happens, you know
something about the shape of the life you've chosen to live
between the silence of almost infinite possibility and that
explosion of things as they are—those vast unanswerable
intrusions of love and disaster, or just the casual scatter
of your child's winter clothes on the hall floor.

—EAMON GRENNAN

and GeGe, are witnesses to or participants in the execution of Russian civilians, the accidental shooting of one another (death by "friendly fire"), the torment of a Russian woman, the murder of one of their own officers. By the end of the two hours of unrelenting slaughter, the four comrades have perished in the desolate steppes around Stalingrad.

Vilsmaier's film, it seems, does for the disaster at Stalingrad what Oliver Stone's "Platoon" has done for the American experience in Vietnam. It brings to public consciousness the brutal realities of an unjust war fought on foreign soil by men whose primary goal is personal survival. It explores through a few individuals the potential of human cruelty and physical endurance, all the while seeming to ask: To what degree is every soldier a "victim" of the political system that convinces him of the righteousness of its cause and then dispatches him to fight its wars?

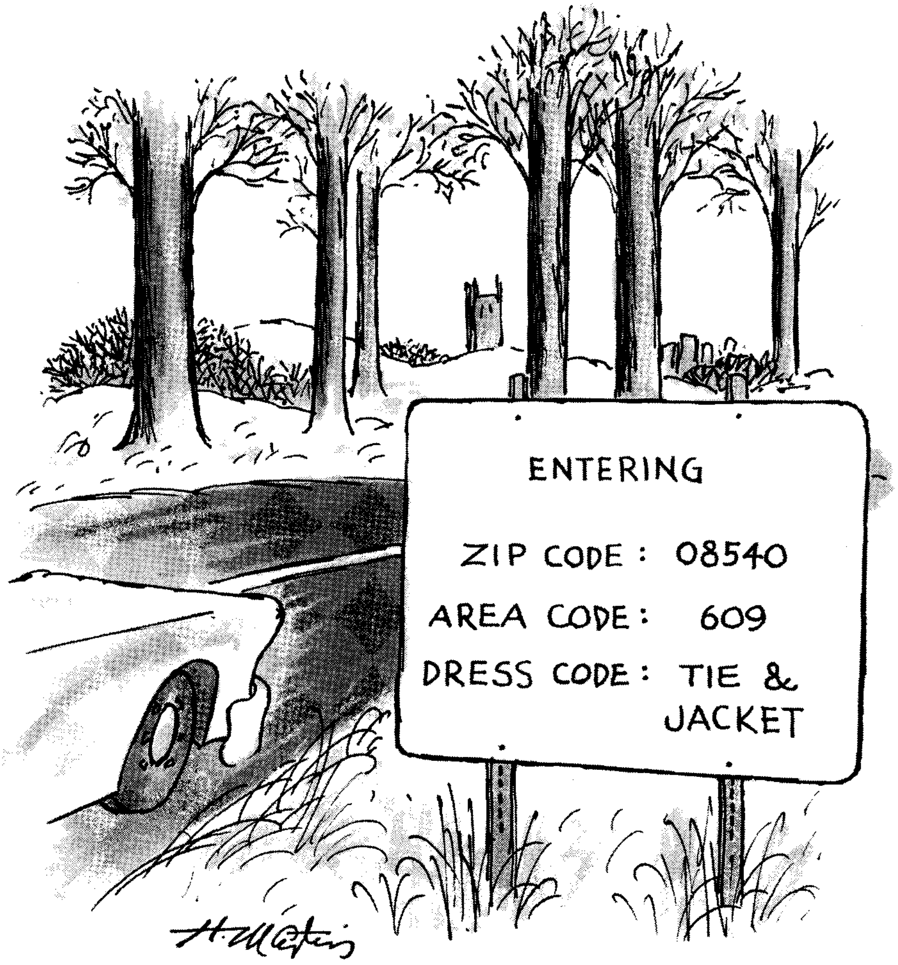
Given the fact that the Germans invaded Russia in an act of overt aggression, given the fact that in advancing across Soviet territory they committed untold atrocities against the civilian population, and given the fact that Soviet losses at Stalingrad are estimated to have been between four and eight times as great as those of the Sixth Army, it is a question most Germans are reluctant to articulate, let alone attempt to answer.

It is also a question that many non-Germans do not even want to hear. "When you look at what happened in June of 1941, when Hitler invaded the Soviet Union," says Rabbi Abraham Cooper, the associate dean of the Simon Wiesenthal Center, in California, "you have to realize that if the soldiers who died at Stalingrad had been victorious, millions more civilians and the large Jewish population in this region would have been immediately and systematically wiped out." Cooper says he can understand the German need to mourn—he calls it a "universal instinct"—but he cannot accept the idea of German soldiers as victims. "When you talk about a dead soldier with a swastika on his uniform," he says, "the word 'victim' comes very, very hard."

But it is this very issue that the German author and television producer Guido Knopp addresses in his current best-selling book, "Entscheidung Stalingrad" ("Decision at Stalingrad"). Speaking in the starkest terms possible, Knopp challenges those critics who ask, "Why should the perpetrators make so much fuss about a few hundred thousand people who starved to death, froze to death, or were killed in Stalingrad, when at the same time millions were being murdered in Auschwitz, Sobibor, Majdanek, Treblinka, and elsewhere?" Because, Knopp tells me when I visit him in Mainz at the offices of ZDF, one of Germany's two national television networks, "we are talking about the feelings, the emotions of a people, not about a historical understanding of events. You cannot prescribe how a people should feel. They feel what they experience."

It is not that Knopp in any way discounts the horror of the Holocaust; in fact, in his books and documentaries he chronicles with brutal candor the atrocities committed by the German forces in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. "It is clear that the Holocaust is the central experience of the war, and with the passing of time it has assumed a greater and greater importance," Knopp tells me. "In many ways, the military operations are seen as merely a 'backdrop' to the Holocaust. However, the average German had little idea of what was happening to the Jews at the time. Germans knew that something was going on, but, as one commentator has said, 'they knew enough to know that they didn't want to know more than they knew.' I think that is a very accurate description."

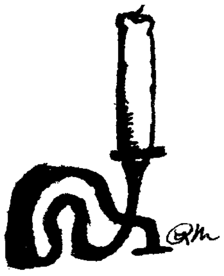
When I press him on the issue, he explains, with discomforting candor, the German perspective on these events. Knopp claims that the most traumatic experiences for German civilians during the Second World War were the bombings of the cities, which affected them physically, and the actions on the battlefields, which affected them emotionally, killing sons, husbands, fathers. "Probably no single event in the history of that war impressed itself with such traumatic force on the German consciousness as the catastrophe on the Volga fifty years ago," Knopp says. "The suffering of the German soldiers was unprecedented." And, by the Germans, unexpected. The Wehrmacht, used to



lightning victories in Poland and France, stalled before Stalingrad, was surrounded and finally destroyed, all in a matter of months.

DURING the summer of 1942, the German forces, in a drive to reach the oil fields of the Caucasus Mountains, had pushed deep into the heart of southern Russia. On July 23rd, Hitler issued an order calling for the capture of Stalingrad, a center of Russian armament production in a key position on the Volga River, Moscow's main north-south supply route.

For nearly a month, the German forces had advanced across the open steppes at a breakneck pace, but in late August, when the first units reached the outskirts of Stalingrad, Russian resistance stiffened. For the next two months the Germans found themselves locked in some of the bloodiest fighting of the war. "The kilometre was reduced to the metre, the planning-room chart to the city map," one German officer has recalled. "Battles raged for every house, every factory hall, for water towers, railroad tracks, walls, cellars, and finally for every pile of rubble."



Following the Russian counterattack in late November, General Paulus, fearing the onset of the Russian winter and the increased pressure from the Red Army, requested *Handlungsfreiheit*, the "freedom of action" that would allow him to withdraw from Stalingrad and fight his way back to the main German line. But Hitler, with assurances from the Luftwaffe that German aircraft could keep the Sixth Army supplied, ordered Paulus and his Sixth Army to hold their ground.

Despite valiant efforts, the Luftwaffe delivered, on average, only one-fifth of the required five hundred tons of daily supplies. Only five per cent of the fuel the Army needed could be flown in. Daily rations were first cut in half, and finally reduced to a thin soup and two slices of bread. Soldiers made gruel out of motor oil, foot powder, and sawdust. For want of large-calibre ammunition, infantrymen resorted to fighting Russian tanks with Molotov cocktails. (Direct hits were rewarded with a place on one of the transport planes leaving the *Kessel.*)

"As a result of the catastrophic supply situation, the battle strength of the troops is falling rapidly," Paulus radioed Hitler on January 20th. "Sixteen thousand wounded without care. With the exception of the Volga Front, there are no defenses, no protection, no wood. Army has begun to disintegrate. I plead once again for *Handlungsfreiheit.*"

Two months earlier, *Handlungsfreiheit* would have meant an attempted breakout to the West. By mid-January, it meant only one thing—permission to capitulate. Hitler ordered the Sixth Army to "fight to the last bullet." On January 31st, General Paulus was taken prisoner. Two days later, on February 2nd, the last German soldiers surrendered, survivors in a tragic collision of National Socialist megalomania, blind Teutonic obedience, overwhelming Soviet firepower, and the relentless Russian winter.

"From a military perspective, the battle on the Volga was completely unnecessary," *Der Spiegel* wrote last autumn. "Hitler's order to hold out and the 'cadaver obedience' of the incompetent military led the Sixth Army to its destruction." A three-part series in *Die Zeit* also held Hitler and his generals responsible for the "mass dying" of the German Sixth Army.

"In a sense, most Germans of the older generation could be considered victims of the Third Reich," says the Frankfurt psychoanalyst Margarete Mitscherlich. "They victimized not only other people but also themselves. The problem is that they were both perpetrators and victims. This, of course, makes the whole situation rather complicated."

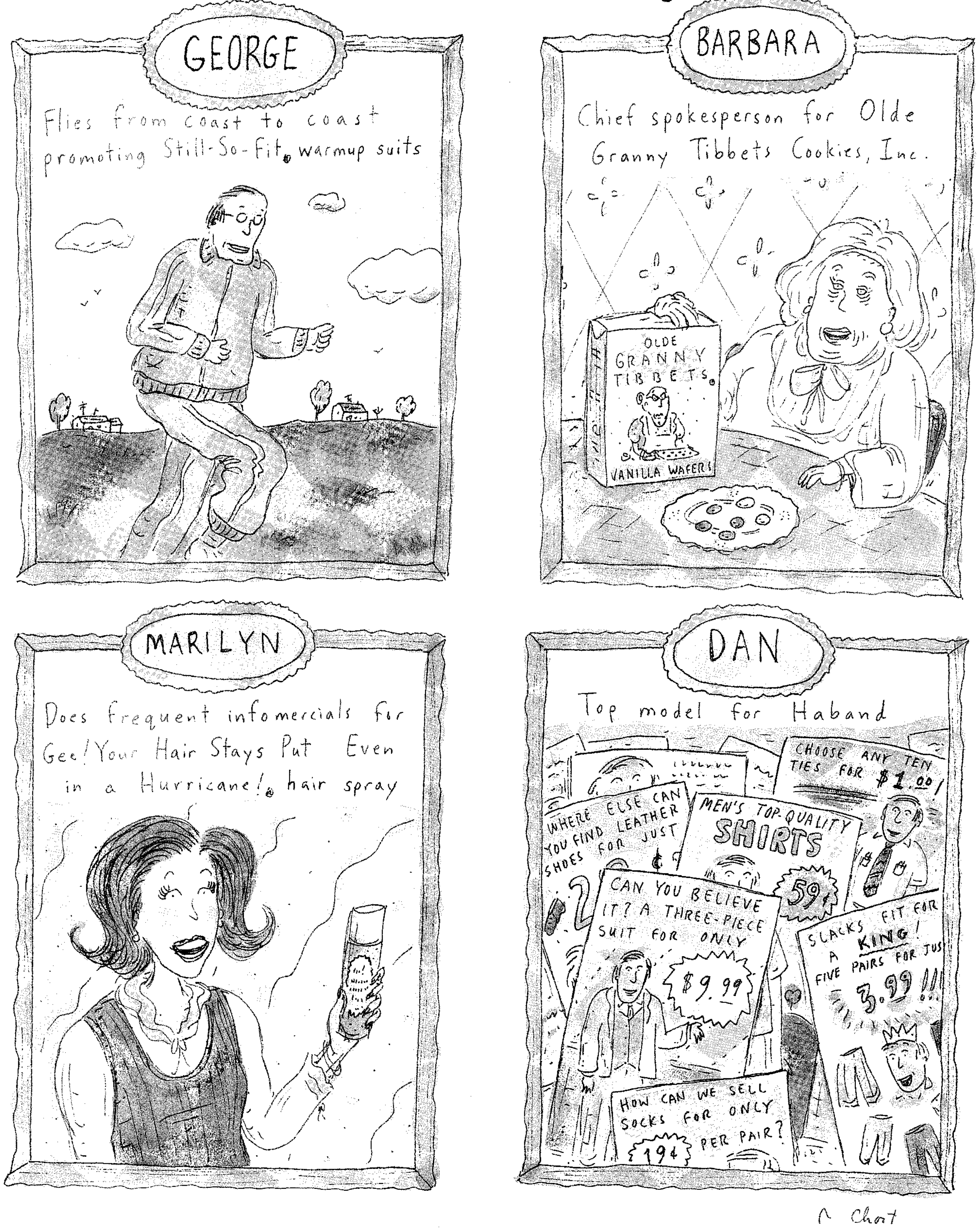
In the immediate postwar years, most Germans refused to acknowledge any responsibility for the crimes of National Socialism, placing the blame for the Holocaust and other crimes of the Third Reich on Hitler and his cronies. This refusal to acknowledge complicity is what Hans Magnus Enzensberger, a prominent poet and social critic, has called the West German *Lebenslüge*—a lie about life, a lie with which you live.

According to Mitscherlich, the Germans live not only with *die Lüge*, but with a sense of shame over their refusal to acknowledge their guilt. This "inability" to concede guilt has prevented Germans from mourning for the victims of the Holocaust—"How can we express remorse for crimes we did not commit?" The process of denial has not only stunted the Germans' ability to mourn; it has also crippled their capacity for *Mitleid* and *Einfühlung*—for compassion and empathy. The result: Germans are incapable of truly mourning, for others or for themselves. Instead, they struggle with contradictory feelings of secret guilt and resentment—resentment, that is, of their burden of guilt—which make acceptance and healing impossible.

Mitscherlich first advanced this thesis in 1967, in a book entitled "The Inability to Mourn," on which she collaborated with her husband, Alexander, who was also a psychoanalyst. (He died in 1982.) "The book had a very strong resonance at the time," she tells me one morning in her office in Frankfurt. Dr. Mitscherlich is in her mid-seventies, and is surprisingly youthful in appearance and spirit. On the day I visit her, she is wearing a charcoal-gray sweater with matching stretch pants. A bright-red shawl is thrown dramatically over her shoulders. Her office is starkly furnished: a glass table is flanked by two Bauhaus chairs of chrome and black leather, a psychiatrist's couch shares one wall with three abstract paintings that look like blowups of Rorschach ink-blot tests. Everything is in gray and black. On a bookshelf I see volumes of Sigmund Freud's "Lectures"; "The Nazi Doctors," by Robert J. Lifton; and a worn paperback copy of William Golding's "Lord of the Flies."

"The Inability to Mourn," though freighted with a heavy dose of Freudianism and lacking in empirical data—weaknesses to which the authors themselves confessed—became an instant success. It went through three printings in the first two months and remained on the best-seller lists for three years. It also ignited a heated discussion in Germany. Mitscherlich told me that the book received mixed reviews, and she specifically mentioned the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, which denounced its conclusions as "*eine unsägliche Diagnose,*" an unspeakable diagnosis. But it also drew acclaim from important quarters. *Die Zeit* praised the Mitscherlichs for their incisive analysis of the moral, social, and political fabric of West Ger-

# Where Are They Now?


GEORGE
Flies from coast to coast promoting Still-So-Fit® warmup suits
BARBARA
Chief spokesperson for Olde Granny Tibbets Cookies, Inc.
OLDE GRANNY TIBBETS®
VANILLA WAFERS
MARILYN
Does frequent infomercials for Gee! Your Hair Stays Put Even in a Hurricane!® hair spray
DAN
Top model for Haband
CHOOSE ANY TEN TIES FOR $1.00!
WHERE ELSE CAN YOU FIND LEATHER SHOES FOR JUST 2¢
MEN'S TOP-QUALITY SHIRTS 59¢
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SLACKS FIT FOR A KING! FIVE PAIRS FOR JUS 3.99!!!
HOW CAN WE SELL SOCKS FOR ONLY 19¢ PER PAIR?
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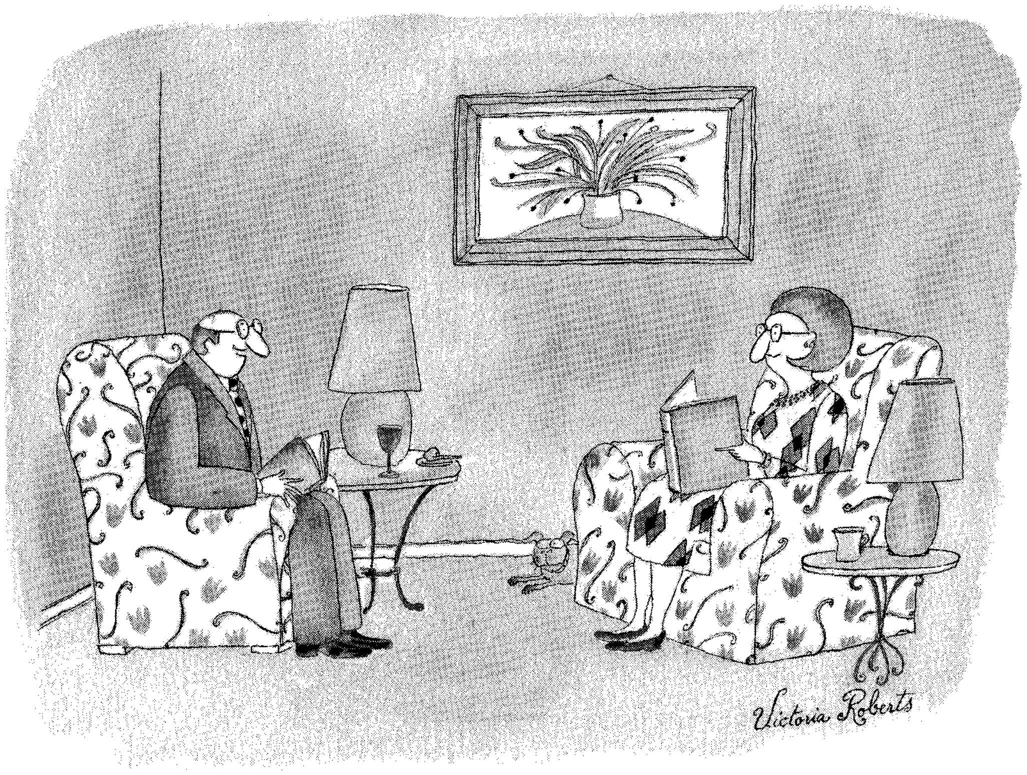


*"I dreamed that butter and sugar and eggs came back, and we all made cookies."*

• •

man society. *Der Spiegel* called the book "a first step in this world of concepts and perceptions that have been suppressed in Germany for so long" and said that it was required reading for anyone wishing to understand contemporary German society.

In the course of the last quarter century, the inability to mourn has become a household concept in Germany, and though the book's Freudian approach seems somewhat stale and has left it open to continued criticism—just last spring, a review challenged the Mitscherlich application of individual psychological processes to group consciousness—the basic premise has nevertheless helped illuminate social and political problems in Germany across the decades, including the student revolts of the sixties, the leftist terrorism of the seventies and early eighties, and, more recently, the difficult and painful negotiations over the German-Polish border and the complex problems resulting from German reunification.

"The Germans continue to load more and more guilt on themselves, because they refuse to acknowledge their own guilt," Mitscherlich says. "It is a vicious circle. Fifty million people—Poles, Russians, Jews—had to die because of the Nazis. But the Germans cannot acknowledge that they bore any responsibility for those crimes. If they did, they could free themselves of their burden, of their horrible past, and could then truly mourn their own losses. That is the ironic part of it all."

Mitscherlich, who is half German (her father was Danish), passed several of the war years in Germany, eventually married a German, and has carried on her professional career mostly in Frankfurt, yet she habitually refers to the Germans in the third person. Even so, when she discusses "them" it is always with sympathy, as if she were speaking about a patient who causes her both concern and frustration. "*Unschuldig sind sie reingekommen. Unschuldig sind sie schuldig geworden,*" she says. They came in as innocents, and through their innocence they became guilty.

THIS month, ZDF, in coöperation with the Russian television network Ostankino, is broadcasting a five-part documentary developed by Guido Knopp, which, like his book, is titled "Decision at Stalingrad," and traces the development of the war in Russia from the spring of 1942 to the German surrender at Stalingrad early in 1943. The co-production is an extension of an earlier coöperative effort between the Russians and the Germans entitled "Operation Barbarossa," named after the German invasion of Russia that began in the summer of 1941. In combining their resources, the two television networks have brought together an unprecedented amount of new material, including interviews with front-line soldiers, former generals, and civilian witnesses; documents from Russian archives; rare film footage; and a collection of three hundred letters that were written by Germans in the *Kessel* during the last days of the siege, and had been hidden in Russian archives for the past half century.

Aside from grim photographs and newsreel footage, and the numerous written accounts of the battle—the most compelling remains Theodor Plievier's 1945 book of fictionalized reportage, "Stalingrad," which was based on interviews with German prisoners of war immediately following the battle—the most poignant legacy left by the Sixth Army is the letters written by soldiers in the final weeks of the battle. Several thousand of these letters fell into Russian hands, but only a few hundred have survived. "Last spring, when we were working on the documentary, we obtained photocopies of three hundred of these astonishing letters," Karin Hübner, an associate producer at ZDF, told me one day at the television network's central offices, just outside the city of Mainz. "As we began reading through them, we realized that they were more than historical documents. They were real letters, written by real people and intended for real people—letters from sons to mothers, from fiancés to fiancées, from husbands to wives, from fathers to children. Obviously, they had never been delivered, and it occurred to us that there was a good possibility that many of the people they were addressed to were still alive."

In an attempt to find the addressees and deliver the letters, Hübner approached several German newspapers and asked them to print the three hundred names. "None of the newspapers were interested," Hübner told me. "They said that Stalingrad was a dead topic, that they could not waste the space." Determined to pursue the matter, Hübner set up a task force of four young historians and put them to work tracking down the addresses. This was not always an easy assignment: in large cities, there were scores of families named Schmidt or Müller, and some addresses, like Adolf-Hitler-Platz 7 and Hermann-Göring-Strasse 12, no longer existed.

At the same time, Hübner issued a press release through DPA, the German wire service, announcing that ZDF had several hundred letters from Stalingrad soldiers and was seeking the addresses of their relatives. The press release appeared on Tuesday, October 13th. "The very next day, the telephone started ringing, and it did not stop for the next two months," Hübner said. By the end of the following week, ZDF had logged over thirteen thousand calls. Within days, thousands of letters began to arrive, and by December, the number of inquiries by phone, fax, and letter exceeded fifty thousand. Hübner hired six more interns. "There was obviously this huge unspoken need to be filled. Stalingrad touched the lives of millions of people in Germany," she said. "It is hard to believe, but even after fifty years, Stalingrad continues to evoke incredibly strong emotions."

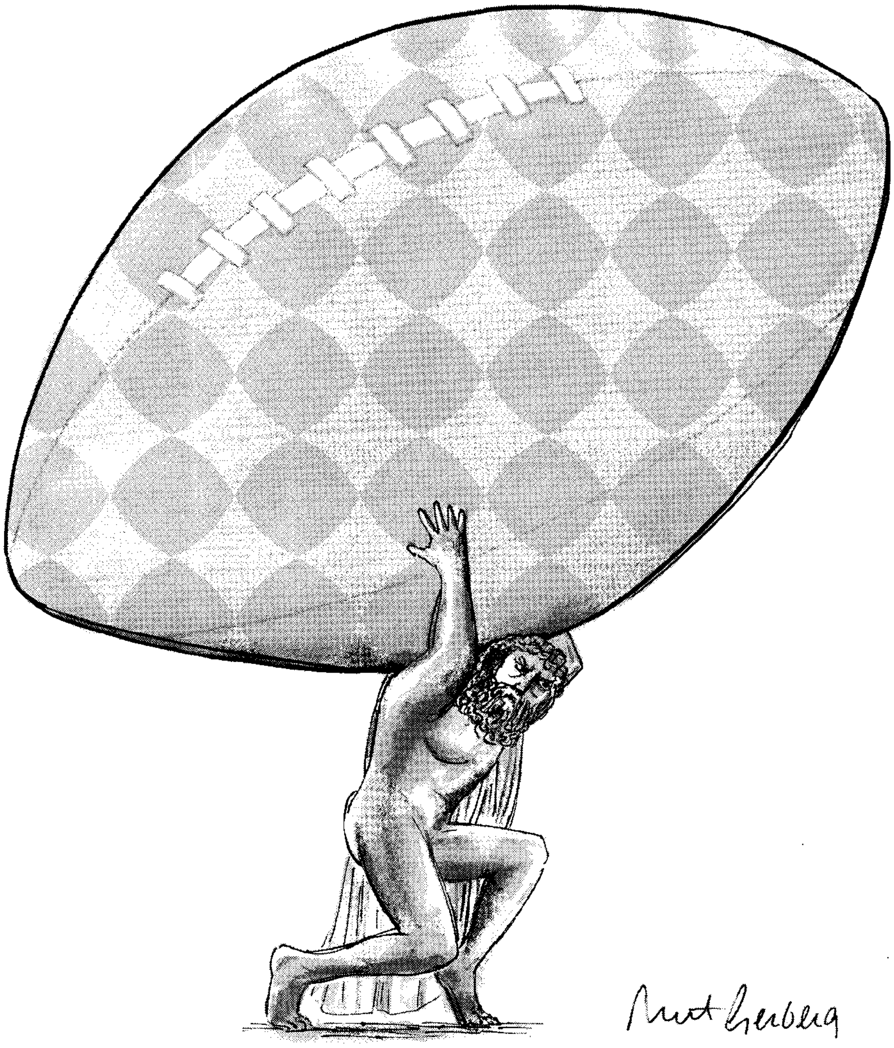
The majority of the German soldiers' deaths occurred after December of 1942, when the deteriorating situation made it impossible for officers to report battlefield casualties. As a result, many German soldiers who perished in Stalingrad—or, subsequently, in Russian prison camps—are still listed as missing in action. Hübner believes that the strong response to the letters was due to the fact that the fates of so many Stalingrad victims remain unknown.

"It is different when you know for certain that someone is dead," Hübner said. "When someone vanishes from your life and you don't know what happened to him, you have a more difficult time coming to terms with the loss. Stalingrad left this large unresolved place in the lives of many families. I believe that the letters represent a way of helping people close unfinished chapters in their family histories."

According to Hübner, many of the people who got in touch with her office still believed that a husband, a brother, or a father might return. She showed me a forty-page letter a man had sent her, which included various documents suggesting that his brother was living in some distant republic of the former Soviet Union. A number of people sent letters to ZDF insisting that a missing Stalingrad soldier was still alive, citing as evidence that some family member had recently seen this person in a dream or a vision. One man had in fact found conclusive evidence that his brother had been living in Siberia until ten years ago. He simply wanted advice on how to find the grave. In the end, Hübner and her team were able to "deliver" sixty of the three hundred letters. The project was featured in a special Christmas broadcast on ZDF called "Weihnachten in Stalingrad."

At the ZDF offices, Hübner showed me a number of "last letters" from the Russian archives. These letters, most of them written in the final desperate weeks in Stalingrad, on makeshift tables in earth bunkers with only a candle or a kerosene lamp for light, cover the spectrum of human emotion: defiance, despair, anger, fear, hope.

There is the man who is moved to tears of sympathy for his twenty-two-year-old "bunker mate," who on Christmas Eve breaks down and cries "like a small child"; the husband who sends kisses to his daughter and comforts his wife with the enjoinder "Be proud because we did it for you, for all of you, and for our beloved homeland"; and the soldier who is so unnerved by the ceaseless detonations of Russian artillery, the lack of food—he says he has not had a slice of bread in four days—and the wretched quarters that he can only scribble, "Hunger, hunger, hunger, and then lice and filth." Another soldier, also



tormented by starvation, notes sardonically, "*zum Sterben zu viel, zum Leben, zu wenig*"—too much to die from, too little to live on.

And then there is the letter from a man named Rudi to his wife, Greti. Hübner hands me a copy of the envelope, which had been photocopied along with the letter. In the upper right-hand corner is the postmark bearing the stylized, stiff-winged Wehrmacht eagle with a swastika in its claws. Centered at the top of the envelope is the word "*Feldpost.*" The postmark is January 15, 1943.

It is astonishing that mail was still being collected and postmarked on that date, for five days earlier, the Red Army, having issued an ultimatum for capitulation which went unanswered, had unleashed a final massive assault on the German forces. At some points along the front, Soviet artillery had achieved a density of a hundred and seventy pieces per kilometre. The German defenses buckled before the onslaught.

By the time Rudi wrote his letter—he dated it January 13th—the Russian assault was into its third day and the men of the Sixth Army knew they were doomed.

> My dearest Greti, Be kissed and kissed by me a thousand times, dear Greti, believe me, this is the most difficult letter I have ever had to write. Now, I must write you openly and honestly and admit that the situation is very, very serious. I don't want to say that this letter will be the last one I write to you. God forbid. But you must be prepared for anything. When we are forced to give up the whole thing and surrender to the Russians, which I no longer doubt, then I won't be able to write you anymore. Dear Greti, don't take it too tragically, you know that I will try everything to survive, of that you can be assured. Also, you must always keep in mind that this fate that has come upon me has hit a quarter-million human beings.

The script, rendered in a clear, tight hand with occasional flourishes on the capital letters, fills four pages from top to bottom without margins or paragraph breaks. At the top of the first page, in the right-hand corner, Rudi has written the date and, beside it, the words "*Im Kessel.*"

Rudi reports that the Russians, with pounding artillery, have been pushing forward, that the *Kessel* has grown ever tighter, that the wounded can no longer be flown out, that food has become desperately scarce.

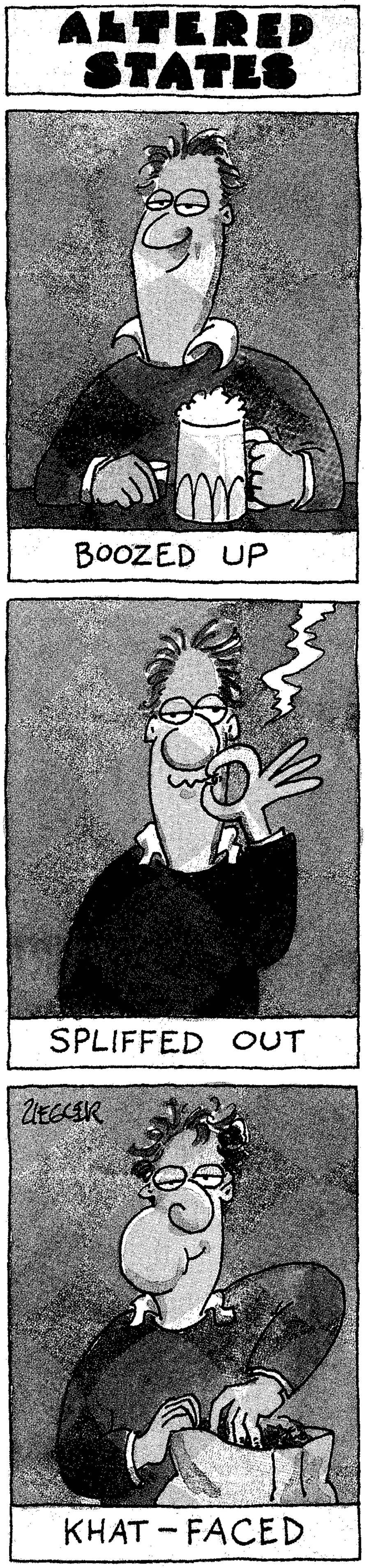
"You must know, Greti, that we are still hoping for relief," he writes, "but we also know that we probably cannot count on it."

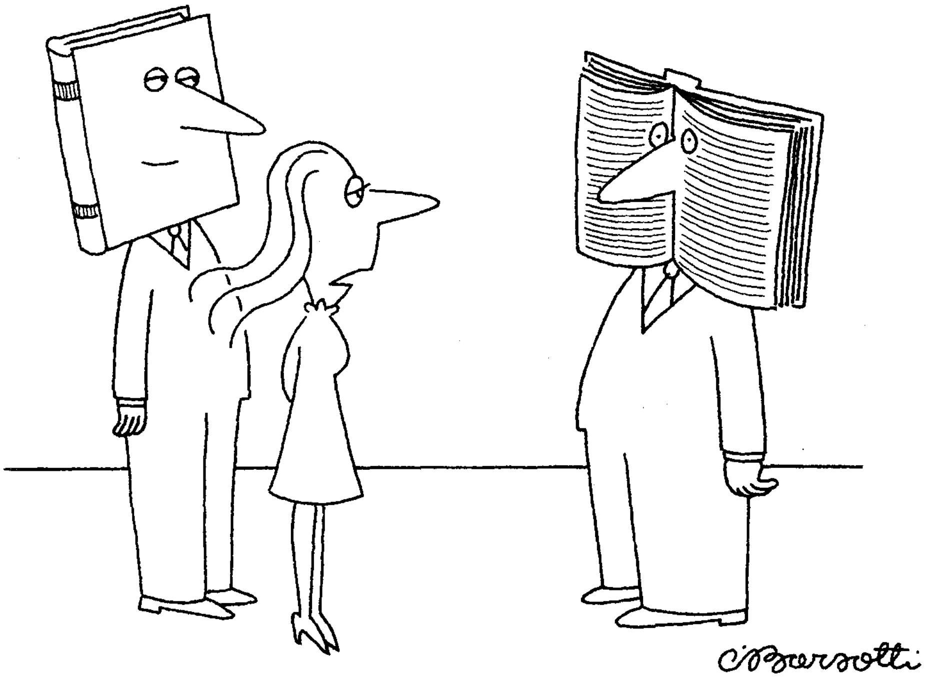
By the middle of January, scenes of wild desperation were playing themselves out at the airbases at Pitomnik and Gumrak. As Russian forces pressed forward, and as it became clear that enemy tanks would soon overrun the airstrips, thousands of German soldiers, desperate for a place on the transport planes leaving the *Kessel*, thronged the snow-blown runways, defying officers with drawn pistols, cramming themselves into the aircraft, chasing after the departing machines, with some men even clinging to the wheel struts only to be swept to their deaths as the planes lifted off the runway. One transport, overloaded with wounded soldiers, listed as it left the runway, tumbling the men toward the rear. The aircraft plunged and crashed. "I know that it is terribly difficult for you to know the danger I am in," Rudi's letter continues, "but you must do as I do, and endure and hope that rescue and help will come in time." Here, toward the end of the fourth page, the sentences begin to compress, the words cramp noticeably. "Let's hope for the best, and our life will be ever better, our love ever greater and deeper. Now darling Greti, trust in our Savior, for he has not and will not abandon me. Warmest greetings and a thousand kisses from your Rudi."

Six days after Rudi's letter was postmarked, Russian tanks overran the airstrip at Gumrak. Within two weeks, the Sixth Army had ceased to exist.

Karin Hübner informed me that when they tried to find Greti they discovered that she had died several years ago. However, Rudi's younger sister was still alive. A frail woman in her early eighties, she recalled her brother as a kind and gentle spirit, and said that Greti, who had married Rudi in the spring of 1936, had waited for him until the end of the war. Then, having received no word on the fate of her husband, she took up with another man, and in 1949 had a child by him. Rudi's sister never spoke to her again.

IN early January, I visited Volgograd. From the air, this city offers a curious panorama of urban sprawl: a narrow strip of four- and five-story buildings,





*"Sorry, Pembroke, but Telford here is lavishly illustrated."*

with occasional clusters of high-rise apartment blocks and factory complexes, that hugs the west bank of the Volga for nearly forty miles. In most places, Volgograd is no more than half a mile wide; the city limits are defined on the east by the Volga River and on the west by the desolate steppes.

In February, 1943, the city was a smoldering ruin. Today, through the labor of its citizens and tens of thousands of German prisoners of war, Volgograd is rebuilt and has emerged as one of Russia's leading industrial centers, with a population of over a million. Only one building, the Grudinin Mill, a red brick structure that was gutted by fire and is pockmarked by bullet holes, recalls the bitter fighting that raged in these streets.

But, lest one forget the historic role this city played in the Great Patriotic War, scores of memorials remind one of the individual and collective acts of valor that saved the city. The turrets of T-34 tanks, elevated on pedestals, mark the defense line of the Russian forces. On the Heroes' Square, an eternal flame commemorates the Red Army forces that crushed the German invader. In the Red October district, the statue of Mikhail Panikakha, a dramatic rendering of a man lunging forward, his face in agony and his arms outstretched, honors the soldier who was enveloped in flames when a bullet struck the Molotov cocktail he was preparing to hurl at a German tank yet managed to seize a second bottle of gasoline and charge the tank, immolating both himself and the enemy vehicle.

In the Battle of Stalingrad Museum, beside the Grudinin Mill, on the banks of the Volga, Russian archivists preside over a vast array of German war booty collected from General Paulus and his Sixth Army. There are Wehrmacht uniforms and greatcoats, Nazi banners with ornate silver embroidery, swastika-clutching eagles on blood-red backgrounds, and the bulky *Strohschuhe* that German soldiers fashioned from straw to protect their feet from the deadly Russian frost in the last weeks of the battle. In one special archive, I was shown a document signed by President Franklin D. Roosevelt lauding Stalingrad for its bold stand against National Socialist aggression, a list of American contributors to a fund-raising drive for the city's orphans, and advance-publicity material for the 1943 film "The Boy from Stalingrad." One advertisement shows a group of young teen-agers with guns standing before the façade of a burned-out building. The caption reads: "Kill! Destroy! Annihilate! Youngsters blasting the Nazi hordes! Tears choking your heart-felt cheers . . . as Hollywood brings the first thrill-crammed adventure drama of unconquerable Stalingrad!"

Volgograd's most important monument is Mother Russia, a massive concrete-and-steel statue that occupies the summit of the Mamayev Kurgan, the Mamai Mound. Purported to be the largest statue in the world, Mother Russia, standing two hundred and seventy feet high and weighing seventy-nine hundred tons, dominates the Volgograd skyline, lifting a fourteen-ton stainless-steel sword. Since the statue was completed, in 1967, over sixty million visitors, about a fifth of the population of the former Soviet Union, have made a pilgrimage to the Mamai Mound.

It was on this rise, indicated on German military maps simply as "Höhe 102," that the most intensive fighting of the entire battle was waged. For a hundred and fifty-eight days, German and Russian forces butchered one another in a relentless grapple for control of the summit. Entire divisions were devoured in the fighting.

Standing at the top of the Mamai Mound, one can gauge the strategic importance of this rise. To the south lies the heart of the city, to the east the Volga River, to the north the factory complexes belonging to the Red October steel plant and the legendary tractor factory, where, even as the fighting raged, T-34 tanks continued to roll off the production lines. Here, people will tell you, the earth was so scorched that grass did not grow for a year. In the spring of 1943, as the winter snows thawed, the runoff from Mamai Mound was pink with the blood of the dead.

Although the Battle of Stalingrad remains fundamental to Volgograd's image as the "hero city on the Volga," the historical sheen of its monuments has in recent years begun to tarnish from the corrosive effects of *glasnost.* The siege, revisionist Russian historians now suggest, was won at a cost in human life far exceeding what was necessary. The Russian victory has become a troubling mixture of triumph and travesty.

"Now we know much more about the events of the war," says Yuri Chekhov, the Mayor of Volgograd. "We know about the role of the political leaders like Hitler and Stalin, but no one can deny that Stalingrad was the turning point in the war, and that this war was a war of liberation."

One morning, I visit Chekhov in his office. The Mayor, who has been courting western investors—Volgograd already has privatized ten of its previously state-owned companies, more than any other city in the former Soviet Union—speaks loftily of not permitting the past to "cloud" the present or future of German-Russian relations. He talks of "reconciliation," of the role of political leadership in elevating and developing "public attitudes." But Chekhov also concedes that there are historical realities that cannot be overlooked.

"In every family, there are people who died in the war. I myself have two relatives who were killed. And during the Cold War there were particular images impressed on the people. That also has an effect. It will take time and patient work to change some of the prevailing attitudes."

Among the attitudes are those toward the burial and commemoration of German dead. Last spring, when Chekhov gave permission to the Volksbund Deutsche Kriegsgräberfürsorge, the Organization for the Care of German War Graves, to construct cemetaries for the German war dead, the local daily, *Volgogradskaya Pravda*, began receiving letters from Stalingrad veterans who were indignant at the prospect of cemeteries and monuments being erected for the "Fascist" war dead. One Russian war veteran with whom I spoke expressed bitterness over the fact that the enemy dead will be placed in small grave plots while Russian soldiers lie by the tens of thousands in mass graves—the sheer number of Russian casualties, of course, made it impossible to bury the dead in individual graves.

While Chekhov maintains that the majority of Volgograd citizens have little objection to the burial of the German war dead, or to the proposed construction of a Church of Reconciliation, he readily admits that there are limits to public tolerance. Stalingrad veterans, of whom there are over seven thousand in the city, rejected the notion of a communal cemetery for both Russian and German war dead.

"I don't believe it would be possible to build such a monument at this time," Chekhov concedes. "There are still many resentments, especially among the older generation." Another Russian I spoke to, a major in the Red Army, who as a child witnessed German atrocities in his village and whose sister was deported to Germany and never returned, has expressed the sentiment more graphically. "If the Germans build a monument to their war dead in Volgograd, we will smash it to pieces." Russians, I am given to understand, harbor feelings of neither hatred nor revenge for the Germans, only *gorech*—bitterness.

Sensitive to the delicate nature of its mission in Volgograd, the Volksbund, which is based in Kassel, has advanced its cause with patience and circumspection. Last spring, when permission was granted to begin burying the German war dead, Joachim Hofmann, a representative of the Volksbund, was dispatched to Volgograd to help organize and oversee the operation. (The Volksbund, it should be noted, is an independent, non-governmental organization that works in coöperation with but independently of the federal government in Bonn. However, last month, when Kohl and Yeltsin met in Moscow to discuss, among other things, the withdrawal of Red Army forces from German territory, and the servicing of the 17.6-billion-mark debt to German banks, an accord giving the Volksbund the official sanction to carry out its work was signed.)

"Last May, when we arrived in Volgograd, the first thing we did was to obtain old military maps that indicated the location of cemetery sites," Hofmann tells me. "We then drove to the local villages and spoke with people who remembered the location of other burial sites." Through these efforts, the Volksbund eventually found most of the thirty-eight sites where the Sixth Army had buried its dead.

Although photographs taken on the Stalingrad battlefield in the autumn of 1942 show carefully tended cemeteries with individual plots in orderly rows, each marked with an iron grave post, a wooden cross, or, for want of anything better, the soldier's helmet propped on a sturdy piece of wood, during the last fifty years virtually all visible traces of these cemeteries—crosses, mounds, stones—have vanished.

Initially, the Volksbund decided to center its efforts on the restoration of four sites, two within the city limits, one to the northwest in the village of Rossoshka, near the Gumrak airstrip, and one to the south, near the village of Beketovka, where in the spring of 1943 an estimated forty-five thousand German dead were piled into mass graves and buried. The cemeteries at Rossoshka and at Beketovka will be used as "collecting places," where unidentified skeletons from other parts of the battlefield will be interred.

The other two sites are within the city limits. For years, the cemetery near the tractor factory, where at least five thousand soldiers are buried, has been used as a dump site for industrial waste. Although the Volksbund was able to recover three hundred skeletons, the remaining graves lie under a heap of garbage and landfill at least fifty feet deep.

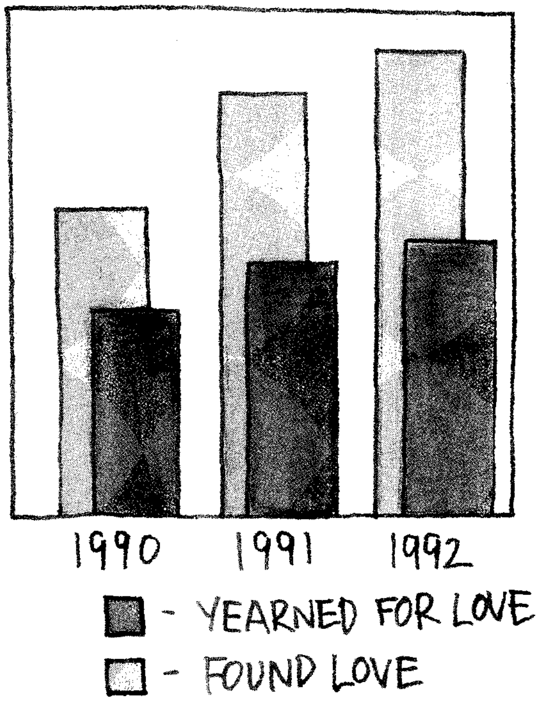
More accessible, but perhaps more troublesome, is a cemetery near the Red October factory. The site, which had been constructed by German prisoners of war, was furnished with metal grave markers with the numbers of the soldiers' identity tags hammered into the iron plates. In 1963, the city government turned the land over to local citizens for use as garden plots. Today, the property is covered by a patchwork of small gardens, wooden shacks, and lattice fences. The resourceful occupants have pilfered the iron grave markers to reinforce gates and to plug gaps in their fences. "In order to get access to the graves, we would have to drive the people off their land," Hofmann tells me. This is clearly not an option.

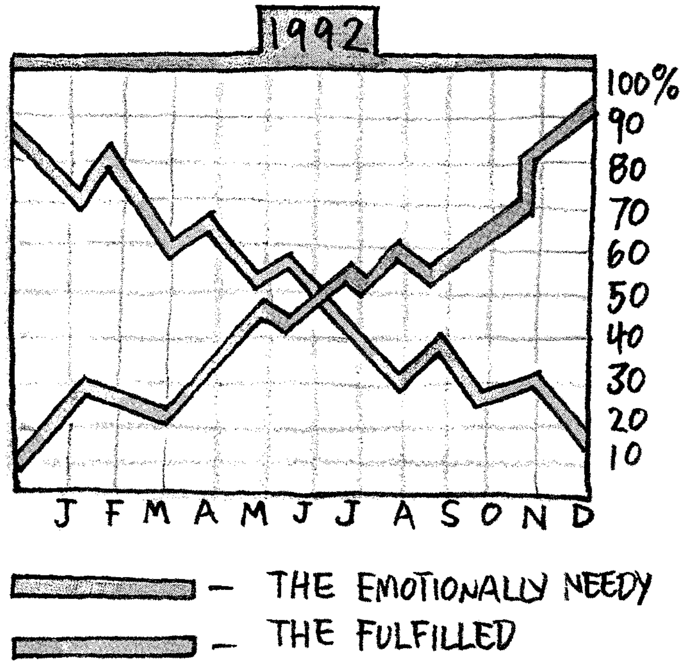
Mayor Chekhov, however, has offered to assist the Volksbund in gaining access to the site. Although Chekhov made no mention of it, I learned from someone else that an elegant solution may be at hand. A large modern housing project abuts the western perimeter of the site. If the complex is expanded, the gardens would have to be cleared to make way for construction. Between the eviction of the gardeners and the start of construction, the Germans would be given access to the site to exhume their dead.

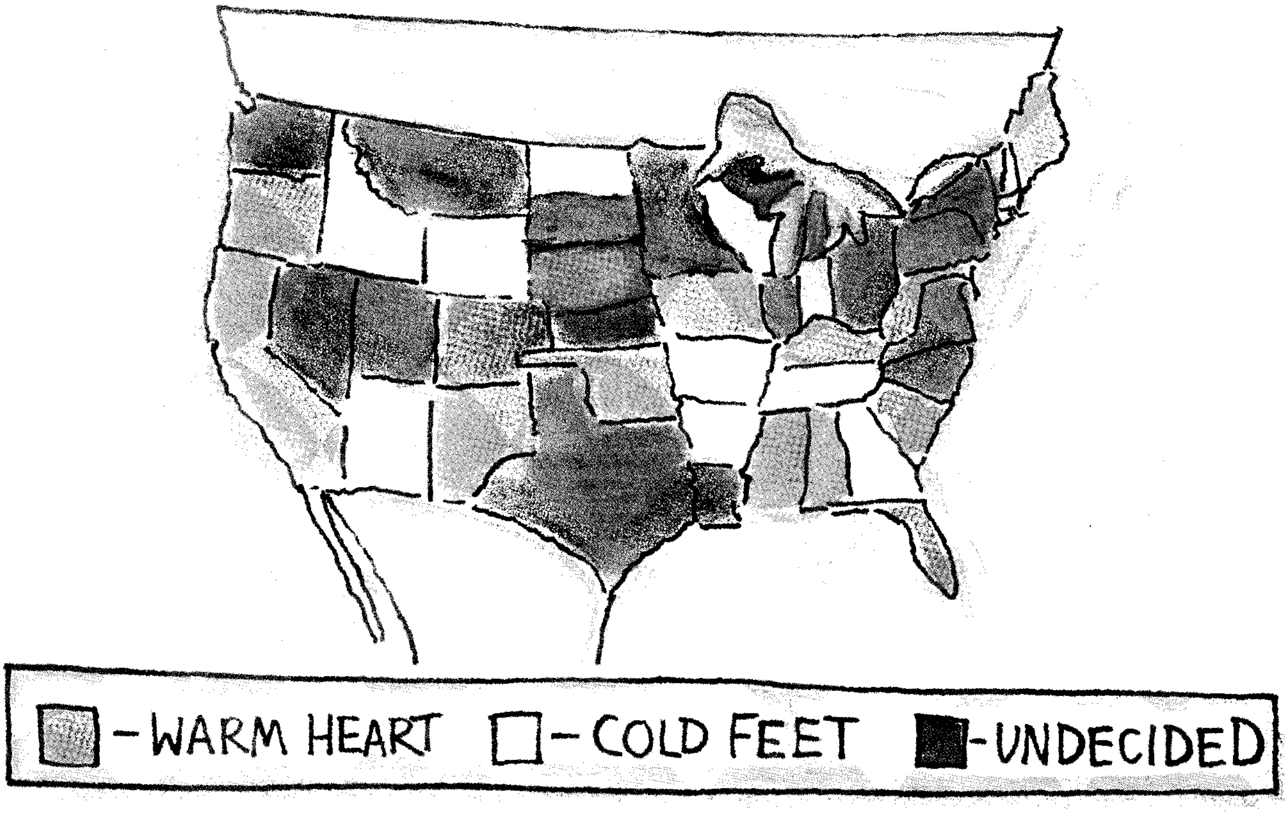
One afternoon during my visit to Volgograd, I met with Valery Shtrykov, the man who first showed

# MORE CHARTS WITH HEART

"THE CHART YOU HAD WAS VERY MOVING."
—PRESIDENT-ELECT CLINTON
AT THE ECONOMIC SUMMIT, DECEMBER 14th






▨ - WARM HEART
□ - COLD FEET
■ - UNDECIDED

P. Steiner

Walter Seledec the "bone fields" of Peschanka, and who has worked with both the Volksbund in Kassel and its sister organization in Austria, Das Schwarze Kreuz, the Black Cross.

Valery, a rugged-looking man in his mid-thirties, has a shock of light-brown curls, blue eyes, and a warm smile. His thick, powerful hands and strong shoulders attest to his years aboard a Russian fishing trawler in the North Atlantic. He puffs almost continuously on a wooden pipe that he keeps supplied with a fragrant Dutch tobacco.

Valery says that he passed much of his youth wandering the battlefields west of Volgograd, rummaging through the debris, and climbing on abandoned German tanks. "It was especially dangerous back then," he says. "There were many unexploded shells, and a lot of children were killed or injured." Valery himself took shrapnel in the leg when he was a boy playing here, and he tells me that the children of Volgograd continue to romp amid the remains of the German Sixth Army, and that every year, generally between March and May, when the spring thaw unearths new artifacts, half a dozen children are killed or maimed by previously undetonated land mines and hand grenades. Just two days earlier, the local news reported that a boy had been badly injured in an explosion. In several homes that I visit, my hosts bring forth battlefield plunder—daggers, medals, helmets. One man takes me into his shed and shows me a bag filled with skulls.

## ABSTRACT POEM

On one side of the plaza we build a replica
of the Holy Ruins, spraying the sand
with white paint. Across the way
some younger men trace a ring of orange ditches
by lamplight. Twice daily at the edge of the woods
the spokesman issues denials, clarifications,
detailed booklets printed on textured paper.
The radio plays chamber music and dance-hall songs.
Breakfast is biscuits and coffee.
When they run out of meat we eat bean paste.

There are times when it seems best to stay
outside the plan. I'd rather not know
what it is I'm doing. It's very quiet here now
that the road is paved and the road crew taken
off the job. Even the sky is quiet.
Trucks coming through at night don't stop.
The air from the west smells like vinegar.
Powdery white spots have begun to appear on us.

We don't care.
We go to our tents, we smoke, we wash our shirts, we
chase rabbits through the snow, we get tired.

I'm tired of counting. How many is enough?
How many fingers drumming on metal plates?
I can't shut the timer off.
They'll wait—won't they? I'll never finish counting.
How many chalk marks on the blue slate now?
The field where we cut down the trees
is filling with snow.

—Mark Levine

When the Volksbund first came to Volgograd, in the spring of 1992, Valery assisted them in their efforts to identify the sites of the German cemeteries. Once the sites had been determined, the exhumation of the graves was begun. "There were four of us working last summer," he says. "Two brothers, a driver, and me. We would generally start work before daybreak, at about three o'clock in the morning, in order to avoid the heat of the afternoon, but we would usually end up working until seven or eight at night."

The team of four identified the grave sites, then dug out the remains, taking great care to find the metal identity tags, which bear the soldier's serial number. The skeletons would be placed in a black plastic bag—the same kind used for gathering leaves in the fall—and marked with the number. Valery says that when they came across a mass grave, they would simply dump the assorted skulls and bones into one bag. The bags were stored in a small warehouse in the town of Rossoshka. The identity tags were sent on to the Volksbund in Kassel.

Kassel, in turn, sent the identification numbers to the Deutsche Dienststelle, the German Service Office, in Berlin, where the complete archives of fallen soldiers of the German Wehrmacht, including the registration numbers of all German soldiers, are kept. The Dienststelle would check its records and report to Kassel the names of the fallen soldiers. Kassel would then seek to contact the families of the soldiers and inform them that the remains had been found and positively identified, and that a grave site would be prepared for a final resting place. Since last spring, the team in Volgograd, working with the Volksbund in Kassel, has been able to identify over eleven hundred soldiers who had been listed as missing in action. The exhumation work is on hold until next spring, when the snow will clear and the ground will begin to thaw.

With a hired car—a rattling Moskvich—and a driver, Valery takes me out into the steppes west of Volgograd. It is a bitter cold, overcast day, with a driving wind that has piled low snowdrifts over the heavily rutted road.

It takes about twenty minutes to reach Peschanka, a cluster of fifty or so gray wooden structures. The village sits on a desolate, snow-covered plain. A few houses have modest white-and-blue designs painted on the eaves. There are hardly any trees or bushes. The steppes, molded by the gentle rise and fall of the *balki*, extend toward a vacant gray horizon.

It was here that, in January of 1943, the 297th Infantry Division and the 29th Motorized Division, burrowing into makeshift trenches and bunkers, and relying on the barren slopes and crests of the *balki* for protection, made a final attempt to stem the tide of the Red Army advance.

"Fifty years ago," Valery says, pointing back toward Peschanka, "there was hardly a trace of the village. The Germans were desperate for wood to build their bunkers. They tore down all the houses in the village. There was nothing left standing except the chimneys. All these chimneys just out in this empty field."

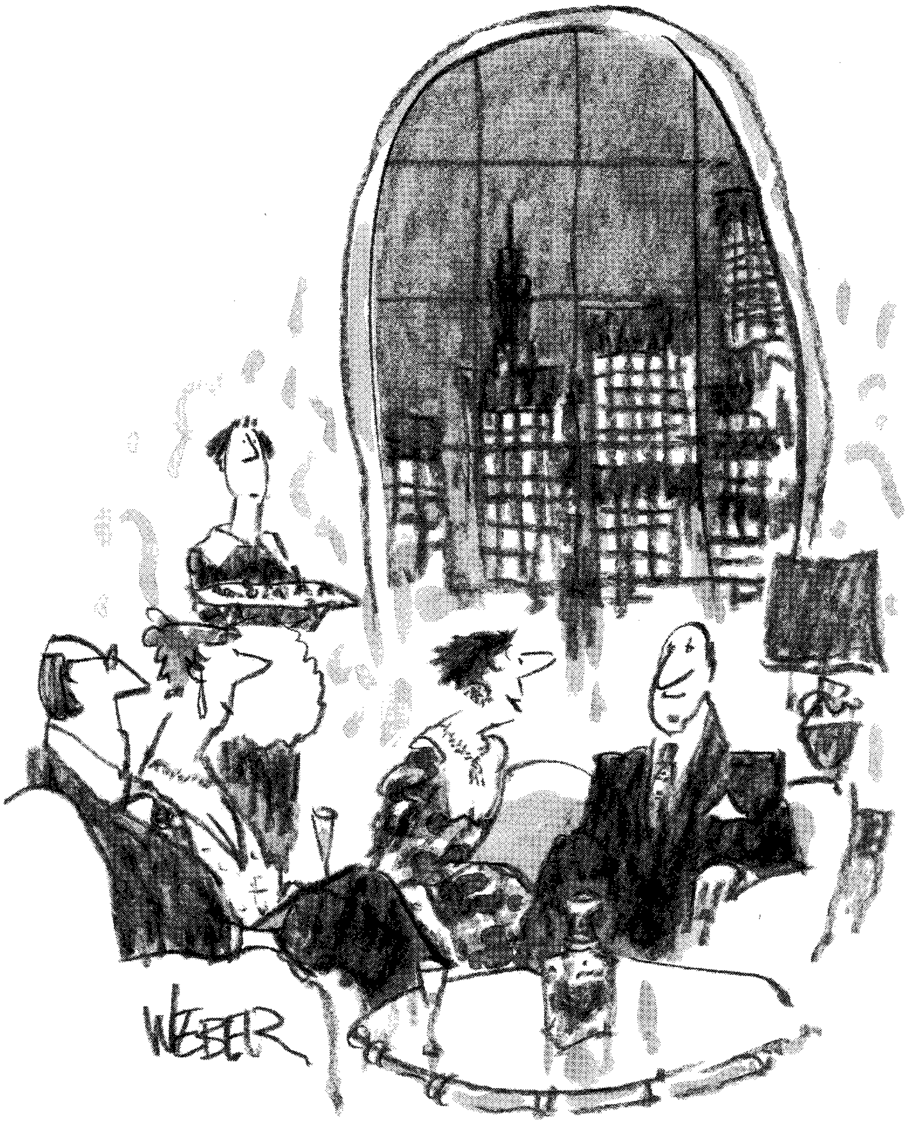
We walk down the road to the point where Seledec first saw the fields of bones. With a blanket of snow, there is nothing to see except the open expanse and the distant seam of trees, planted there after the war.

Valery explains that although some of the skeletons had been lying in these fields since the end of the war, a great many were brought to the surface by the natural process of erosion, by the plowing of fields, and, more recently, by grave robbers. Since the disintegration of central authority in the former Soviet Union, increasing numbers of teen-agers have taken to plundering the graves of German war dead. These marauders scour the fields for burial sites, dig up the remains, and remove military hardware, bayonets, belt buckles, medals, buttons, helmets, identity tags. Working through local fences, they hawk these wares on the streets of Volgograd and at the large Izmailovo weekend flea market, in Moscow. The trade, especially in the summer months, is brisk among German and American tourists. An identity tag will fetch between five and ten dollars, an Iron Cross as much as fifty dollars, and a Ritterkreuz, or Knight's Cross, one of the highest German military honors, can go for a hundred dollars. A rusted German helmet, with or without shrapnel or bullet holes, is worth twenty dollars—the equivalent of two weeks' wages for the average Russian worker.

Valery, who stopped working for the Volksbund last autumn and is currently assisting the Austrian Black Cross, knows these traders well. Last summer, he regularly visited them at their posts in front of the Intourist Hotel in Moscow. He would copy down the numbers from the identity tags they were peddling, and pass the numbers on to Kassel. "Even if we were unable to find the soldier's remains," he says, "at least we were able to resolve another case of a soldier listed as missing in action."

When I mention that the Volksbund hopes to have finished its exhumations within three or four years, Valery looks at me and shakes his head. He tells me that no matter how many remains the Volksbund is able to exhume, identify, and re-inter, there will always be new skeletons to deal with.

In the early months of the battle, Valery says, the Germans were able to make normal cemeteries and bury their dead. Some of the funerals were even accompanied by music. In the late autumn, as the fighting intensified, as casualties mounted, and as the ground grew harder from the frost, the graves grew ever more shallow. There are thousands of skeletons lying just below the surface of the steppes, Valery tells me, some with just a few inches of earth over them. "With each spring thaw, there will be more erosion and more skeletons coming out," he says. "This job of reburying the dead will never be done. They are like ghosts from the past who will never go away." ♦



*"Sweetie, show the Hazlitts the watercolors you made in jail."*

• •

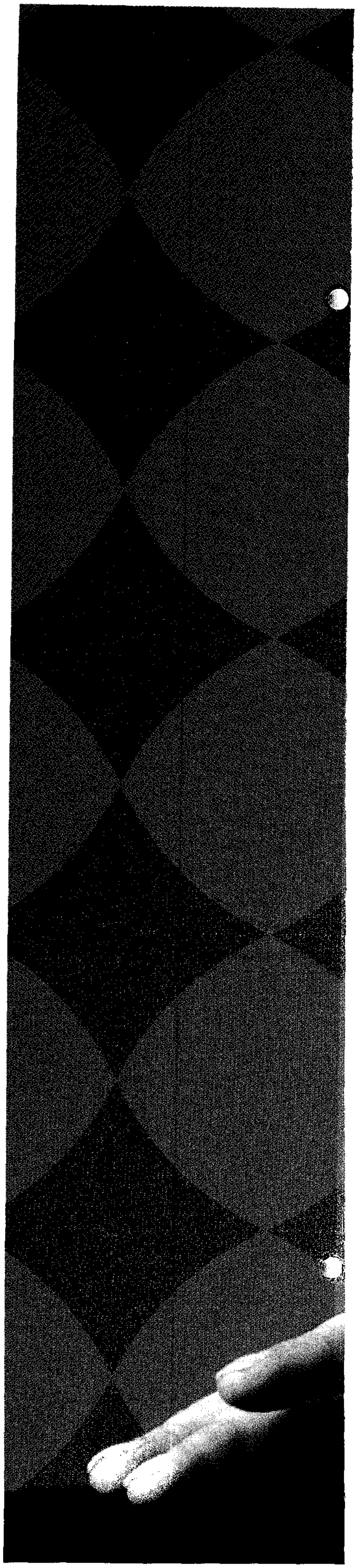
### POSTSCRIPT

# AUDREY HEPBURN

BY JOHN LAHR

A STAR'S task is to be properly sensational. No one fitted that job description more elegantly than Audrey Hepburn. Stardom was conferred on her after her piquant performance in William Wyler's "Roman Holiday" (1953). She played a Central European princess who goes AWOL from royalty and briefly finds life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness with an American reporter, Gregory Peck. In a way, Hepburn was always at liberty, which is why she was such a charming comic performer. She incarnated her era's feeling of optimism and entitlement. Swift of mind, warm of heart, fine of face, she teased as much with her serenity as with her sexuality.

Born to an English banker and a Dutch baroness in 1929, Hepburn was a potent combination of discipline and delight. To democratic America, she was the acceptable face of class: at once gorgeous and good. Her aristocratic spirit—her sense of manners and mischief—came across powerfully onscreen, where she was almost inevitably cast either as royalty ("Roman Holiday," "War and Peace") or as ersatz royalty whose spirited chic allowed her a free pass to privilege. The latter roles had many delicious variations: the madcap Holly Golightly, in "Breakfast at Tiffany's"; Sabrina, the chauffeur's daughter fought over by playboy brothers, in the Billy Wilder film of the same name; Jo Stockton, the bookstore clerk who becomes a high-fashion model, in "Funny Face"; Eliza Doolittle, in "My Fair Lady," who, on a bet, is whipped into upper-class shape. What the camera caught behind the gaiety was the sweetness of a personality that seemed to move through the world without being tainted by it. Hepburn offered us a sense of wholeness, not hype. She radiated a freshness—what Truman Capote in his description of Holly Golightly called "an almost breakfast-cereal air of health" and "a face beyond childhood, yet this side of belonging to a woman." Hepburn's gamine innocence was part of her flirtatious appeal. "How do you shave in there?" she asked, putting her finger on Cary Grant's dimpled chin in "Charade." Her light touch never lost its aura. ♦



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

FICTION

# THE EDGE OF THE SKY

BY MELANIE SUMNER

"SOMEONE in your house will be unfaithful," said the marabout. Her black skin was so wrinkled that it looked as if life had wadded her up like a paper bag and then, in random acts of grace, tried to smooth her out again. She was no bigger than the child sleeping beside her on the bed. Mumbling incantations, she rattled the cowrie shells in her bony hand and tossed them across the faded blanket, where they formed the blurred outline of a fish. Thea, the wife of the American Ambassador to Senegal, and her maid, Comba, leaned forward to study the mysterious shape of their futures.

The old witch said something in Wolof to Comba, who replied, "*Waaw, waaw,*" in assent, and leaned back, adjusting the bright-yellow robe that slid off one glossy black shoulder. She was tall and slender, with an exquisite face. As she turned her head, fine black braids weighted with metal beads clacked softly along her neck. "*Ndeye sonn,*" she said in sympathy, and smiled. Her gums had been dyed blue to make her teeth dazzle. Sitting next to her maid, Thea felt like a pasty-white ball of dough. She wore a practical, mud-colored skirt and a dowdy blouse. Her bangs were cut too short.

Translating the marabout's prescription, Comba told Thea in French, "You buy three white birds. Let one go west in the leaving sun, let one go east in the coming sun, and let one just go where it will. You buy four metres of black cloth and give them to a beggar. You put three eggs in the sea. God will know."

"Isn't this interesting," said Thea, planning a visit to her tailor.

In the dirt yard of the dilapidated house, two boys with quick eyes and long, dusty legs edged shyly back from the black Mercedes to let the Ambassador's wife and her maid pass by them. Samba, the chauffeur, stepped out of the car in his blue uniform with gold braid and opened the doors for them. Leaning back in the cool, leather seat, Thea considered the witch's prophecy. Did Grant have a lover?

On the Avenue Lamine Gueye at the hand-lettered sign—"Elimane Couture, Maître Tailleur"—Samba parked the car and walked around to open Thea's door. Without looking back at him, she stepped toward the rusty gate, where she was immediately surrounded by two boys and a leper, all clamoring for money. "Shoo," she said, clutching her Gucci bag to her breast. "Shoo, shoo." Then she turned back to the car and called, "Comba!"

The regal maid appeared. "*Bayil Madame!*" she ordered the children. "Your father will beat you!" They scattered. She and the leper exchanged a few words about the manners of children today, and then she set a coin in his stump of a hand and followed her mistress into the courtyard.

"*Asalaam-maalekum!*" Thea called in the doorway.

"*Maalekum-salaam,*" replied three lanky boys working the treadles of their antique black sewing machines.

From the shadowy depths of the room, behind a white electric Singer, Elimane Couture, Master Tailor, rose to his feet. "*Bonjour, Madame Ambassadeur, ça va? Ça va? Bien, bien, assieds-toi.*" He was a thin, handsome man, who smoked constantly. His voice rolled out smooth and somnolent, and his eyes were half shut, like a crocodile's.

They shook hands, and he seated her in a metal folding chair, sending one of his assistants out for Cokes and cigarettes. He merely nodded to Comba, who stood next to her mistress, contemplating the outfits hanging along the dark-pink walls. "You are here," said Elimane. "Are you in peace? Peace only. How is Monsieur l'Ambassadeur? *Bien, bien, bien.*"

The boy returned, and passed out bottles of warm Coke, keeping his head down. "*Qu'est-ce que tu désires aujourd'hui, Madame?*" asked Elimane, smiling, lighting a cigarette. Since they were friends, they used the familiar "*tu*" with each other, but, either because he couldn't pronounce "Thea" or because he never tired of playing with the women who came to him to be dressed, he called her Madame. She called him "Elimane Couture," the name on the label he sewed into the backs of her clothes.

What do I desire, Thea asked herself, flipping through the Paris *Vogue* he handed her. She turned the slick pages of emaciated women with melon breasts and chilled eyes, and then she closed the magazine and leaned forward, resting her chin in her hands. "I desire to be twenty years old, gorgeous, and . . . reckless." Their eyes met.

"*Ah, bon.*"

"*Dangaay saay saay,*" suggested Comba. She laughed with Elimane and the boys and then smiled impishly and folded her hands in her lap.

Thea thought that "*saay saay*" meant "horny," but was afraid to ask. Comba was probably jealous because she had given the witch a ten-thousand-C.F.A. bill. Thea cleared her throat. "Make me another little black dress, Elimane. Round neck, pearl buttons, you know. Maybe we'll try an A-line, to hide the hips."

"*Oui, Madame.*" Drawing on his cigarette, he bent his head down to sketch the dress on a scrap of paper. As usual, he ignored her instructions. "It's red," he explained. "Silk or satin, as you like. O.K., *ça va?*"

"*Non, ça ne va pas.*"

"*Ça va, ça va.* Sure." Pulling a tape around his neck, he led her into the curtained corner of the room, to be measured. When he knelt down to measure the hem, she looked over his narrow shoulders at her own image in the streaked mirror. She was tall, and twelve pounds overweight. A new hairdresser had scalped her, leaving just a down of dark feathers on her head. Fine lines spread out from her eyes and mouth like back roads on a map. "Oh, Elimane," she said. "Fix me."

"Don't move. This must fit perfectly." As he adjusted the metal tip of the tape just above her kneecap, his fingers streamed across her calf. She closed her eyes and was a child again, standing rigidly, with an aching neck, while her mother knelt at her feet with her mouth full of pins. Thea's nose began to itch, and then an ear, and then her leg. "Relax your shoulders," said Elimane. She wondered what the assistants—"cousins," he called them—thought when they saw his white tennis shoes and her black flats under the curtain. "Buy red silk, Madame," he said, opening the curtain.

At cocktail hour, Thea looked at Grant as though she were some other woman, trying to steal an ambassador. He was forty years old, three years older than she, a big, restless man with thick eyebrows and deep-blue eyes. His large nose made him look friendly. He had a Harvard accent.

"How was your trip?" she asked, crossing her legs.

"It was a complete failure." He rattled the ice in his glass. "Michael Jackson gave us all some comic relief, though. He wore a surgical mask. He had some fabulous fear of being contaminated by the air in Ivory Coast, but the Africans didn't understand this. They were divided between wondering if they smelled bad and wondering if he were dying of AIDS and didn't want to infect them. One of the government ministers, a huge black guy, a Muslim who had just turned Catholic and can't hold his liquor, said to him, 'You don't need all these bodyguards; we wouldn't sell a man into slavery twice.' " Thea started to say something, but Grant interrupted her. "An adviser tried to hush him up, but the minister said, 'No, no, I speak the truth. He is neither black nor white, neither man nor woman, who would buy this creature?' "

Comba came to the door and curtseyed to Grant. "*Bonsoir, Comba,*" he said sweetly, gazing up and down her body. "*Tu es très belle ce soir.*"

*"But, Diane, you can't up and leave Hoboken just like that!"*

Thea's throat constricted at Grant's compliment. She pulled her bangs down.

"Grant, I'll have another drink." Appalled at the bitterness in her voice, she added, "Please." Now Grant was practicing his Wolof with Comba. He had become fairly quick with it; they were laughing at a joke. Thea didn't understand a word of it. She rose so they could see that she intended to freshen her own drink.

"No, darling, sit down," said Grant. His voice was polished to an impenetrable shine. "I'll get it for you." When Thea made a face, he raised his eyebrows. "Shall we ask Comba to put the steaks on the grill now or would you rather wait a few moments?"

"Now. You're hungry." When they were alone, she peered into his face as if she had lost something there. Seeing his hand on another woman would be as horrifying as watching another hand sign her own name in her own handwriting.

"What is it?"

"Kiss me." Obediently, he gave her a peck.

"No, Grant. *Kiss* me."

"Honey, I'm tired."

"Are you."

They dined at opposite ends of a long table spread with a starched white cloth. Two long white candles burned in silver candlesticks. Thea lifted a succulent pink bit of beef on a silver fork. In her mouth it tasted like ash. This was the fifth year of their marriage.

"Thea," Grant said. She knew the tones of his voice as if they were bells. This one signified an argument that they had pulled between them until the words rubbed off, leaving only the hollow ring of the chime.

"Grant," she answered.

In the morning Thea blew the dust off her Jane Fonda video and got down on the floor in front of the TV. From the doorway, Comba watched in amazement as her mistress did sit-ups. When Thea began to scissor her legs in the air, the maid wailed, "Madame, your face is turning red. Stop! You'll hurt yourself!" She tried to distract Thea. "What time is it?" she asked. "Should I make lemon chicken or garlic chicken?"

"Twenty-one, damn you, twenty-three . . ." grunted Thea.

That afternoon they went to the largest cloth shop in Dakar, a two-story building crammed with bolts of cream taffeta, deep-water velvet, and sunset satins, run by a Lebanese family with gold eyes.

"The beige silk chiffon," said Thea. Comba flicked the tip of her tongue out the side of her mouth to point to the red bolt of silk. Thea moaned. "Don't help."

"If I were white I think I would wear red."

"This one?" asked the boy. "This red one?" He slit his golden eyes as if they had just found the single treasured item in the store, the one the family had hoped to keep for themselves. "This silk is woven by hand." As he lifted the bolt, a prune-faced grandmother removed the pin, and the silk ran like blood over Thea's open hand.

Comba started the

bargaining. “Four thousand C.F.A.”

The young man and the grandmother laughed. The grandmother let the silk slide sensuously through her gnarled fingers, dipping it out to catch the light. “Eight thousand,” said the man.

“Forty-two hundred,” offered Comba. The man appeared insulted. They waited.

“Sixty-two hundred,” he said. “That's my final price.”

At this audacious suggestion, Comba covered her mouth with her hand. Then she stiffened her back and looked away, preparing to haggle again.

“Never mind!” said Thea, taking out her wallet to pay him. With a pair of scissors, the old woman cut the silk in a long rip.

The chauffeur had gone across the street to the mosque, taking a mat he kept rolled up in the trunk. There was nothing left of him but the pair of Nikes that Grant had given him, sitting in a row of plastic flip-flops outside the tiled arches. The chauffeur had told a small boy in ragged shorts to guard the car, and the child was washing it with a bucket of brown water. Thea looked past him to the mosque, at the rows of women who were kneeling outside, fumbling with long strings of beads, and beyond them to the shadowy interior, where she made out the pink soles of praying men. She imagined tearing off her clothes and running in there. Immediately, she glanced away. The boy was tenderly wiping a dirty rag across the reflection of his face in the chrome.

On the drive to Elimane Couture, the chauffeur chastised Comba for not praying. As she bantered with him, she tugged her robe over her shoulders, rolled her eyes, and flashed her blue gums. Thea could not understand much Wolof, and she decided to leave them in the car. In the shadowy room, resonant with rhythmic treadling of the machines, she clutched the brown-paper parcel under one arm and shook hands with the line of assistants, working her way up to Elimane. “Here. It's red,” she said, shifting her weight on her feet.

“*Ah, bon. Ça va, toi*?” Slowly he untied the bundle, putting the string into a box. “*Ça va bien*?” He stood directly under the light bulb in the ceiling, folding the cloth into lengths over his outstretched arm to make sure the Lebanese hadn't cheated her. In the dim light the silk waved and shimmered.

“It's a sin to cut it,” said Thea.

## THE INN

The air darkens in gradations like a Xeroxed page
the machine is making darker with each copy,
slowly, slowly, until the inner workings grind
finally to a halt, completely broken.

A. lounges in a chair. Here in this strange town
of small thatched cottages and inns, flower gardens,
remnants of medieval walls, she is leafing through a book,
stopping here and there to hold the top corner of a page
the way, as a child, she lifted a butterfly's wing
from the wet grass.

When we were children combing out our hair
before the bathroom mirror
I noticed one morning the light glaring oddly off her head
and saw that a clump of her hair had fallen out.
Why do I remember this now? The doctor found some salve
to help her, though the look of horror
in her eyes when I told her
marked for me the moment I no longer
thought of us as children.

If this is the world, we must find some way
to belong to it.

A. reads to me out loud:
*We live on a forgotten star. Here there are harmful truths*
*and fruitful errors. How much lies seemingly dead*
*in magic sleep*?

But I am imagining this, for in reality A. and I
no longer speak. In the airport terminal, a small child
presses his hands against the glass
then points to the sleek-finned bodies of the jets.
*Fish*, he says. *Fish*. Licked fingers turn the slow pages
of the glossy magazines. I have grown used to the lowering
of my eyes as is the custom in places such as this
where strangers and volatility intersect so closely.

The book drops from A.'s hand. She is dozing.
Outside the window of the inn
a field lies fallow for planting, and beyond that a hill
where earlier some cows were grazing. *Picturesque*, says the brochure,
though this is someone's life, his rising in the middle of the night.
A.'s face, the architecture of grief or an unresolved forgetting,
floats in a small stillness. There will be no photos to take back.

—LAURIE SHECK

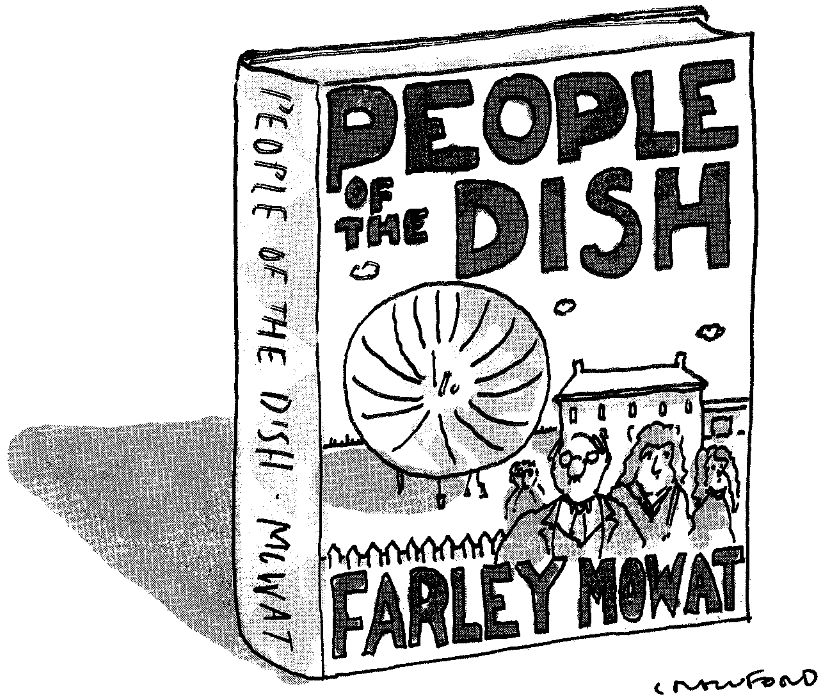
“I'll sew it with sequins,” said Elimane, folding it back into a square, “so that you will be like a fish, catching every color, and everyone will try to catch you.” He moved his hand like a fish swimming. “When you want to be red you stand in the direct light, and no one will touch you.”

“I don't think I want sequins. How much will this cost?”

“You'll have some tea?”

“No,” she said, twisting her fin-

THE GREAT CANADIAN NOVEL



gers in her bangs. "Give me a price."

"We are friends." He smiled, showing his white teeth. "You have no faith in me?"

During the drive home she recalled a Wolof proverb: "If you chase two rabbits, you will catch nothing." For a moment she thought that Samba was talking to Comba about her.

The next thing you know, I'll be throwing eggs into the ocean, she told herself. She looked out the window at brightly painted wooden pirogues dotting the waves. The fishermen wore tangles of tiny leather charms around their arms and waists and tucked others inside their canoes, believing that this would keep them from drowning. Most of them could not swim. Along the corniche, the waves broke furiously against the black volcanic rock, spraying glistening arcs high into the sky.

At home, Comba began talking about babies. She was ironing, sweeping her strong, slender arm across a sheet with the grace and deliberation of a ballerina. Puffs of steam rose around her wrist, and the smell of clean cotton mingled with her own spicy fragrance. In her opinion, Madame needed a baby.

"I don't want a baby," said Thea. "I want the love of a man."

"You should have a baby."

"Who wants a baby?"

"My new husband wants a baby," said Comba. "I say, '*non, non, non*.' I have six children, each one living in a different village, and I am in Dakar. You have a baby, and then you have no money. Then you have another baby. Then you have no money and you are tired all the time. Look." Setting down the iron, she lifted her blue cotton boubou over her firm young hips to show Thea her shrivelled breasts and sagging belly.

"Will he take another wife?"

"He is saving up money for one, because he wants a baby. He says I am using maraboutage against him, to be barren." She stared righteously at the wall. "My husband never gives me money. What good is a man who doesn't give you money? Then he asks me for money. Ask the wife for money? *Laaylaa!*"

"So why should I have a baby?" said Thea.

Smiling, the maid nosed the iron around the corner of a pillowcase. "Then Comba will have a white baby."

The steaming kitchen became unbearable. Thea wiped the bangs from her forehead with the back of her hand, and then she went to the freezer and took one of the Fudgsicles that had been shipped over with tons of other American delicacies to the embassy commissary. Licking the melting chocolate, she wandered through the bare white rooms of the mansion, looking for her husband. He was in the shower, singing a rap song:

I'm too sexy for my hat,
I'm too sexy for my cat,
Meow, meow, meow,
I'm too sexy for you, Baby.

The chocolate melted across her fingers, and she threw the Fudgsicle into the wastebasket. With a towel she wiped her hands clean and then wiped a clear circle in the foggy mirror. Sucking in the thick steam, she said, "Grant."

He stuck his wet head around the plastic curtain. "Meow."

"What if Comba were to get pregnant?"

"Then she would have a baby, eh?"

"She already has six children she can't even afford to bring to Dakar."

He shut off the water and flung back the curtain, stepping out on the bathmat. When she handed him a towel, he slapped her lightly with it. "Aren't you pretty!" With his head bent, vigorously rubbing his hair dry, he said, "Poor Comba. *Elle est très intelligente, mais elle fait l'amour Sénégalèsement.*"

"How do you know how the Senegalese make love?"

"Because they do everything the same way: *Sénégalèsement.*" He lifted one foot to dry it with the towel. " 'Oh, I'm just a possum in the road. I know what I'm doing. Here comes a big bus, far away, or is it a Peugeot up close? Only God knows. Time for a cigarette. Ho hum. I'm just a smart old possum in the road. Ho-ho. All the time in the world.' "

"Is that your report, Mr. Ambassador?" She knelt down and pulled the towel from his hands, gently wiped his other foot dry and then kissed it. She made a vague resolution to be a better wife to her husband and a better ambassador of the United States, and even considered cancelling the dress.

SHE was standing barefoot on the concrete floor under the flickering light bulb, in the red dress. Elimane had asked her to remove the shoes. "If you don't mind," he said, as though her body were now his property. The red silk, cut in a simple chemise with short sleeves, and ending just above her knees, slid deliciously across her skin, weighted with sequins. He had sewn them by hand—three thousand and thirty-three of them, he assured her. Sequins flashed in the dim room like fireflies, glittering across the floor, dotting the cheap cotton prints and plain brown wools under the needles of the sewing machines, flashing like minuscule stars on the wiry black arms of the assistants. When Elimane wiped his face with his hand, a sequin stuck to his nose. On the dress they were like scales, flickering from green to blue to yellow as Thea moved under the light, turning the red silk from dark pink to deep blue.

"I feel as though I should slither across the floor and bite something," said Thea. "I can't possibly wear this." In the corner of the room, with the curtain open, she turned slowly before the mirror, watching the red scales slide over her body and shimmer. The men watched her.

"*Madame*," said Elimane, "*tu es belle*." He sent two of the boys to the house next door, and the other one to the courtyard to make Chinese gunpowder tea.

When they were alone, he seated himself calmly behind his desk, studying the dress on her body, then lit a cigarette. "You will come to the Kilimanjaro Club with me," he said. "First we'll have dinner, then we'll dance. This is a dress for dancing."

"No," she said.

"And why not?" He smiled, graciously covering her bad manners. The Senegalese were never so tactless as to decline an invitation. They accepted, with enthusiasm, and either arrived or did not.

Thea began to sweat in the cool silk. If she said, "Because I'm married," he would act as though she had misread his meaning, as though *she* were the one considering *him* as a potential lover. On the other hand, if she acted as though it were normal for him to ask her for a date, he would ask again. His glossy black face was as still as the wooden masks sold on the street. His eyes shifted, somnolent to saturnine, and she felt the full strength of his cunning. "*Ça va*?" he asked. "*Cigarette*?"

"*Ça va*."

Although she hadn't smoked since college, she took the cigarette he offered and allowed him to light it. She drew on it briefly.

"You are like your Mr. Clinton—you smoke but you don't inhale, *n'est-ce pas*?" Then he asked her for a visa to the United States. "Of course, if it's inconvenient . . ." he added, "I have many friends in the American Embassy."

COMBA loved the dress. She watched with silent concentration as Thea walked up and down the living room, turning slowly in the glittering silk by the bright lamp, and then by the dim one, to demonstrate how the colors changed. "*Laaylaa!*" Comba said. "Give it to me."

Grant was less enthusiastic. "How much did it cost?" he asked, half joking.

"I don't know." Thea was lifting one leg in front of the mirror, admiring the sinuous slide of the scales along her hips.

"Excuse me?"

Licking her fingertips to brush her eyebrows, she said, "We haven't discussed the price yet. He suggested a visa, but I'll bargain him down."

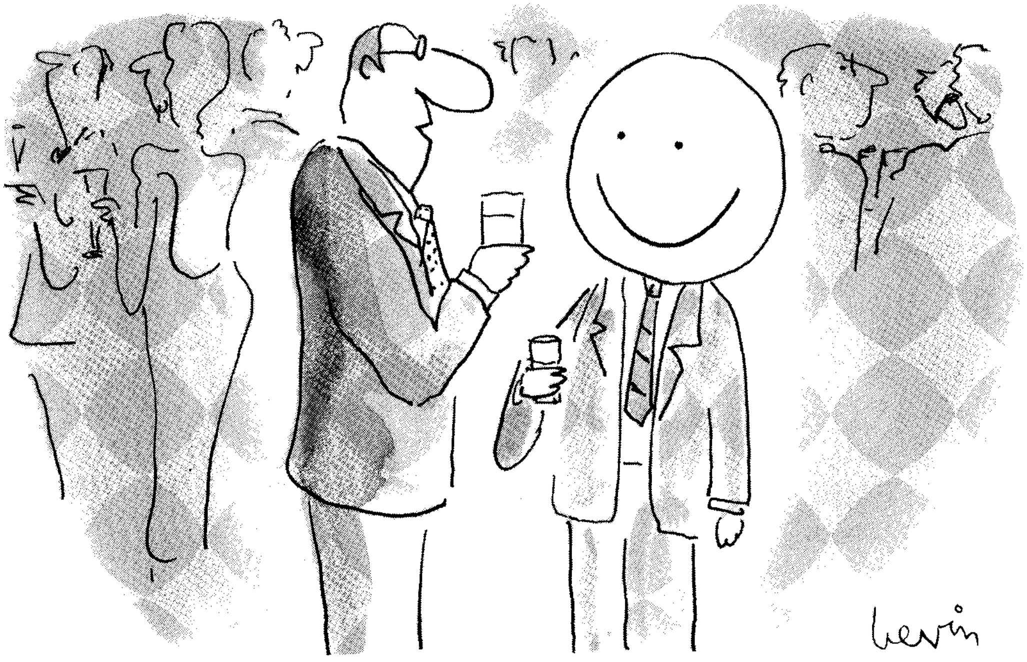
"Sometimes I think you forget that as my wife you play a political role in this country. We don't buy clothes with visas to the U.S."

"You don't like it," she said. "It makes me look fat. I look ridiculous. Just say so. You won't hurt my feelings." She glared at him.

"Honey, it's gorgeous. You're gorgeous." He put his arms around her, running his hand down the dress. "It's kind of scratchy, though." Thea leaned back against his arms. "Just kidding," he said. "It's beautiful." With his hands on her shoulders he turned her around to unzip it. "Where are you going to wear it?"

"To the dinner for the Japanese Ambassador, what's-his-name."

"Oh," said Grant.



*"Sure I remember you. Have a Nice Day, right? I thought you were dead."*

AT the dinner she sat between a U. S. A.I.D. man from Portland, who was named Portland, and Grant, who sat across from Portland's daughter, an eighteen-year-old, who had the features of a Barbie doll, with skin as smooth as plastic. Her hair was bleached, cut, and permed into a yellow mane, giving a hint of savagery to her baby face. As she talked about her sorority back in Portland, Thea watched Grant watch the girl's breasts swell softly over the white eyelet lace of her dress. Thea, in her flaming-red sheath, felt like a showgirl working the table for tips. "I don't really know what I'm going to *do* with my life yet," Barbie Doll was saying, dead serious. "I mean, there are a lot of things that interest me, but, like, do I want to *do* them?"

"Some people do things, and some people fly into glass like birds." Thea had no idea why she had said that. Grant kicked her foot under the table. Everyone was looking at her. Portland apparently found it amusing: he howled, which either insulted or embarrassed his daughter, who excused herself from the table. As she walked away from them, her round, tight ass rolled under the thin cotton dress, and Thea stared at the back of her husband's head until he turned to her again.

"Hi," he said, and smiled politely. She looked through his face as though it were a fishbowl, imagining that she watched a single goldfish swimming around a miniature treasure chest, methodically trying to escape. She saw that he was going to tell a joke. Counting his drinks, four gin-and-tonics, she decided that it would be one in poor taste but not raunchy. Motioning to the waiter for another glass of wine, she looked along the table of Japanese and wondered how people with such trenchant minds could have such a blast at a party. One of them glanced at her dress and smiled, nodding approvingly. She waved, feeling the weight of Grant's ring on her finger.

"So he asks his wife," Grant was saying, "'Am I a *great* lover or an *excellent* lover?' And she says…"

Later, Thea could not remember exactly when she switched to Scotch, or how she and Kiichi, the one who had nodded, ended up arm in arm, circulating through the party speaking a French they had invented themselves. Kiichi translated the French growl into "*Errh errh*," and they bumped through the rooms, saying "*Errh errh*" whenever they felt threatened.

When Grant found them at the end of the bar, Thea was teaching Kiichi "The Yellow Rose of Texas" in their new language.

"Honey, I think it's time to get you home," said Grant.

"*Errh*," said Thea.

"*Errh errh*," said Kiichi. Looking at Grant's stern face, they burst into laughter.

"*Stopois-toi*," Thea shouted to her new friend, and they both coughed and choked, trying to be serious, but just when it seemed that one of them might manage an intelligent sound, the other lapsed into a fit of giggling, and they were off again. Vaguely, Thea remembered making some joke about Grant's nose.

Gripping her arm, Grant pulled her outside and maneuvered her into the waiting Mercedes. From the back seat Thea studied the chauffeur's cap for a moment before she leaned forward, removed it from his head, and settled it on her own. He didn't turn around, but she found the set of his shoulders insulting.

"Grant, let's fire Samba and get a new chauffeur," she said in French. "I don't like him." With an apology and some reference to a malaria fever, Grant handed the hat back to the driver. Thea began to cry.

He rested his hand on the back of her neck and pulled her ear to his mouth, whispering in English, "Would you please shut up?"

"*Xala, Xala, Xala*," Thea said loudly, intoning a curse that Wolof women put on unfaithful husbands to make them impotent.

"Fine," said Grant. He sighed and leaned back in his seat, away from his wife. "Go ahead. Ruin my career. See if you can do it in the next five minutes."

A GRAY light seeped under the curtains. Inside Thea's head, in the soft, dark center, a talon clawed, systematically ripping the delicate tissues of her brain into ribbons of pain. "Grant!" she croaked, digging her face into his back. Her swollen tongue scraped against the rough lining of her mouth, making her words thick. "Grant, I'm sorry. Please help me, Grant." With the most profound hatred she had ever known, she hated herself. "Grant," she begged.

Without answering, he rolled out of bed and went to the shower. When he was dressed, he leaned over the bed, filling her nostrils with the crisp scent of after-shave. He handed her a glass of water. When she lifted herself off the pillow, her head spun.

"Grant, forgive me."

"I'm not God." For a moment, he looked at her; then he picked up his briefcase. She watched him slide across the revolving room to the door, and marvelled at his balance.

"Do you want me to kill myself?"

With his hand on the doorknob, he glanced over his shoulder. "That would let you off, wouldn't it? You selfish bitch." The door closed, and he was gone. She fell into a prickly sleep, dreaming of snakes and ants.

A slam of light woke her. Comba stood at the French doors, holding back the curtain with one hand, looking out at the sea and the sky. She wore a white head scarf, and the tail of it waved like a flag of surrender when she said, "*Du café, Madame?*"

"*Oui. Et de l'aspirine. Et un Fudgsicle.*"

A few moments later, Comba glided into the sunny room and set a silver tray on the bedside table. She sat nimbly on the edge of the bed and watched Thea take the Fudgsicle in her shaking hand.

"You drank last night," she remarked.

"There's nothing like a Senegalese for stating the obvious," Thea said. Then, holding her head, she said, "*Pardonne-moi.*"

"I already forgave you."

"Grant won't forgive me."

"*Ah, bon?*" Comba fixed a cup of coffee with hot milk and sugar. Thea waved it away.

"He doesn't love me. Maybe he never did. He's probably sleeping with you, or somebody."

"*Ah, bon?* The Ambassador sleeps with his maid?" Comba started to lift her robe to show Thea her ruined breasts.

"Stop," said Thea, holding her hand over her aching eyes. "That old crone said that someone in this house would be unfaithful. You remember."

"*Waaw, waaw.* You and Bobo—the flirt, what's-his-name?

"Elimane."

"He loves you."

"He wants a visa to the United States."

"Yes, that's true."

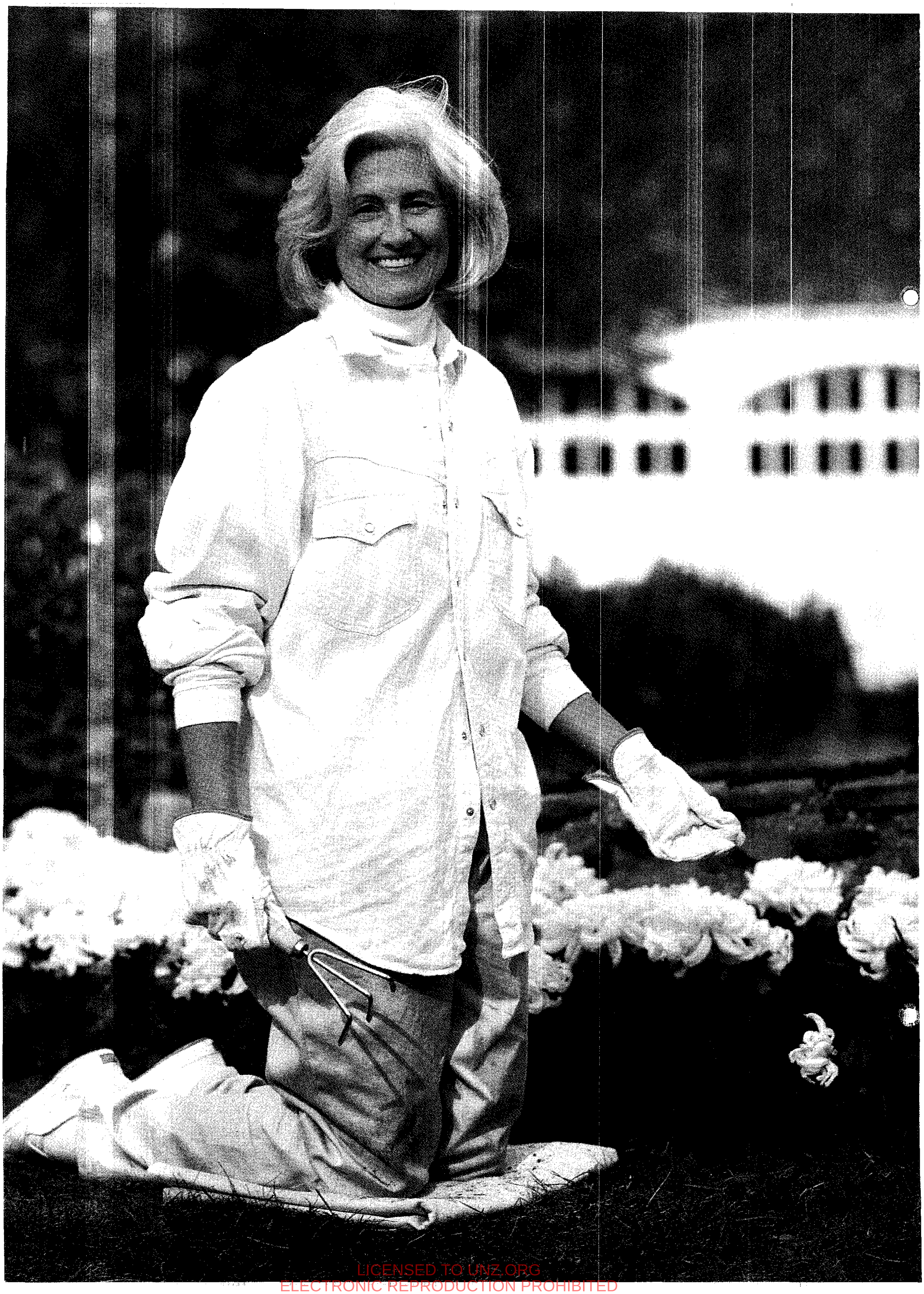
"Why the hell don't *you* drink the coffee?"

"*Moi?*" Comba wrapped her slender black fingers around the ivory handle and took a dainty sip. "It's good. Maybe someday I can go to the United States with you. Not as your maid. I'll just live in your house."

She leaned forward to pick up the crumpled red dress that Thea had tossed to the end of the bed. "Madame is bad," she said, standing up to shake out the dress. In the strong sunlight it burned a hot, flat, sickening red.

"Forgive me."

"I already forgave you." Humming softly, Comba took the dress to the closet and hung it up; then she went back to the window and looked out. "You know," she said, "sometimes I



# YOU CAN FEEL BETTER ABOUT MENOPAUSE, RIGHT DOWN TO YOUR BONES.

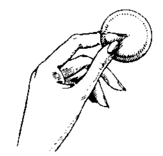
While it's true that menopause is as natural as puberty was, it can seem a bit frightening. And now doctors tell us that loss of estrogen at menopause can accelerate bone loss, which can lead to postmenopausal osteoporosis. In just the first seven years after menopause begins, you could lose up to 50% of all the bone mass you'll ever lose.

### ESTRADERM® CAN HELP STOP BONE LOSS

A calcium-rich diet and exercise play an important part in preventing osteoporosis. Estraderm can help, too. Estraderm is a clear patch that delivers estradiol through your skin into the bloodstream, similar to the way your ovaries did before menopause. Sometimes the patch can cause skin irritation, although this happens less often when it's worn on the buttocks.

### BENEFITS VS RISKS OF ESTRADERM

It's important to balance risks against proven benefits. Estraderm has been used safely by millions of women to relieve hot flashes, night sweats, and other menopausal symptoms. And a study at the Mayo Clinic has confirmed that Estraderm can halt bone loss and prevent postmenopausal osteoporosis. Of course, this doesn't mean that Estraderm is for every woman. For example, pregnant women should avoid estrogen therapy. Also, estrogen therapy has been associated with an increased risk of uterine cancer. Women should tell their doctor if they have ever had cancer of the breast or uterus, unusual vaginal bleeding, abnormal blood clotting or any cardiovascular disease.



"THE PATCH"
A NONMEDICATED SAMPLE IS INCLUDED IN THE FREE INFORMATION PACK.

### IMPORTANT ISSUES TO DISCUSS WITH YOUR DOCTOR:

Q. *Am I at risk for postmenopausal osteoporosis?*

– All women will lose some bone during menopause. But some will lose more than others. You should discuss osteoporosis and the benefits and risks of estrogen therapy with your doctor as part of your regular checkup.

Q. *What can I expect from Estraderm as part of an osteoporosis-prevention program?*

– This depends on when you start therapy, the condition of your bones when you start, and how long you continue. You should remember that a calcium-rich diet and exercise are also an important part of an osteoporosis-prevention program.

### A FREE MENOPAUSE INFORMATION PACK

A complete menopause information pack (with facts about postmenopausal osteoporosis) and a sample nonmedicated patch to try are yours for the asking. Just call 1-800-521-CIBA, or send this coupon.

TO RECEIVE YOUR FREE MENOPAUSE INFORMATION PACK, MAIL TO CIBA, P.O. BOX 907, SPRING HOUSE, PA 19477-9945

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ESTRADERM® ESTRADIOL TRANSDERMAL SYSTEM AVAILABLE IN 0.05 MG AND 0.1 MG STRENGTHS.

See next page for additional important information.

Estraderm

ESTRADIOL TRANSDERMAL SYSTEM

## NOW THE CHANGE OF LIFE DOESN'T HAVE TO CHANGE YOURS.

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# Important Information on Estraderm Continued from Previous Page

**Estraderm®**
**estradiol transdermal system**
**Continuous delivery for twice-weekly application**

*BRIEF SUMMARY (FOR FULL PRESCRIBING INFORMATION, SEE PACKAGE INSERT).*

**ESTROGENS HAVE BEEN REPORTED TO INCREASE THE RISK OF ENDOMETRIAL CARCINOMA.**

Three independent case control studies have reported an increased risk of endometrial cancer in postmenopausal women exposed to exogenous estrogens for more than 1 year. This risk was independent of the other known risk factors for endometrial cancer. These studies are further supported by the finding that incidence rates of endometrial cancer have increased sharply since 1969 in eight different areas of the United States with population-based cancer-reporting systems, an increase which may be related to the rapidly expanding use of estrogens during the last decade.

The three case control studies reported that the risk of endometrial cancer in estrogen users was about 4.5-13.9 times greater than in nonusers. The risk appears to depend both on duration of treatment and on estrogen dose. In view of these findings, when estrogens are used for the treatment of menopausal symptoms, the lowest dose that will control symptoms should be utilized and medication should be discontinued as soon as possible. When prolonged treatment is medically indicated, the patient should be reassessed on at least a semiannual basis to determine the need for continued therapy. Although the evidence must be considered preliminary, one study suggests that cyclic administration of low doses of estrogen may carry less risk than continuous administration; it therefore appears prudent to utilize such a regimen.

Close clinical surveillance of all women taking estrogens is important. In all cases of undiagnosed persistent or recurring abnormal vaginal bleeding, adequate diagnostic measures should be undertaken to rule out malignancy.

There is no evidence at present that "natural" estrogens are more or less hazardous than "synthetic" estrogens at equiestrogenic doses.

**ESTROGENS SHOULD NOT BE USED DURING PREGNANCY.**

The use of female sex hormones, both estrogens and progestogens, during early pregnancy may seriously damage the offspring. It has been shown that women who had been exposed *in utero* to diethylstilbestrol, a nonsteroidal estrogen, have an increased risk of developing in later life a form of vaginal or cervical cancer that is ordinarily extremely rare. This risk has been estimated as not greater than 4 per 1000 exposures. Furthermore, a high percentage of such exposed women (30-90%) have been found to have vaginal adenosis, epithelial changes of the vagina and cervix. Although these changes are histologically benign, it is not known whether they are precursors of malignancy. Although similar data on the use of other estrogens are not available, it cannot be presumed they would not induce similar changes.

Several reports suggest an association between intrauterine exposure to female sex hormones and congenital anomalies, including congenital heart defects and limb-reduction defects. One case control study estimated a 4.7-fold increased risk of limb-reduction defects in infants who had been exposed *in utero* to sex hormones (oral contraceptives, hormone withdrawal tests for pregnancy, or attempted treatment for threatened abortion). Some of these exposures were very short and involved only a few days of treatment. The data suggest that the risk of limb-reduction defects in exposed fetuses is somewhat less than 1 per 1000.

In the past, female sex hormones have been used during pregnancy in an attempt to treat threatened or habitual abortion. There is considerable evidence that estrogens are ineffective for these indications, and there is no evidence from well-controlled studies that progestogens are effective for these uses.

If Estraderm is used during pregnancy, or if the patient becomes pregnant while taking this drug, she should be apprised of the potential risks to the fetus and of the advisability of continuation of the pregnancy.

## INDICATIONS AND USAGE

Estraderm is indicated for the treatment of the following: moderate-to-severe vasomotor symptoms associated with menopause; female hypogonadism; female castration; primary ovarian failure; and atrophic conditions caused by deficient endogenous estrogen production, such as atrophic vaginitis and kraurosis vulvae; and prevention of osteoporosis (loss of bone mass).

Estrogen replacement therapy is the most effective single modality for the prevention of postmenopausal osteoporosis in women. Case-controlled studies have shown a reduction of approximately 60% in the incidence of hip and wrist fractures in women who began estrogen replacement therapy within a few years of menopause. A recent, well-controlled, double-blind, prospective trial conducted at the Mayo Clinic has demonstrated that treatment with Estraderm prevents bone loss in postmenopausal women at a dosage of 0.05 mg per day.

Treatment with Estraderm 0.05 mg showed full maintenance of bone density with slight (0.8%), but not significant, increase. Placebo treatment resulted in a significant loss of more than 6% below baseline vertebral bone mass. Patients using either Estraderm 0.1 mg, or 0.05 mg, had significantly greater bone densities than those using placebo.

Other studies suggest that estrogen replacement therapy reduces the rate of vertebral fractures.

Peak bone mass is reached at age 30 to 35 and can best be maximized by adequate calcium intake and exercise during the adolescent and early adult years. Early menopause is one of the best predictors for the development of osteoporosis. White women are at higher risk for osteoporosis than white men, black women are at higher risk than black men, and thin women are at higher risk than obese women. Cigarette smoking may be an additional risk factor. Calcium deficiency has been implicated in the pathogenesis of this disease. Therefore, when not contraindicated, a calcium intake of 1000-1500 mg/day either by diet or supplements is recommended for postmenopausal women.

Immobilization and prolonged bedrest produce rapid bone loss, while weight-bearing exercise has been shown to both reduce bone loss and to increase bone mass. The optimal type and amount of physical activity that might lower the risk of osteporosis have not been established.

## CONTRAINDICATIONS

Estrogens should not be used in women or men with any of the following conditions:

1. known or suspected cancer of the breast;
2. known or suspected estrogen-dependent neoplasia;
3. known or suspected pregnancy (see Boxed Warning);
4. undiagnosed abnormal genital bleeding;
5. active thrombophlebitis or thromboembolic disorders;
6. history of thrombophlebitis, thrombosis, or thromboembolic disorders associated with previous estrogen use.

## WARNINGS

1. *Induction of Malignant Neoplasms.* Long-term continuous administration of natural and synthetic estrogens in certain animal species increases the frequency of carcinomas of the breast, cervix, vagina, and liver. There are now reports that estrogens increase the risk of carcinoma of the endometrium in humans. (See Boxed Warning.)

At the present time, there is no satisfactory evidence that estrogens given to postmenopausal women increase the risk of breast cancer, although a recent long-term follow-up study has raised this possibility. Because of the animal data, there is a need for caution in prescribing estrogens for women with a strong family history of breast cancer or who have breast nodules, fibrocystic disease, or abnormal mammograms.

2. *Gallbladder Disease.* A recent study has reported a two- to threefold increase in the risk of surgically confirmed gallbladder disease in postmenopausal women receiving oral estrogens, similar to the twofold increase previously noted in users of oral contraceptives.

3. *Effects Similar to Those Caused by Estrogen-Progestogen Oral Contraceptives.* There are several serious adverse effects of oral contraceptives and other high-dose oral estrogen treatments, most of which have not, up to now, been documented as consequences of postmenopausal estrogen replacement therapy. This may reflect the comparatively low doses of estrogen used in postmenopausal women.

a. *Thromboembolic Disease.* It is now well established that users of oral contraceptives have an increased risk of various thromboembolic and thrombotic vascular diseases, such as thrombophlebitis, pulmonary embolism, stroke, and myocardial infarction. Cases of retinal thrombosis, mesenteric thrombosis, and optic neuritis have been reported in oral contraceptive users. There is evidence that the risk of several of these adverse reactions is related to the dose of the drug. An increased risk of postsurgery thromboembolic complications has also been reported in users of oral contraceptives. If feasible, estrogen should be discontinued at least 4 weeks before surgery of the type associated with an increased risk of thromboembolism, or during periods of prolonged immobilization.

While an increased rate of thromboembolic and thrombotic disease in postmenopausal users of estrogens has not been found, this does not rule out the possibility that such an increase may be present or that subgroups of women who have underlying risk factors or who are receiving relatively large doses of estrogens may have increased risk. Therefore, estrogens should not be used in persons with active thrombophlebitis or thromboembolic disorders, and they should not be used in persons with a history of such disorders in association with estrogen use. They should be used with caution in patients with cerebral vascular or coronary artery disease and only for those in whom estrogens are clearly needed.

Large doses of estrogen (5 mg conjugated estrogens per day), comparable to those used to treat cancer of the prostate and breast, have been shown in a large prospective clinical trial in men to increase the risk of nonfatal myocardial infarction, pulmonary embolism, and thrombophlebitis. When estrogen doses of this size are used, any of the thromboembolic and thrombotic adverse effects associated with oral contraceptive use should be considered a clear risk.

b. *Hepatic Adenoma.* Benign hepatic adenomas have been associated with the use of oral contraceptives. Although benign and rare, these tumors may rupture and cause death from intra-abdominal hemorrhage. Such lesions have not yet been reported in association with other estrogen or progestogen preparations, but they should be considered if abdominal pain and tenderness, abdominal mass, or hypovolemic shock occurs in patients receiving estrogen. Hepatocellular carcinoma has also been reported in women taking estrogen-containing oral contraceptives. The causal relationship of this malignancy to these drugs is not known.

c. *Elevated Blood Pressure.* Women using oral contraceptives sometimes experience increased blood pressure which, in most cases, returns to normal upon discontinuing the drug. There is now a report that this may occur with use of oral estrogens in the menopause and blood pressure should be monitored with estrogen use, especially if high doses are used. Ethinyl estradiol and conjugated estrogens have been shown to increase renin substrate. In contrast to these oral estrogens, transdermally administered estradiol does not affect renin substrate.

d. *Glucose Tolerance.* A worsening of glucose tolerance has been observed in a significant percentage of patients on estrogen-containing oral contraceptives. For this reason, diabetic patients should be carefully observed while receiving estrogen.

4. *Hypercalcemia.* Administration of high doses of estrogens may lead to severe hypercalcemia in patients with breast cancer and bone metastases. If hypercalcemia occurs, use of the drug should be stopped and appropriate measures should be taken to reduce the serum calcium level.

## PRECAUTIONS

### General

1. A complete medical and family history should be taken before initiation of any estrogen therapy. The pretreatment and periodic physical examinations should include special reference to blood pressure, breasts, abdomen, and pelvic organs, as well as a cervical Papanicolaou test. As a general rule, estrogen should not be prescribed for longer than 1 year without another physical examination being performed.
2. Because estrogens may cause some degree of fluid retention, careful observation is required when conditions that might be influenced by this factor are present (e.g., asthma, epilepsy, migraine, and cardiac or renal dysfunction).
3. Certain patients may develop undesirable manifestations of excessive estrogenic stimulation, such as uterine bleeding, mastodynia, etc.
4. Prolonged administration of unopposed estrogen therapy has been reported to increase the risk of endometrial hyperplasia in some patients. Estrogens should be used with caution in patients who have or have had endometriosis.
5. Studies of the addition of a progestin for 7 or more days of a cycle of estrogen administration have reported a lowered incidence of endometrial hyperplasia. Morphological and biochemical studies of endometrium suggest that 12 to 13 days of progestin are needed to provide maximal maturation of the endometrium and to eliminate any hyperplastic changes. Whether this will provide protection from endometrial carcinoma has not been clearly established. There are possible additional risks that may be associated with the inclusion of progestin in estrogen replacement regimens. The potential risks include adverse effects on carbohydrate and lipid metabolism. The choice of progestin and dosage may be important in minimizing these adverse effects.
6. Oral contraceptives appear to be associated with an increased incidence of mental depression. Although it is not clear whether this is due to the estrogenic or progestogenic component of the contraceptive, patients with a history of depression should be carefully observed.
7. Preexisting uterine leiomyomata may increase in size during prolonged estrogen use. If this occurs, estrogen therapy should be discontinued while the cause is investigated.
8. In patients with a history of jaundice during pregnancy, there is an increased risk that jaundice will recur with the use of estrogen-containing oral contraceptives. If jaundice develops in any patient receiving estrogen, the medication should be discontinued while the cause is investigated.
9. Estrogens may be poorly metabolized in patients with impaired liver function and should be administered with caution in such patients.
10. Because the prolonged use of estrogens influences the metabolism of calcium and phosphorus, estrogens should be used with caution in patients with metabolic bone diseases associated with hypercalcemia and in patients with renal insufficiency.

### Information for Patients

See Patient Package Insert printed below.

### Drug/Laboratory Test Interactions

The results of certain endocrine and liver function tests may be affected by estrogen-containing oral contraceptives. The following changes have been observed with large doses of oral estrogen:

1. increased sulfobromophthalein retention;
2. increased prothrombin time; increased factors VII, VIII, IX, and X; decreased antithrombin 3; increased norepinephrine-induced platelet aggregability;
3. increased thyroxine-binding globulin (TBG), leading to increased circulating total thyroid hormone ($T_4$) as measured by column or radioimmunoassay; free $T_3$ resin uptake is decreased, reflecting the elevated TBG; free $T_4$ concentration is unaltered; TBG was not affected in clinical trials of Estraderm;
4. reduced response to the metyrapone test;
5. reduced serum folate concentration;
6. increased serum triglyceride and phospholipid concentration, and decreased pregnanediol excretion.

The pathologist should be informed that the patient is receiving estrogen therapy when relevant specimens are submitted.

### Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility

See WARNINGS and Boxed Warning.

Long-term continuous administration of natural and synthetic estrogens in certain animal species increases the frequency of carcinomas of the breast, cervix, vagina, and liver.

### Pregnancy Category X

See CONTRAINDICATIONS and Boxed Warning.

Estrogens should not be used during pregnancy.

### Nursing Mothers

As a general principle, the administration of any drug to nursing mothers should be done only when clearly necessary since many drugs are excreted in human milk.

## ADVERSE REACTIONS

See WARNINGS and Boxed Warning regarding potential adverse effects on the fetus, induction of malignant neoplasms, increased incidence of gallbladder disease, and adverse effects similar to those of oral contraceptives, including thromboembolism.

The most commonly reported adverse reaction to Estraderm in clinical trials was redness and irritation at the application site. This occurred in about 17% of the women treated and caused approximately 2% to discontinue therapy. Reports of rash have been rare.

The following additional adverse reactions have been reported with estrogenic therapy, including oral contraceptives:

*Genitourinary System:* Breakthrough bleeding, spotting, change in menstrual flow; increase in size of uterine fibromyomata; change in cervical erosion and amount of cervical secretion.

*Endocrine:* Breast tenderness, breast enlargement.

*Gastrointestinal:* Nausea, vomiting; abdominal cramps, bloating; cholestatic jaundice have been observed with oral estrogen therapy.

*Eyes:* Steepening of corneal curvature; intolerance to contact lenses.

*Central Nervous System:* Headache, migraine, dizziness.

*Miscellaneous:* Change in weight, edema, change in libido.

## DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION

The adhesive side of the Estraderm system should be placed on a clean, dry area of the skin on the trunk of the body, (including the buttocks and abdomen). *Estraderm should not be applied to the breasts.* The sites of application must be rotated, with an interval of at least 1 week allowed between applications to a particular site. The area selected should not be oily, damaged, or irritated. The waistline should be avoided, since tight clothing may rub the system off. The system should be applied immediately after opening the pouch and removing the protective liner. The system should be pressed firmly in place with the palm of the hand for about 10 seconds, making sure there is good contact, especially around the edges. In the unlikely event that a system should fall off, the same system may be reapplied. If necessary, a new system may be applied. In either case, the original treatment schedule should be continued.

### Initiation of Therapy

Treatment of menopausal symptoms is usualy initiated with Estraderm 0.05 mg applied to the skin twice weekly. The dosage should be adjusted as necessary to control symptoms. The lowest dosage necessary for the control of symptoms should be used, especially in women with an intact uterus. Attempts to taper or discontinue the medication should be made at 3- to 6-month intervals.

Prophylactic therapy with Estraderm to prevent postmenopausal bone loss should be initiated with the 0.05 mg/day dosage as soon as possible after menopause. The dosage may be adjusted if necessary to control concurrent menopausal symptoms. Discontinuation of estrogen replacement therapy may reestablish the natural rate of bone loss.

In women not currently taking oral estrogens, treatment with Estraderm may be initiated at once. In women who are currently taking oral estrogen, treatment with Estraderm should be initiated 1 week after withdrawal of oral hormone replacement therapy, or sooner if menopausal symptoms reappear in less than 1 week.

### Therapeutic Regimen

Estraderm therapy may be given continuously in patients who do not have an intact uterus. In those patients with an intact uterus, Estraderm may be given on a cyclic schedule (e.g., 3 weeks on drug followed by 1 week off drug).

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C91-37 (Rev. 9/91)

C I B A

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look at the sky and wonder where it goes. Where do you think the sky ends?"

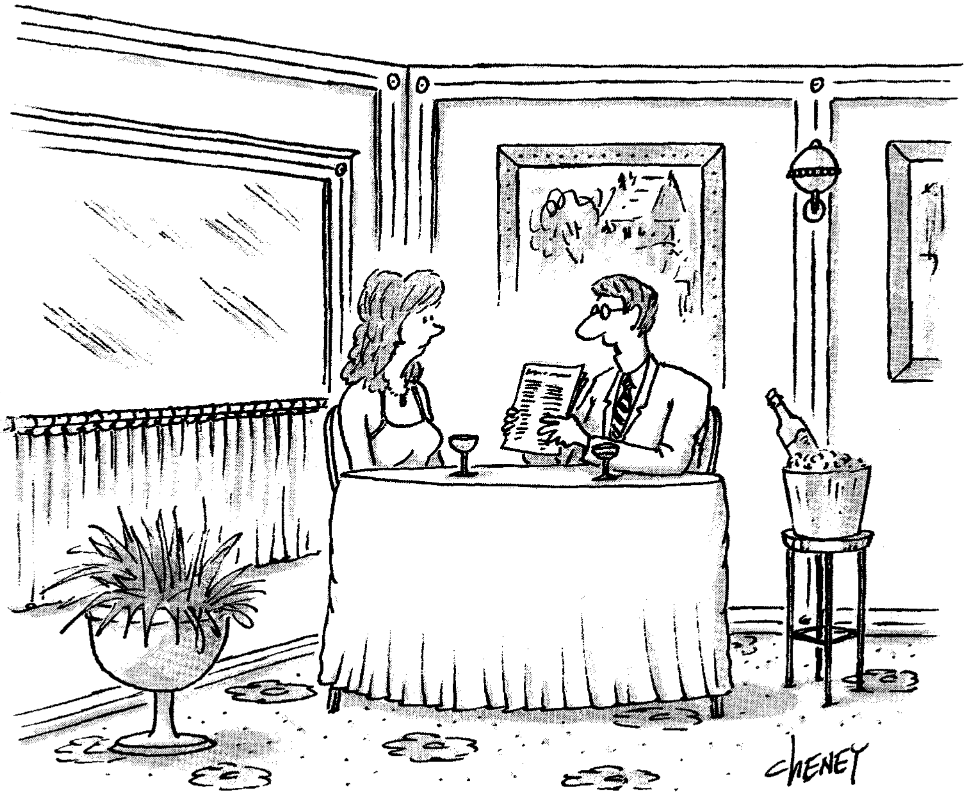
"I couldn't care less."

"It looks like the sky ends over Gorée Island, but when you go to Gorée Island there is more sky."

"The world is round, not flat. I've explained that to you. I showed you the tennis ball. I told you that it was like the world. You pretended to agree with me. God, my head hurts."

"Madame is sick." Comba shook her head, waving the white flag of her headcloth. "That's a shame." Then she looked back out the window, and her face screwed again into a frown. "Do you know," she said, "people are like the sky. You look at them and think that you can see the edge, but when you get close to it it's not the edge. They just go on and on and you never find out where they end."

"I told you," said Thea hoarsely, "it's a tennis ball." As she rolled over, the sheet wrapped around her legs, tightening as she kicked and squirmed like a monkey in a bag.



*"I love you, Sharon, and these documents will advise you of certain rights you have in accordance with federal and state law, as well as variances and privileges you retain in the City of New York."*

• •

WHEN Grant came home she was waiting for him in the corner of the couch. She wore his gray Harvard sweatshirt, and her face streaked with tears. "Forgive me."

"Don't start. I'm going to get a beer."

Soundlessly, Comba entered the room and handed him a cold beer. Then she retreated to the alcove just outside the door, where Thea knew she sat and listened to their conversations, following them by the tones.

"I'm sorry, Grant."

He sat down in a chair where he never sat and switched on the TV. When he finished his beer, Comba appeared with a fresh one, a plate of crackers, and his Havarti cheese. "*Jeré-jef*," he said.

Comba studied the TV. Deciding that the picture of a white woman cleaning a bathroom was a commercial, she said, "Forgive Madame."

"I was jealous," said Thea. "You'll think this is silly, honey, but we went to this witch—"

"*Waaw, waaw*," said Comba, agreeing with the expressions on Thea's face.

"—and she said that someone in our house would be unfaithful."

"Naturally that person would be me," said Grant. He took a bite of cracker and cheese, washing it down with a swig of beer. His voice rose. "So naturally, like a damn child, you go out and have this disco boy sew you up a vamp outfit, no payment, *quoi*, so I'll stop being so promiscuous. You made a fool of me last night. You selfish, spoiled . . ." He balled his hands into fists.

"Breathe. Grant, just breathe."

"Shut up."

Comba looked nervously from one to the other and settled on him. "*Bal-ko*," she pleaded. "Grant, forgive Thea."

He stared hard into Thea's face. She moved carefully out of his arm's reach, keeping an eye on his fists, and forced herself to think of his baby picture and the one of the grinning boy leaning into the camera; and of the way tears still caught on his eyelashes when he cried, the way he would hold his arms straight out until she came into them. "It always amazes me that you accuse me of the exact wrongs you are committing yourself," he said. Now his eyes were flat, dark holes with no more soul than the mouth of a gun. "I hate you."

Comba's mouth opened then, releasing a high, tremulous wail. "*Waaagh!*" she cried, falling to her knees before Grant's chair, holding her head in her hands as she rocked back and forth. "*Waaagh!*"

Grant released his fists. Comba was talking so rapidly in Wolof that it sounded to Thea as if she were speaking in tongues.

"*Ndank, ndank, waay*," Grant ordered, putting a hand down on the maid's trembling shoulder. He shook her gently. "Slow down," he told her again. Sobbing, she explained to him in Wolof that she was sleeping with Samba, the chauffeur, and that he should beat her, his wicked maid, not his wife. The marabout was right: someone was unfaithful—Comba, to her husband. "I did not tell you or Madame because then you would send me back to my husband, and I would have to live in a village where there is no running water and nothing good to eat. This is why I let you two fight." She covered her face with her hands, and poured endless curses down on her own head.

"Go to bed," said Thea. "I'll make our dinner."

As she spooned the tomato soup into a pan and set it on the stove, Thea chattered nervously to Grant. When she told him about Comba's theory of the edge of the sky, she was immediately sorry. Laughing hoarsely, he put his arms around her, drawing her slowly tighter against him until she was pressed into his thick chest where the heat emanating through his cotton shirt, the familiar beat of his heart, his smell, and the gentle flexing of his arms against her back once again made a nest for her body. "How does it feel to have Emily Dickinson for a maid, Madame Ambassador?" He would laugh until Thea laughed too, touch her until she touched him too, and it would all begin over again, until the next time. She put her head on his shoulder. "I'm just an old possum in the sky," he was saying. "Walking to the edge of the sky. Guess I'll fall over. It's Allah's will. Ho hum." He began to dance her across the kitchen floor. "Careful we don't slip over the edge," he said, dipping her back. "Is that God far away or a little bird up close? Guess I'll just wait until it hits me, and then I'll know."

Her body followed his, yielding, as though they were tethered together. There was a smell of something burning. Lifting her head, she glanced over his shoulder to the shadow of two embracing apes moving along the wall. She clung to him; the apes clung together. "Does my girl still love me?" In the instant that he squeezed her, locking her back into his embrace, her mind sprang free. As the shadow slipped off the wall, she planned her escape: the money, the ticket, the taxi, what she would wear on the plane.

Upstairs, in the master bedroom, Comba removed the dress from Thea's closet. In the light of the moon, it hung on the hanger like the hide of a serpent, blood red, dripping with sequins. She tried it on. ♦

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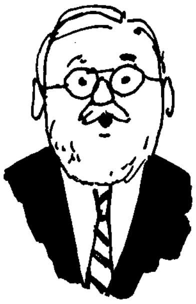
Bill Berger



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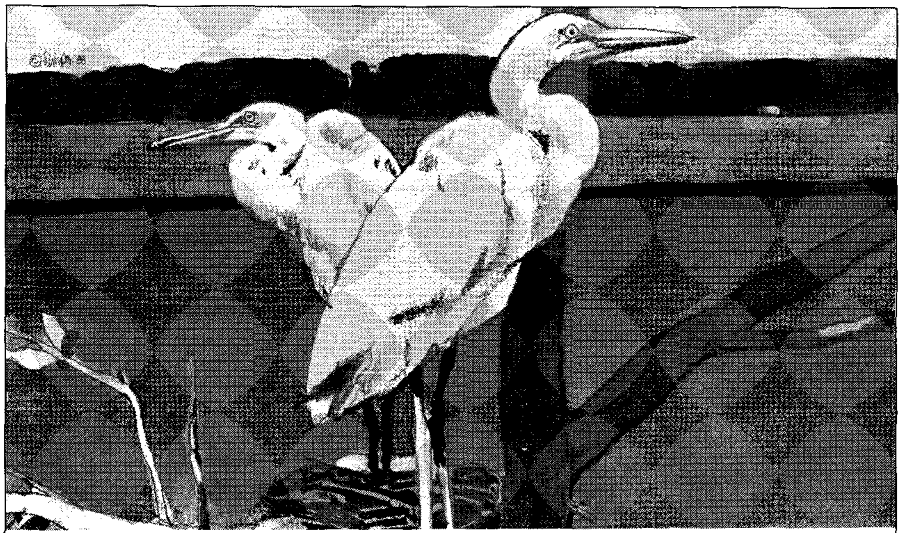

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# THE CRITICS

## THE ART WORLD

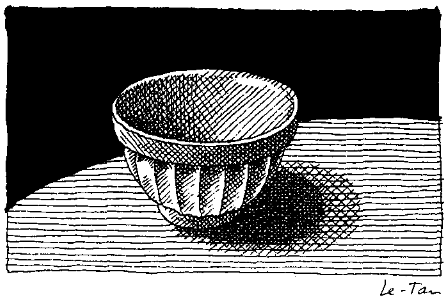
# JASPER'S DILEMMAS

### BY ADAM GOPNIK

SOME American artists become famous young and end up being held responsible for whole decades of experience, while some manage to spend their entire careers as innocent bystanders of their own celebrity. Of this second, and luckier, sort, Jasper Johns is by far the most remarkable instance. Since his first show, at the Castelli Gallery, in 1958, when he was only twenty-seven, Johns has known thirty-five years of commercial and critical success, a reign that is being celebrated right now with a mini-retrospective at Castelli—one picture from each of his eight previous shows there. Until the Museum of Modern Art's promised retrospective of Johns' art arrives, in 1996, this is as close as we'll come to being able to take his measure.

By any calculation, Johns' run is the longest that any American artist has ever enjoyed in his lifetime. But none of the perils that are usually supposed to attend success in America appear to have affected him. He has managed to make fame look like a form of aristocratic withdrawal. Although his works of the mid-fifties—the deadpan, spectral flags, the staring targets, the veiled maps, the upright, imperturbable bronzed beer cans—are, by art-historical cliché, the founding acts of Pop, none of the obloquy that stuck to the Pop artists has stuck to him; even his few detractors grant him his seriousness. And though his work has twice, and in two different decades, detonated the art market—once in the late seventies, when the Whitney Museum of American Art bought his "Three Flags" for a million dollars, and again in the late eighties, when S. I. Newhouse, Jr., bought his "False Start" for seventeen million—nobody has ever blamed him for the explosions.

From the impassive, cryptic stencilled numbers of his first exhibition right up to the slate-gray snow scenes of his late-eighties "The Seasons," Johns' work has always been, above all, *cool*, and things that start off cool and stay that way age better than things that start off hot and then cool down. But his armor against shifting fortune seems to extend beyond the qualities of the work itself. It's said that one of the things that first attracted Leo Castelli to Johns was simply his name—with its combination of implied pedigree and catchy alliteration, it seemed to Castelli ideally appropriate for an artist.



If the name was good, the persona was better. At the very beginning of his career, Johns effortlessly invented a new way for American artists to behave, originating the bemused impassivity that has been the most often imitated artist's manner of the past three decades. Johns did for cool what Thomas Eakins had done a hundred years before for grumpy: he made it into a manner by which an artist could survive America. He invented the dumbed-down answer to the hopeless art-crit demands: an agreeable, anything-you-say response to the unanswerable question and a kind of wry, principled, Zen acceptance of whatever "insights" anybody cared to come up with.

Lucky in his name and manner and circumstances, Johns was, far more important, willing to trust to luck in his artistic decisions. Where Duchamp's readymades had in them something annoyingly dandyish and superior, Johns' found objects—the Savarin coffee can absent-mindedly stuffed with paintbrushes at the end of the working day, a couple of empty beer cans stood on end and casually set on a pedestal—had the apparent inconsequence of things stumbled on rather than selected, and the tact and the seeming humility with which he offered them up lent them some of the chaste inviolability of still-life. This taste for the unplanned and unwilled was the fruit of a thought-through artistic program, with deep roots in Dada and in the random art of John Cage; but it also proved to be a way of taking out insurance against the critics. Johns didn't quite accept responsibility for what he'd created, and so couldn't quite be blamed for what it made happen.

But his luck seems at last about to run out. It's not that his work has gone out of favor, exactly; despite a few bleatings about the most recent pictures, the newspapers and art magazines are still reverential. It's that the standard, accepted critical and historical "explanation" of why Johns' work counts has in the past decade lost much of its credibility.

Only ten years ago, Johns was still the great domino-nudger of American art—the man who had subdued the metaphysical angst of Abstract Expressionism and replaced it with an inventory of plain, commonplace objects in a way that looked forward both to Warhol's soup cans and to the mute, primary thingness of minimalism. This was the premise on which the Whitney bought its million-dollar Johns: Johns as an agent of an inexorable plot in art history. But to have broken the ice for Pop is no longer an obvious triumph, and the larger notion that the primary aim of art is to produce more art seems now more depressing than inspiriting.

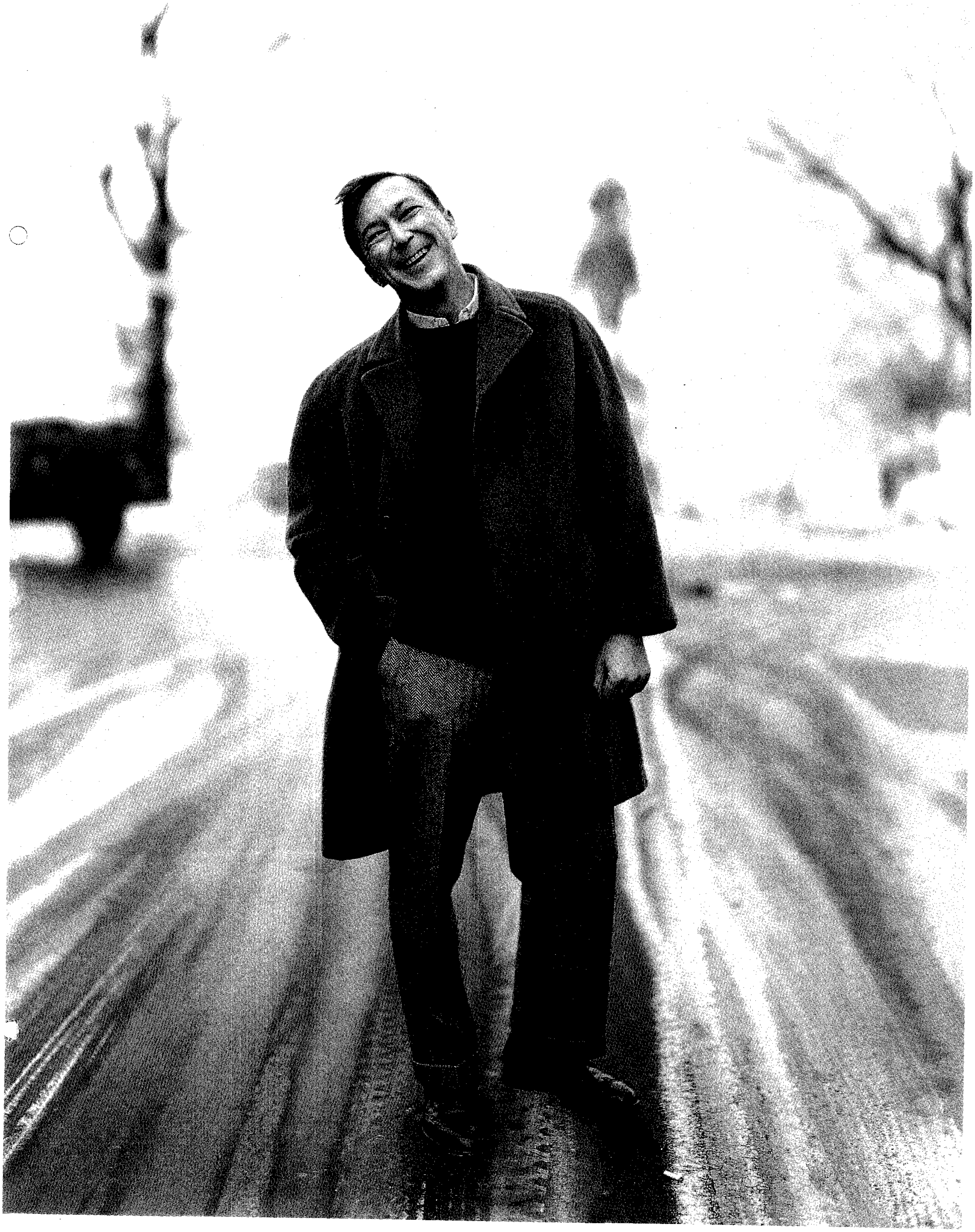
Yet we can't afford to lose Johns, and so, to fill the space left by the old stories, what has arrived in the past five years is celebrity and its academic twin, iconography. Whole monographs have been devoted to teasing out the supposed hidden symbolism in some of Johns' big pictures, even though part of their original claim to importance was that they had eliminated the last vestiges of illustration from representational art. Drawings and paintings whose beauty seemed once to have depended on their taking place out at the edge of apprehension have now become raw material for the hidden-picture industry. On the occasion of the big retrospective of Johns drawings at the Whitney, in 1991, the art historian Jack Flam stared into the dark webs of strokes and touches, and, helped by the titles, announced that a picture called "Diver" was about a swimming pool, and one called "Night Drive" was about "the exhilaration and uncertainty of driving on a night highway."

With the old stories disappearing, and the new "readings" becoming increasingly fatuous, Johns is now working without a net, held aloft only by his own aplomb. Not such a bad position for a genuine artist to be in, maybe. If you see his paintings as distillations of a sensibility rather than as markers along a road, though, Johns still looks wonderful, but in a different way. Smaller, in the art-historical sense, and less "significant," but more richly human, and more bound to the emotions of a particular moment. Johns has been so efficiently removed from the world of lived experience into the never-never land of art-historical development and academic symbol-mongering that it is surprising to see how much he remains an American artist of the fifties. Johns' greatest single picture, the "White Flag," of 1954, with its muted, fastidious irony, its introverted love of ambiguity and nuance balancing a subdued but still-radiant embrace of American reality, would be the perfect dust jacket for an edition of John Cheever's stories. In it Johns manages to catch, like Cheever, the whole temper of a time in a few laconic and enigmatic productions, so that the temper is still there to be experienced long after the time has passed.

WHEN Johns first emerged as an artist, in 1954, he was a young man but an old soul. Like so many of the defining artists of that time—Capote, Williams, Paul Taylor—he was both Southern and homosexual, and, like them, he seems to have acquired early on an aura of mixed evasiveness and elegance. No matter how quickly success comes, it always seems to its subject to have been needlessly delayed, and though to the historian Johns may appear to have risen like a rocket, he evidently experienced his early years in New York as a very hard time. He came to New York from South Carolina in 1949, hoping to attend art school, but couldn't get into any. Since he was temperamentally unsuited to the urban-cowboy rituals of the Abstract Expressionists, he was left without an artistic home, and spent five years locked out of the galleries and museums. Those institutions now seem ridiculously open and easy to conquer, but walls always look high when you're on the wrong side of them, and what obviously stuck in Johns' mind was the series of rejections. He began his flags and targets early in the fifties—he maintains that he got the idea for the flag paintings in a dream—but he never showed them. Betty Parsons didn't have room for him in her gallery, and Alfred Barr wouldn't have him at MOMA.

Johns' audience at first consisted of one man—his upstairs neighbor, Robert Rauschenberg, who had just begun to make a reputation. For all his talent, Rauschenberg was then, as he remains, a mostly synthetic artist: a little Schwitters, a little de Kooning, and there you were. But his was the kind of synthetic art that Johns needed to look at; from Rauschenberg he learned that a mixed style was as good as a pure one. Paul Taylor, who lived one floor down, recalls that the only older art the two painters claimed to like was prewar Dada, the Monet of the water lilies, and Whistler's portrait of his mother. At the time, this must have seemed like a Dada joke itself; in retrospect, it is a formula that more or less predicts what Johns would come up with—the found material of Duchamp combined with the exquisitely modulated manner of Whistler.

Leo Castelli, whose gallery was then in his East Seventy-seventh Street living room, discovered Johns, the story goes—and there is no reason to doubt its truth—by chance. He saw Johns' "Green Target" in a group show at the Jewish Museum and immediately recognized its importance. Within weeks, he had mounted a one-man show, and when that show opened, on January 20, 1958, it was an instant hit. It included, as Castelli's press release put it, "targets, numbers from 1 to 9, or letters from A to Z, the American flag, all faithfully reproduced in sizes from large to small and in various media: encaustic, pastel or collage." One of the myths of American art is that no one knew what to make of Johns—that his show "exploded on the scene" and caused confusion and consternation. In reality, it seems to have gone over terrifically well with everybody who counted—to have been a universal success. In *Art News* Fairfield Porter wrote the first positive review of Johns' art, even though in its premises it couldn't have been more hostile to Porter's own. (He concluded his review with a complaint that over the years has become a cosmic irony: the prices, he pointed out, were unquoted.) The people who mattered, and had no previous investment in Johns, knew at once that he was the real thing. That



*Jasper Johns, photographed by Richard Avedon on Riverside Drive in New York City, January 15, 1965.*

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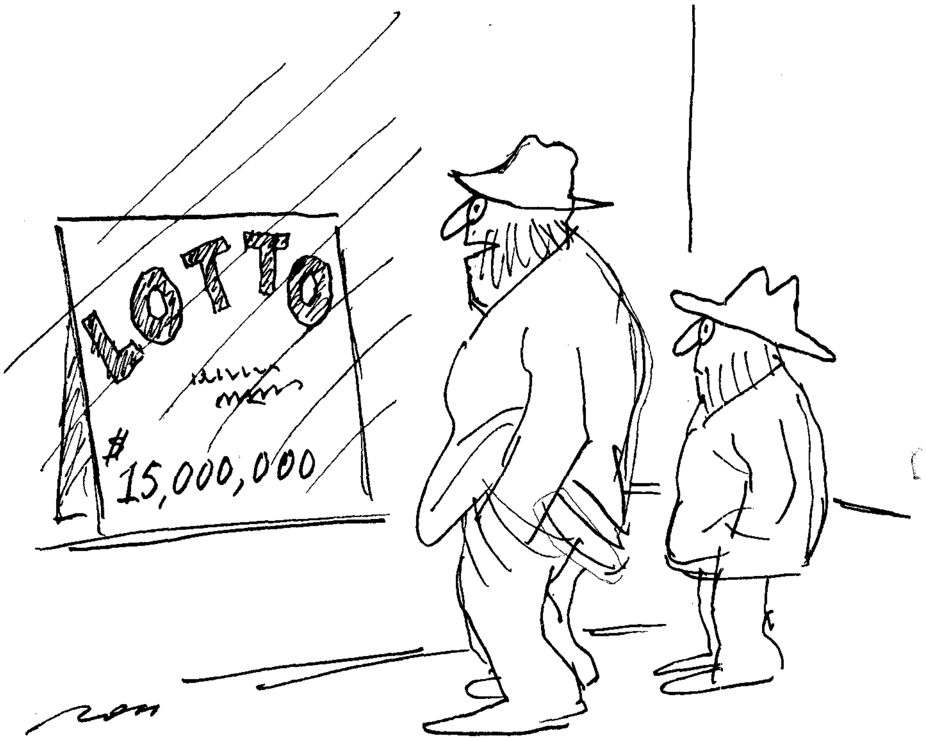
people today still want to believe that Johns' work was a *scandale* seems more a sign of the continuing prestige of *scandales* than an accurate account of what happened.

Johns became famous because Johns was good. But several accidents of history helped his cause. Johns was the first modern artist whose critical champions were trained art historians, chief among them being Robert Rosenblum, Leo Steinberg, and William Rubin. All three responded to his work with amazing celerity, and, since they spoke with authority, their patronage did him incalculable good. (When they talked about his relationship to Dada, say, they knew what they were talking about.) But their continuing influence has, perhaps, tended to make Johns seem a more narrowly art-historical creature than he really is. Leo Steinberg, in a justly famous article about Johns, offered the most radical of these art-about-art readings. By painting on a flat canvas flags and targets that were already flat, Johns had found, Steinberg asserted, a "breakthrough" manner of making representations that weren't illusions. Johns' flags were recognizable flags that were no longer merely pictures of flags—they were flag *paintings.*

This, I know, is the kind of distinction that can still send people running from the lecture room. But Steinberg wasn't trying to define the significance of Johns' art; he was just describing its character. Steinberg didn't think, any more than Johns did, that making a picture of a flag that could actually be taken for a flag—that, in a sense, *was* a flag—was in itself terribly complex or profound. On the contrary, what made it interesting was its obviousness—its artlessness. It was a slash-that-knot solution to the problem that Whitman had set for American art and literature: How do you get out of the dead end of second- and third-hand experience—of always making pictures of things and being poetic about them, instead of dealing with the things themselves—and still retain some connection to the real world? In the past, there had always been the thing, and then the artist taking the thing's picture, and then the picture of the thing. Johns short-circuited the system: now you had just the thing and the artist. It was an old-fashioned and interestingly unsophisticated move, a typically impatient, American sort of gesture: Why do I have to worry about picturing this thing? Give me the thing and let me at it.

Yet Johns never took this Whitmanesque preference for things over their pictures entirely seriously—never followed the argument through to its con-



*"Winning is crucial to my retirement plans."*

clusion. For if the subject was quick and "firsthand" the waxy, rumpled encaustic surface itself was slow and full of scruples. It's the tension between the emphatically real subject and the dryly vigilant painting which makes his pictures memorable—as though Whitman had been forced to design a flag in collaboration with Henry James.

This "painterly" treatment of Pop icons was a convention of the time. (An entire show of "Hand Painted Pop," mostly from the fifties, will arrive at the Whitney from the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art in April.) What distinguishes Johns from, say, Larry Rivers or Jim Dine is that the back-and-forth between the handmade surface and the borrowed image doesn't register as a compromise but as an ongoing quarrel. Johns' early flags and targets all knock you over with their sheer physical assertiveness, and then seem to pick you up, apologizing a little. His implicit defense of the old European art of painting—of its slowness, its dissection of vision, its resistance to rushing, and its faith that reality always has to be argued out in paint—looks all the more impressive for his explicit understanding of the American case for "unmediated" reality. When you look at Johns today, you still see the virtues of taking Whitman's argument seriously; when you look at Warhol today, you mostly see the fallacies in the argument.

Johns' paint surface is beautiful, but it isn't, as is sometimes said, "virtuoso." Johns isn't a master painter in the sense that Wayne Thiebaud or Richard Diebenkorn is—born with a gift for evoking shape and light through a few perfect brushstrokes. There is instead a deliberate element of deadpan parody in his Old Masterish touch. Johns' paint surfaces are, in every sense, *frosting* rather than structure—a deadpan send-up of "painterliness." But it's a special kind of send-up—the kind of parody of rhetoric which manages to invent a new rhetoric of its own.

What ties all twenty-two pictures in the flag series together is a wry and understated sadness. "Romantic melancholy," Leo Steinberg called it. But Johns' art seems too egoless to be genuinely romantic. *Classical* melancholy, maybe. (There's a difference: romantic melancholy is the feeling that the world isn't quite up to your demands on it, and

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classical melancholy is the feeling that you're not quite up to the world's demands on you.) In its demonstration that a dignified melancholic attitude can be built on a comic, and even sardonic, base, Johns' early art seems to reach right outside art, into a realm nearer to silent comedy. James Agee's description of Buster Keaton, in fact, may be the best evocation of Johns' art: "Beneath his lack of emotion, he is also uninsistently sardonic; deep below that, giving a disturbing tension and grandeur to the foolishness, for those who sense it, a freezing whisper not of pathos but of melancholia. With the craftsmanship, there was often, besides, a fine, still and sometimes dreamlike beauty."

AFTER the flags and the targets, Johns' next major series of pictures was twelve paintings of stencilled colors, which appeared at Castelli in the fall of 1959. Johns would stencil in the names of colors, and then paint over them: the word "Red" painted in red, the word "Yellow" in yellow, the word "Blue" in blue, and so on. In some of the pictures, the colors and the names are mixed up; "False Start," for instance, has a blue "Red," printed on orange. The philosophical or metaphysical content of this conceit seems less than momentous, but as dreams—intellectual dreams—the 1959 pictures still look very beautiful, and they come much closer to capturing dream reality than do, say, the neatly rounded, self-consciously literary dreams of the Surrealists. The thing about dreams is that they are at once banal and disturbing, and so are these pictures. They aren't just "things the mind already knows," as Johns' famous formulation has it. They're things that the mind hardly knows it already knows.

By the early sixties, though, Johns had become, if not old hat, then at least an Old Master: Warhol et al. had carried the most obvious aspect of Johns' literal subject matter to its obvious, alarming conclusions, while Frank Stella and the minimalists had carried its grammar of simplification and repetition to another extreme. (Stella even called one of his most aggressively simplified pictures—a monochrome set against a spectrum—"Jasper's Dilemma.") And since 1964 Johns has been in a bind: although his influence and reputation re-

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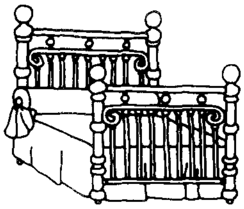

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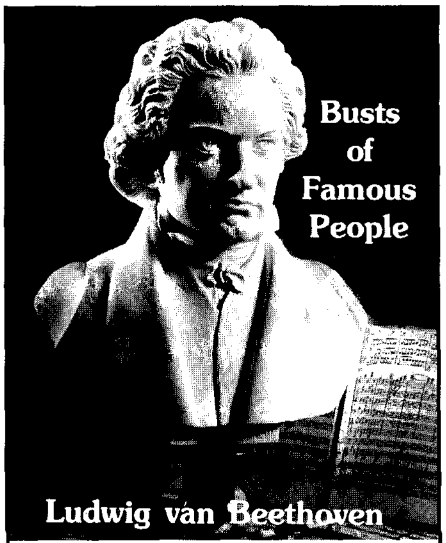
main unimpeachable, the Castelli show reveals that he has been more off and on than almost any other painter of his stature. Where someone like Roy Lichtenstein can keep pounding out the same formal materials, with more or less elegant or resourceful variations, Johns depends on experience—a peculiar kind of internal experience, to be sure, but experience all the same—and his work seems to need something new to set it off: some vessel, if only a couple of beer cans, in which it can be contained. The repertoire of symbols that Johns stumbled on by chance back in the fifties quickly began to suffer from repetition—becoming signature images rather than casual revelations—and so he has done his most authentic work when he has most nearly approached abstraction. Johns' best paintings of the past twenty years were the ones he showed at Castelli in 1974—the "Cross Hatch" series. They have no imagery at all—nothing more than a series of diagonal marks laid, like Italian terrazzo tiling, with one unit wedged against another, right across the picture. The pictures come in a variety of colors: primary reds and yellows, complementary violets and oranges, and, best of all, dark funereal tones, and black-and-white monochrome. They all have deliberately morbid names—"Weeping Women," for example, and "Corpse and Mirror"—but they seem genuinely elegiac and mysterious, the emotion rising from the ordinary patterning.

That has been Jasper's real dilemma for almost a quarter of a century: he has been pulled between a natural gift for mystery and an acquired bent for mystification. "The Seasons," the group of four paintings that caused a stir and received rapturous reviews when it appeared, in 1987, seems to be an example of the second urge. Filled with obvious personal iconography—a silhouette that stands in for the artist, "echoes" from older pictures, portraits of friends and heroes—the paintings call for the kind of dutiful puzzling out that high-school students used to apply to Bob Dylan lyrics. "What, for example, is the meaning of the silver spoon that hangs beneath Duchamp's portrait?" one critic pondered. "Does it refer to the artist's ancestors, a Southern antebellum dynasty? Or is it an indication of the medals and awards the artist has earned?" The surfaces are weird, but their content seems



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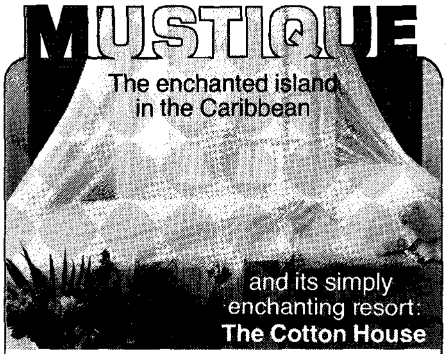
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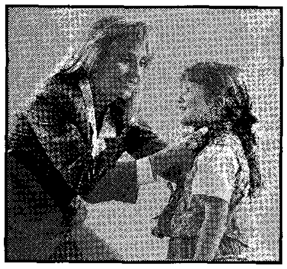

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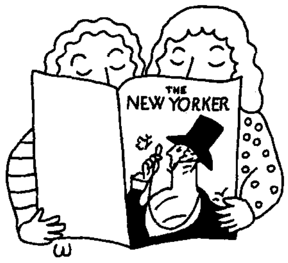

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dully journalistic. Johns has, unfortunately, begun to play the game a little himself. In 1990, he announced that his most recent series of pictures contained fragments from a tracing of a famous Old Master painting, but that he wasn't going to say which one. This caused a stampede. "There's a Madonna and child in there somewhere!" Amei Wallach said in *Newsday*. To have made the literal obscure, as Johns did in the flags and targets and maps, is an accomplishment; to have made the obscure *more* obscure, as he did in "The Seasons," is a bore; to have made the obscure literal, as he seems to have been doing lately, is an embarrassment.

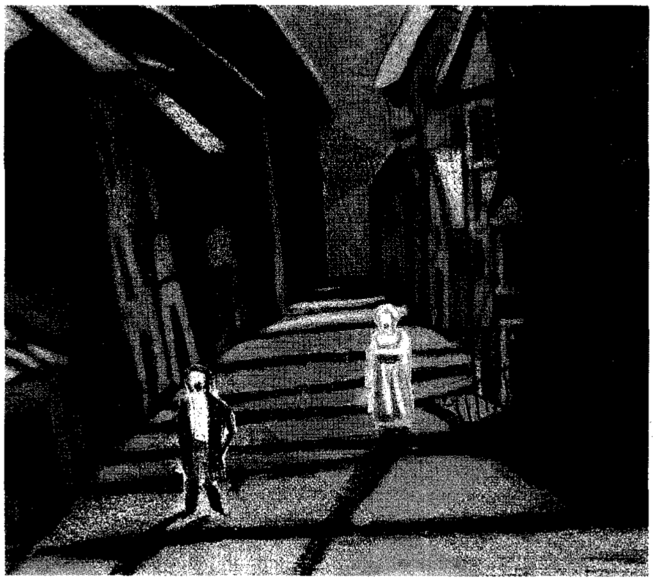
Fortunately, the very latest picture in the Castelli show—a picture from last year, called "Mirror's Edge"—is one of the best things he's done in years. It's a painted collage that will doubtless set off the usual round of puzzle-solving (it includes a painted photograph of the Milky Way, stick figures, ladders, etc.), but, unlike "The Seasons," whose elements seem to be bound together only by the piling on of parts and symbols, the new picture has an elegant unified presence that recalls the stencilled-letter paintings of the early sixties. Johns is at his best as a painter in monochrome, and "Mirror's Edge," all slate-blues and grays, recalls Cézanne instead of just invoking him.

"Mirror's Edge" recalls, too, that Johns' achievement as an artist, as has often been said, is to have transferred the kind of modernist anxiety and hesitancy you find in Cézanne from an art of the eye to one of the mind. The mistake people have made about Johns, I think, lies in assuming that because his art is about the mind it has to include *thoughts* about the mind—has to include a coherent philosophy of knowledge, which can be decoded picture by picture. This is a little like thinking that a Constable landscape ought to include a plan for soil reclamation. Kafka says in one of his notebooks that everybody carries a little room around inside him, and that when it's quiet enough you can hear the rattling of a mirror not quite firmly fastened to a wall. It's those little mental rattlings and tremors which Johns' art still evokes. His achievement, in retrospect, has been to show that you can have a beautifully cerebral art that contains absolutely no ideas at all. ♦

MUSICAL EVENTS

# CONTEST OF WILLS

BY PAUL GRIFFITHS



Pop-up Nuremberg: a scene from the Met's new production of "Die Meistersinger."

ANDREA VENTURA

FOR Wagner, the difference between epic and comedy was a question of time. What distinguishes his epics is reiteration, the repeated retelling of events, the insistence that a crucial action—a theft, a wound, a kiss—can, in its repercussions, hammer on down the years. In his single comedy, this implacable drive through time happens in a different way. Nobody spends very long reconsidering the past in "Die Meistersinger"; instead, what the characters tell each other (and us) about is the future. Eva informs her admirer Walther that she will have to marry the winner of the mastersingers' song contest; David explains what the mastersingers are about before we ever see them; Pogner, still in the first act, looks forward to the festival that will come in the third. No twist of the plot will perturb the grand unfolding for which we are being prepared. The pattern is set, and the opera's incidents and circumstances will be accommodated within it as they occur. This is how the drama begins, with the sidelong glances of Eva and Walther placed in the interstices of church worship, the characters featured against and within a rolling stream of time. These aren't agents of the universe, like the people of "The Ring" or "Tristan"; their deeds don't spark the machine. In place of a Wotan, trying to find ways to right the consequences of his own acts and decisions, the dominant figure is Hans Sachs, whose wisdom consists in watching fate and, on occasion, giving it a nudge. All will be well; nothing can go wrong.

Except, of course, in the performance. Lots of the sadnesses of the new Met production could be foreseen—in a very "Meistersinger" way—well in advance, but not the dullness of the orchestral performance under James Levine. His favoring of the strings, and of a particularly smooth sound from them, is partly to blame, but the problem has more to do with the inexorability of "Meistersinger" time. Where in "Parsifal" or "The Ring" Mr. Levine's square, solid rhythms and slow tempos can be understood as the attributes of Nemesis, and therefore as integral to the musical drama, in "Die Meistersinger" they belong only to the clock, and not to the rush of feelings that the clock moves forward as it must. I'd not have thought it possible to perform the overture with so little thrill and heedlessness, or to polish up so many sequences of the accompaniment as if they were self-contained studies in motivic development; Mr. Levine must also be setting records for slowness in the prelude to the third act, where he strains to hear Amfortas's suffering through Sachs's hard acceptance. A good deal of the orchestral playing is, to be sure, beguiling and beautiful, but in its self-consciousness all it evokes is the requirement to admire.

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his "Ring," Mr. Levine has gone to the firm of Otto Schenk, Günther Schneider-Siemssen, and Rolf Langenfass to contribute, respectively, the production, its sets, and its costumes. What we see, therefore, must be what the conductor wants us to see—which is a perplexing conclusion to have to reach about the artistic director of a major opera house. Forty years or so ago, a part of the theatrical world got stuck, like a train in a blind siding. Conventions of representation, which naturally change in an evolving tradition, became fixed rules: scenery would forevermore leave as little as possible to the imagination; people would emote and react at every opportunity. This is where we are with the Met "Meistersinger," in this train that has been still so long that a putative past naturalism has hardened and stiffened into wooden, thoughtless artifice.

The set for the second act, for instance, looks not like a street in old Nuremberg but like an antiquated simulacrum of a street in old Nuremberg, complete with a fuss of detail: a stepped, cobbled pavement, a patch of garden, a hill of more high, gabled houses in the distance. The three-dimensionality, through a shallow perspective, is that of a pop-up book, and there's the same sense of showy workmanship and of a space made to be looked at rather than inhabited. It's characteristic of all Mr. Schneider-Siemssen's décors that the action takes place not within them but in front of them, in a narrow, well-lit band across the stage. This is so even if—as in the first act, whose church interior boasts only a single lancet window—the image suggests darkness, because the image is only a background. The reality is that of the awkwardly big-gestured acting that Mr. Schenk encourages or condones within the bright forward corridor, where no movement is too crass or too winsome, no response too obvious or too vulgar.

Into this nightmare of staginess strides Donald McIntyre as Sachs. He doesn't exactly sing the role, except for odd passages of a sudden solid strength and decisiveness. But what he does do—muse through phrases with a head voice that goes right into falsetto and slips to a pin-drop whisper in this vast space; ruggedly tackle other sequences as if the role were written in Schoenbergian sprechgesang—is astonishing. It's all the more so since he's onstage with a Pogner, Jan-Hendrik Rootering, who could clearly provide the most gloriously and gravely sung performance as Sachs. Mr. Rootering offers far and away the surest musical satisfaction of the evening, his voice rounded with magnanimity, and he keeps his majestic figure aloof from the idiocies of the staging. But Mr. McIntyre gives something more. In his honesty, and in his self-exposure, he seems to be alone on the stage. Or, rather, he seems to be not on the stage at all but telling us about some person and some story of far greater significance than anything we can see.

While Mr. McIntyre is staking out his own stark world, and Mr. Rootering wearily closes his eyes, nobody else in the cast has the force of personality or the musicianship to avoid the production. Francisco Araiza as Walther does what's required of him in the romantic-poetic manner, and when he gets to the prize song one begins to understand why he might want to be singing the role: the sound is rapturous and the style good, both together well conveying the impression of a young nobleman. But he's obliged to save himself earlier in order to get there, and a feeling of strain—for volume, for upper strength, for verbal accent—hovers. Karita Mattila as Eva also has her difficulties. She settles marvellously into her scene with Sachs, but before that her singing is inclined to skid—perhaps partly because she feels a need to keep flailing her arms about and stepping up on tiptoe in what must be her or Mr. Schenk's idea of girlish behavior. (But then the production's notion of boyishness is even more tiresome. The unfortunate women singing the apprentices have to sport the Renaissance caps and strike the arms-akimbo poses of some camp musical comedy; it's hard to take their singing seriously.)

The lusty noise of the full chorus in the finale is, at last, a pleasure, and here Mr. Levine starts to give the music an ample, supple breath. Otherwise, by far the chief virtue of the evening is in the understanding, the quietness, and the generosity of Mr. McIntyre's performance, one effect of which is to make the opera's treatment of Beckmesser seem particularly cruel. Hermann Prey's impersonation of the town clerk lacks the spitefulness that might have made the cruelty appear deserved; he's a sporting soul. Among the rest, Lars Magnusson as David, once over some awkwardness, is a ray of light: young, fresh and daring of voice, and an engagingly easy stage personality. Given the incoherence of the whole, his and his character's cheery informality is especially sympathetic.

The powerful presence of the chorus in the closing scene restores, as it should, the ageless time of the opera's opening. "Die Meistersinger" starts with the hint of a contest between private and public worlds, between the young lovers' flirting and the singing of Matins. It ends with a ceremony of reconciliation, in which the folding of individual desires into common aspirations is assured and celebrated, and in which, as at the same point in "Fidelio," opera moves toward oratorio.

BUT what if the supposed aspirations of a society are such that no sane individual could assent to them? While Wagner's opera-oratorio was opening at the Met, Shostakovich's symphony-oratorio—his Thirteenth Symphony, setting poems by Yevgeny Yevtushenko—was being presented by the Philharmonic, in a strikingly and rightly biting performance under Kurt Masur. The work was written in 1962, at a moment when it began to seem possible that Soviet artists might move away from the forced optimism of socialist realism. To Shostakovich, such freedom was inevitably much more a challenge than an opportunity, and he accepted that challenge to work with the recent, outspoken verses of Yevtushenko, a young man of the next generation. (For a parallel, one has to imagine Elliott Carter setting Allen Ginsberg at that time.) The five Yevtushenko poems he chose express an identification with those who, in the people's state, remained reviled and downtrodden:

women waiting in a store; and Jews, in a virulent attack on Soviet anti-Semitism as a continuation of the Holocaust. This is the subject of the first poem, whose title, "Babi Yar," has in the West been grafted onto the whole symphony. The other, quicker movements of the work are based on texts that assert the poet's insubordination through irony: humor, he declares, is beyond the power of rulers to command; the heroes are not those who keep their noses clean ("A colleague of Galileo's time, Like Galileo, just as wise, Knew too the earth revolved, But—he had a family").

Thirty years later, here in Avery Fisher Hall was the poet himself to preface the symphony with a reading of "Babi Yar" in Russian and of a couple of more recent poems in English. These later pieces showed that he has not lost either his ironic touch or his confidence in speaking of, for, and to the nation. He also showed himself still very much a performer, dressed in a baggy-jacketed brown silk suit that emphasized his gestures, and using the luxury of a Russian accent to drawl his words into incantation. His is poetry written to be spoken, written to be asserted as personal testimony. Shostakovich's setting of it for chorus goes right against its inclinations, but does so for a purpose: the choral-orchestral panoply is the Trojan horse, the acceptable form for an unacceptable message. Furthering the open disguise, the composer's decision to make this work his Thirteenth Symphony, rather than a "Babi Yar" cantata or oratorio, gave it an appearance of safeness, while also guaranteeing that it would make its way to the West, where he was widely regarded as the greatest living symphonist. (Even so, the American première was delayed for more than seven years.)

But formal stratagems are never innocent. Where the young Yevtushenko's poems artlessly shout and smile defiance, Shostakovich's handling of them betokens a more ambiguous stance. Distributing the lines between a bass soloist and a men's chorus may have been necessary for the work to stand any chance of being performed in 1962, but at the same time it makes the music more objective. There are moments—many fearlessly savage or bombastic or funny moments—where singer and choir seem to give a direct endorsement to the words, to perform them with the poet's own blend of fervor and theatricality. But there are also passages where Shostakovich's music appears to be observing protest as a theme, just as, in terms not so dissimilar, it observed revolutionary preparations and struggles in the two preceding program symphonies, based on the events of 1905 and 1917. The outburst is made; we can't see whether the composer's mouth was open or closed. And perhaps this is the work's fiercest denouncement—that in a corrupt system not even the gainsayer can be sure of his own causes and motives.

In a conspicuously Russian manner, the troubles and doubts of the piece subtend a briskly clear surface, and this realization of it went with due dispatch. Mr. Masur, as a citizen of the German Democratic Republic, must have had firsthand experience of what Yevtushenko was writing about, though perhaps more to the point is his sensitivity to the dour atmospheres (splendid work from tuba, bassoons, and cellos), the unprepared yells, and the trenchant rhythms of Shostakovich's style. It isn't necessary to share the composer's self-distrust and self-constraint in order to conduct his music; indeed, it's almost certainly necessary not to. What the music needs is what it finds abundantly in Mr. Masur: a confidence that is almost airy but is backed by an unpretentious dedication; a zest for assertion but not self-assertion. This was his outstanding performance of the season so far.

It was helped not only by the edge-of-the-seat address of the orchestra but also by the vocal contributions. The men of the New York Choral Artists were forthright and convincingly Russian in sound. Sergei Leiferkus as the soloist—a baritone rather than the bass suggested by the score—brought a lyrical sway and an ironic shrug to the work; I thought of his Tomsky in "The Queen of Spades," and of the old joke about the attitude of the Viennese, that the situation is desperate but not serious. He has the power and the persuasiveness to affirm, but there's an abiding charm. And though the music isn't charming at all, his allure and Shostakovich's anxiety lead to the same position of close concern but outsideness. Faced with time as this music hears it, time as a relentless machine, either you smile or you huddle. ♦

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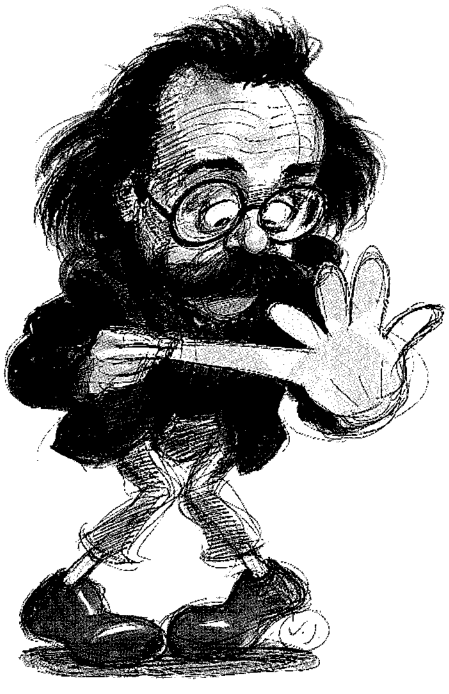
THE CURRENT CINEMA

# FLIGHTS OF FANCY

BY ANTHONY LANE

WOODY ALLEN and Maurizio Nichetti have the same problem: that bizarre strain of shyness which can only be cured by seizing complete, up-front control of a motion picture. Nichetti not only wrote and directed "Volere Volare" but also takes the leading role, playing a character named, yes, Maurizio. If you can call him a character, that is; he's more of a front, a little piece of personality that took a trip to the joke shop and came back with a silly face. Pekinese hair, headlamp spectacles, and the kind of über-mustache that Nietzsche dreamed of but never truly achieved—the same look that Nichetti used in his last film, "The Icicle Thief," and likely to become his trademark. That would be a pity; it's really good for only one expression—bug-eyed panic—and although he hardly speaks in this movie, there's something shrill and tiring about the very sight of him. If this is a throwback to silent days, it misses.

Maurizio (the character) is a dubber by trade. He hangs around town waiting for something loud to happen—a wailing baby, trash cans on the move—and then sticks out his microphone to catch the effects. Back in the studio, he pastes them together, adds a few homemade honks and rattles of his own, and creates new soundtracks for old cartoons. If nothing else, "Volere Volare" (it means "To Want to Fly" in Italian) gives you a chance to stoke up on early Disney: that blurry black-and-white, like a flip-book of drypoint etchings, and the anthropomorphic free-for-all of a trade that hadn't yet learned to say no to a gag. The funniest moment in the movie belongs not to Nichetti but to Popeye, as he flexes for an oncoming train and punches its boiler out.



*Sounding off: Maurizio Nichetti in "Volere Volare."*

VICTOR JUHASZ

Maurizio shares the studio with his blockish brother (Patrizio Roversi), who hauls in a team of girls to help him dub porn flicks. I didn't know it was possible for smut to misfire, but somehow Nichetti gets it wrong. The girls are there to moan and meow, and not much else, but for some reason they keep removing their clothes; if they stayed all prim and buttoned up, you might have the beginnings of a joke. So what's going on? Maybe the brother has deep powers of persuasion. Or maybe Italian movies are going the way of Italian television, where they can hardly read the news without stripping. Either way, the movie's light heart is scarred by this reflex misogyny, which presumes that women like to sprint toward temptation with a giggle.

So thank God for Angela Finocchiaro, who plays Martina—the love interest, as they used to say, although love is perhaps the least interesting thing about her. "I can't imagine myself in bed with just anyone," she says, and, indeed, she feels more at home with highly particular perverts, who employ her to fulfill their needs. There are the matching twins who can look but not touch, the professor who cries to be fed like an infant, and the chef who laves her in dark chocolate—the best smothering scene since Shirley Eaton got badly gilded in "Goldfinger." But Nichetti almost wipes away the sensuality with his choice of score—lots of waltzing strings cutely timed to fit every succulent closeup.

For an erotic comedy, in fact, "Volere Volare" is amazingly unsexy; Nichetti approaches his subject like a teen-ager asking for a dance, alternately wary and galumphing. His career choice for Martina is plainly indebted to "Belle de Jour"—there's even a scene of kinky mourning, which takes you back to Catherine Deneuve in black gauze—but Nichetti can't begin to keep Buñuel's straight face, the freezing gaze that he levelled at our vanities. It's left to Finocchiaro to work her charms upon the film, and so she does, with a touch of Debra Winger in her method. No pouting or sweltering—if anything, she's rather bony and graceless, and keeps pulling long faces beneath her frizzy hair. But there's something wonderfully tolerant and unshockable about her, a mild carnal curiosity that she barely expects to be satisfied. Even the lighting, elsewhere rather flat, brims around her with suggestive contrasts: the camera follows her naked figure placidly through her apartment, past the ice blue of the bathroom and into the peachy, curtained glow of the hall.

Maurizio falls for her, of course, although everything is locked into place before the fall; Nichetti isn't the kind of director to leave anything to chance. There's nothing brief about this encounter. Some people will find it all the more touching for that—the sticky, old-fashioned web of fate in which lovers get glued together. But Nichetti lacks the confidence of a high-fibre romantic; his work is all nerves and no swagger, and even when it unwinds into a good mood he likes to make a nuisance of himself, which isn't hard. During one lovely scene in a park, a drunken Martina starts—for one reason or another—to fly. It seems natural enough: she could do with a break, and it might as well be from gravity. All you want is to sit back and watch, but Maurizio fools around on the edge of the frame, doing a reaction, and spoils the show by trying to steal it.

Anyone who saw "The Icicle Thief" will know that Nichetti isn't one to let a technical trick pass him by. That movie was split in half, with the two sections—a modern television station and an old Italian melodrama—bleeding beautifully into each other: the dumb blonde from a poolside commercial found herself in the middle of neorealist grime. Even so, Nichetti took a long time to get things going, and the chaos caught fire only in the last half hour. Much the same happens with "Volere Volare," where the joke is that Maurizio turns into a cartoon. It doesn't sound that funny, and it really isn't. I can't even work out what brings it on: one moment, there are little cartoon ducks falling off the screen at his studio, and the next thing you know, the guy himself is shrinking into a bacon-pink homunculus. Very odd, and possibly connected to sexual anxiety, but who knows?

Martina looks relieved that Maurizio has merely got a bad case of animation; he could have caught something really nasty, or turned into Richard Gere. But it's a visual tautology: Nichetti has already transformed himself into a parody, with the mustache and glasses, and this just furthers the process. He should have gone the other way, and peeled off his dull disguise. In "The Icicle Thief" we sometimes saw him as he really was, and the face under the shrubbery was far more mobile and expressive. (So was Chaplin's when he detramped himself.) Still, Nichetti and his animator, Guido

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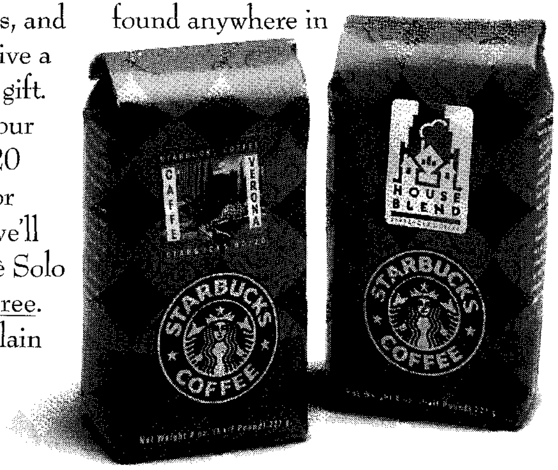

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Manuli, are not the first to fluff the genre: from "Bedknobs and Broomsticks" to "Who Framed Roger Rabbit?" directors have made the mistake of hyping up live action to keep pace with the cartoon, egging on the performers to act like Goofy. If they played it straight, the contrast would smack us sweetly in the face. But the comic shock dies fast anyway: the best example remains "Anchors Aweigh"—a squeak of glee as Gene Kelly hoofs it with a mouse.

"Volere Volare" ends like a poorly staged farce—everybody zooming around town in raincoats and bedsheets. But then slapstick is not Nichetti's strong point: there's no slap to it, just slippery flailing and the occasional Ben Turpin daze. At one point, Maurizio and Martina take a drunken tumble, and you actually have to turn away in embarrassment; they look as if they were playing charades—acting out Gibbon or something. I wonder if Nichetti isn't working against his own interests—doing his perpetual nerd act, spinning these daffy, uncool movies around his own helplessness. They boil with good ideas but spit at the prospect of balance and grace. Only once does "Volere Volare" pause to move us, when Maurizio the movie buff cooks himself supper. A steak sizzles on top of the hot projector; salami is sliced through its whirring reels. The whole thing is peaceful, obsessive, and quietly mad. Who needs cartoon birds around when you're already out of your tree?

I GOT more laughs out of "The Oak," though God knows how. It was made in 1991 by the Romanian director Lucian Pintilie, who has had a long and troubled career in television and the theatre as well as in cinema. The story doesn't sound promising—a rape, a morgue, a lot of pollution, and only one kiss—and I could have done without the hamster. Imagine, you're watching a movie set in Romania during the final years of the Ceausescu regime, and generally enjoying the show, when suddenly the screen is filled by a hamster paddling around on a treadmill. Symbolism alert! Look out—a mindless proletariat going nowhere in the cage of dictatorship!

The moment passes, though, and you can breathe again. Pintilie's film is full of these pushy, jagged details, but in the end you don't mind; if anything, the awkwardness grows bracing, and "The Oak" seems to flourish in the rubble. The plot is a mess, but anything else, you feel, would be a lie; Pintilie wouldn't want to flatter his characters, or his fellow-countrymen, by toning their lives into good fictional shape. His heroine, Nela (Maia Morgenstern), undergoes what looks like a voyage of discovery, except that nothing is discovered; a few more illusions get cracked and thrown away, that's all. Anyone who's been reading recent novels from Eastern Europe—Ivan Klima, say, or Josef Skvorecky—will feel primed for Nela's plight: the hike from one misadventure to the next, and the wry, pragmatic courage with which she learns to greet them.

It all starts in a scummy apartment, with a flurry of contending images: Nela sick and dozy, her father dead beside her, and the glow of a home movie up on the wall—an old clip of happiness. It shows a Christmas-party scene, but look again: Santa is toting a revolver, and the guests are silently collapsing into the cake. This is heart-catching stuff, and draws you in while blowing your emotional reference points: What is this loony world where jollity is spiced with violence? How can death be so dismal, yet good for a laugh? Maia Morgenstern makes Nela a moving victim of these perplexities, with her battered beauty and the veins swelling blue on her forehead; she runs through her lines without a breath, as if life were halfway between hard graft and song. And when she does breathe, it's through a cigarette; this is a seriously smoky film. Just occasionally, Pintilie turns off the heat, and you thank him for it, as when Nela guides her aging mother down a quiet alley of trees. They pause, and the camera keeps tracking back, as if to leave them in peace.

Having cremated her father, and blithely carried the ashes around in a coffee jar, Nela sets off to take up a teaching post in a provincial town. Here she is abused and persecuted, though probably no more than she would have been anywhere else; what scares you about the movie is the artless quality of its suffering, at once highly concentrated and wholly random. The good news is that contentment can splutter into life in much the same way: Nela meets a doctor named Mitica (Razvan Vasilescu), and in no time they're camping out in the country. The place explodes, but it's only a bunch of soldiers on night maneuvers, lost and bemused and glad for the company. "He knew how to take cover" was the verdict on Nela's father, and it seems to be the great national talent; the movie is full of Romanians who just want to lie low and have fun. You can't blame them.

Mitica is at the heart of "The Oak," but you can hardly work out how he got there. He just muscles in from the verge of the plot and takes lodgings in Nela's life, with the same chafing energy that infuriates the secret police. It's great casting: with his snaky frame and on-off grin, Vasilescu looks like the patron saint of know-how. Mitica bristles with charity but doesn't want to hear about it, and doesn't think much of it when it comes from other people. When he's arrested, and then set free for having operated on the wife of a Party official, he says to the jailer, "Tell your superiors that the reason for my release is a disgrace." He's a dangerously good man.

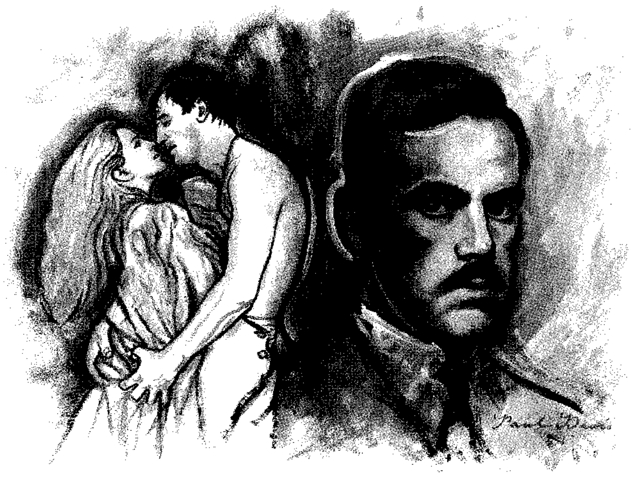
With Mitica leading the charge, the whole film rings with rebellion, though of a curious kind—a free-form bohemian anger that drifts into clowning. Pintilie has the same taste for raw feeling that you find in Rossellini or the Taviani brothers, but with less wish to control it. He directs like a child in a fistfight, even though it was mature despair that drove him into the fray. He has enjoyed the distinction of seeing two of his films ("The Reconstitution" and "Scenes of Carnival") and a production of Gogol banned by Ceausescu himself. You can feel the weight of grievance pressing on "The Oak," and it can't resist the occasional lapse into declamation—raucous rants at the supper table, or a priest's mournful confession that "alcohol tempers our suffering and gives us hope."

But at its best the movie—like its characters—stays alive by grabbing at pleasures on the wing, and having the nerve to trust in the surreal. (Not a bad idea when the real is out to get you.) A brain-damaged baby tugs at grass, and raises sunken eyes to the roar of a jet; an impromptu funeral turns into a party, under a cool cobalt dusk; and a hamster—yes, *that* hamster—gnaws an apple by Nela's foot as she calmly daubs her toenails. Pintilie has too much to show us, and not all of it makes sense, but that's the weird, eager strength of his movie. Gogol would have been proud of him. ♦

THE THEATRE

# SELLING THE SIZZLE

BY JOHN LAHR



*Natasha Richardson and Liam Neeson hot up O'Neill's "Anna Christie."*

PAUL DAVIS

"O'NEILL" means "champion" in Gaelic. Once Eugene O'Neill had decided to turn his grief into glory as a playwright, at the advanced age of twenty-five, he was hellbent on greatness. "I want to be an artist or nothing," he wrote to Harvard's George Pierce Baker, applying to Baker's famous playwriting class in 1914. By 1916, with "Bound East for Cardiff," the first of a series of six one-act plays about his early life at sea, O'Neill had broadcast his desire both to shine and to transform American drama from what he called the "showshop" mentality, whose commercial compromises had destroyed his father's great acting gifts, into an arena where the new century's language and life could be seriously displayed and dissected. "My soul is a submarine. My aspirations are torpedoes," O'Neill confessed in his 1917 poem "Submarine." The torpedoes soon found their mark. In 1920, "Beyond the Horizon," which is almost unreadable today, won O'Neill his first Pulitzer Prize; and by 1922, with "Anna Christie," whose three-year gestation was O'Neill's longest labor of love up to then, he had collected his second Pulitzer. He pronounced himself "the Hot Dog of the Drama."

And he was. Courting his art with the same fierce, reckless dedication with which he once courted oblivion, O'Neill bushwhacked his way through the morass of old show-biz assumptions. He was the first to stage the life and the idiom of the American lower classes; the first to put an American black man onstage as a figure of complexity and substance; the first to adapt the innovations of European drama to America; the first to challenge the soullessness of the century's materialism; and the first American playwright to insist on working as an artist. "I determined I would never sell out," O'Neill said. He kept on his writing desk a cautionary photo of his famous father, and in 1934, at the height of his fame, he withdrew from public life to work on a cycle of eleven plays, whose title, "A Tale of Possessors Self-Dispossessed," is indicative of the "cultural gas" with which his work and his ego were increasingly inflated. He later wrote to an eager Broadway producer, "My poverty-stricken years of past are proof enough that there is no danger of my street-walking along Broadway. I simply ain't that kind of a girl."

Well, a girl can change her mind, and on the subject of "Anna Christie" O'Neill did. "The fact is 'Anna Christie' is the stalest of all my plays—stale from much use, and stale because it is the most conventional playwrighting of anything I've done, although its subject matter was damned unconventional in our theatre of 1921," O'Neill wrote in 1941, contemplating Ingrid Bergman's taking Anna—the first of O'Neill's many whore-mothers—on the road. "It is a play written about characters and a situation—not about characters and life." "Anna Christie" and "The Iceman Cometh" have the same autobiographical origins, in Jimmy the Priest's bar, on

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Manhattan's Lower East Side, where O'Neill and a handful of other characters who appear in both plays steered into their skid. In this sense, both plays are ghost plays, reflecting aspects of O'Neill's hauntedness. What separates them is twenty years of craft, success, and overweening resolve "to howl: Imagination, Beauty, Daring, or bust." After "Anna Christie," O'Neill worked at a ferocious pace, creating as many clunkers ("Welded," "Dynamo," "Marco Millions") as classics ("Desire Under the Elms," "The Hairy Ape," "The Emperor Jones"). His bold experiments in pursuit of "tragic expression in terms of transfigured modern values and symbols" didn't so much strip life down as wear it down. The masks of "Lazarus Laughed" and "The Great God Brown," the five-hour "Strange Interlude," and the six-hour retelling of the fall of the House of Atreus in "Mourning Becomes Electra" amply demonstrate O'Neill's confusion of grandiosity with greatness. So his outbursts against "Anna Christie" have to be taken with a substantial dose of salt and with the knowledge that between the twenties, when he began his major work, and the mid-forties, when Parkinson's disease forced him to put down his pen, he had progressed from America's theatrical Jeremiah to its Gargantua.

O'Neill claimed of "Anna Christie," "I couldn't sit through it without getting the heebie-jeebies and wondering why the hell I ever wrote it. . . ." He would remember quick enough, and be glued to his seat into the bargain, if he could watch the sparks fly between Natasha Richardson and Liam Neeson as they burn with regret and desire in the Roundabout Theatre's Broadway revival. From the distance of seventy years, the play, which foreshadows O'Neill's major themes but does not labor them, is appealing in its modesty and potent in the playing of its romantic passion. Richardson and Neeson are a particularly thrilling matchup, and it's the chemistry of their contest that Richardson wanted to talk about in her dressing room an hour before the opening; it brought a shine even to her hooded left eye, which was swollen with conjunctivitis.

In real life, Richardson resembles O'Neill's first-draft concept of Anna, in which she was imagined to be from England rather than from the Midwest, and was high-toned, not low-down: "Anna is a tall, blond, fully developed girl . . . built on a statuesque, beautifully-moulded plan. . . . her expression is alert, mobile, intelligent. Her wide blue eyes betray anything of the dreamer. They shine with an eager, wistful light." This is Richardson's second time around in the role, which has attracted a number of charismatic, independent, and compelling performers, like Greta Garbo, Ingrid Bergman, and Liv Ullmann. A woman of pedigree and passion, Richardson can amply hold her own in such stellar company; she is one of those actresses by whom a generation marks its progress. Nearly three years ago, at London's Young Vic, she scored a resounding triumph as Anna in a production whose casting of her Swedish barge-captain father, Chris Christopherson, and her Irish sailor sweetheart, Mat Burke, left large areas of their emotional landscape unexplored. The New York production certainly rectifies the imbalance.

"When I first read the play, I knew it was written for Liam Neeson. It's just written for him. Not just physically, but you'll see," she said, her husky voice filled with expectation. "I felt the play could go on to a whole other level—a deeper level of passion, of humor, of anger and despair. I wanted to do it with Liam and with an actor playing the father who was not frightened of it emotionally. You can't fake these parts. You need enormous technical capacity, but you also have to be prepared to open yourself up emotionally. A lot of English actors are inhibited in this area. Liam's forty. He's a man, but he's still got vulnerability. I was afraid I might get stuck in the way I did the play before. But one of the great joys of working with Liam and Rip Torn"—he plays the father—"is that a lot of stuff that I'd never imagined started to come out." Richardson cited as an example a powerful moment in the fourth act, when Burke returns to confront Anna, whose confession of her sordid past has sent both her long-lost father and her newfound love off on benders:

BURKE: Tell me it's a lie, I'm saying! That's what I'm after coming to hear you say.

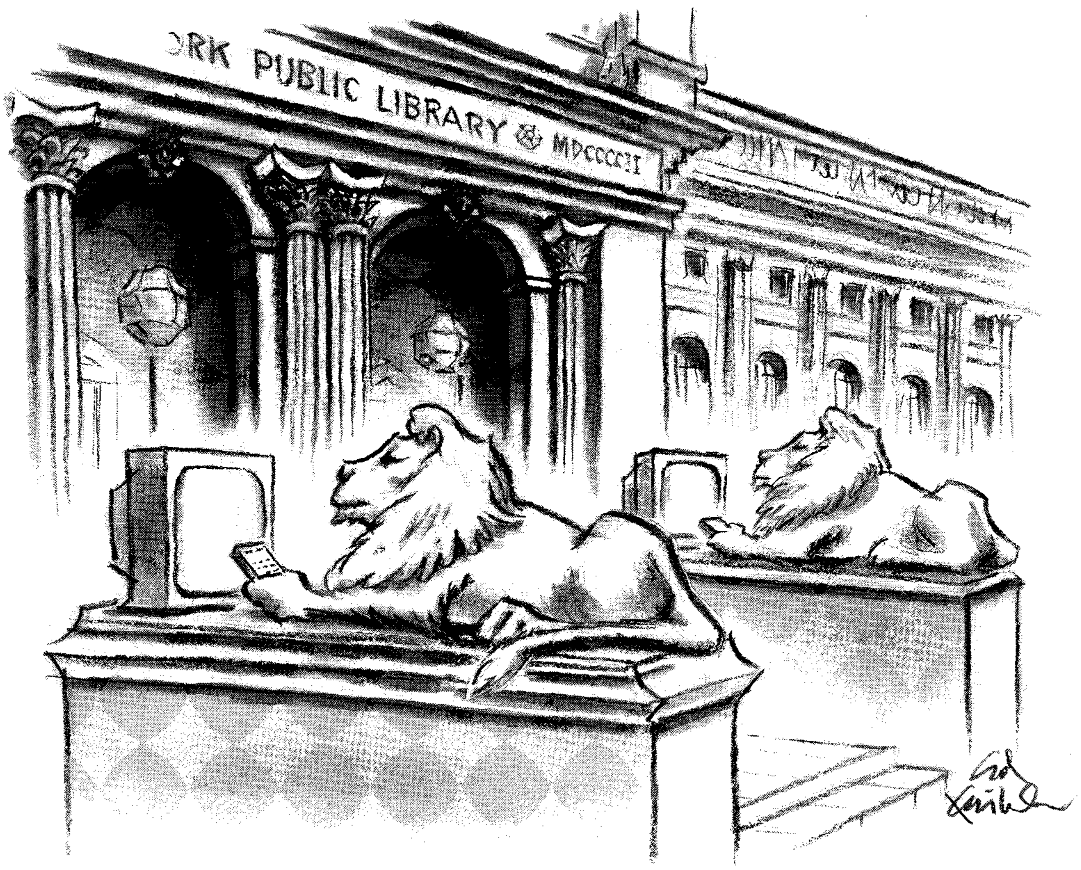
ANNA: A lie? What?

BURKE: All the badness you told me two days back. Sure it must be a lie! You was only making game of me, wasn't you? Tell me 'twas a lie, Anna, and I'll be saying prayers of thanks on my two knees to the Almighty God!

ANNA: I can't, Mat.

"I used to say the 'I can't, Mat' terribly flat," she said. "Now, with Liam, I have to make a conscious choice. He's so attractive, such a powerful presence, that it makes it very easy to fall in love with him. Now I really think about lying. Can I lie? Maybe I will. Then I realize I have to tell him the truth. So it raises the stakes for the character in terms of her courage. In fact, it brings my entire game up."

No amount of exposure to Neeson's performances in films like "Husbands and Wives" and "Leap of Faith" or Richardson's hyperbole can quite prepare you for the actual encounter with him. This is his Broadway début, and, at six feet four, he towers above the rest of the cast like a kind of sequoia of sex. His amalgam of sensuality and sensibility sends an electrifying charge through an audience. When he washes up on Christopherson's coal barge after surviving five days at sea, the audience sits where Anna stands: eyeball to eyeball with a force of nature. He compels immediate attention and belief. He *is* a stoker. He *is* catnip to women. He *has* seen the world and loved the journey. His presence is so riveting that it can make you forget the vulgarities of the play's melodramatic structure and the cuts of the director, David Leveaux, which get Burke incongruously out of the water and onto center stage without so much as a helping hand. Not since Brando tossed meat up to Stella in "A Streetcar Named Desire" has flesh made such a spectacular entrance. Brando's Stanley was predatory and cruel. Neeson's Burke is gentler—a



combination of boyish pugnacity and playfulness. With fists as big as ham hocks and eyes as shrewdly watchful as a cat's, Neeson seems to have stepped right out of O'Neill's earliest notes for the character: ". . . his eyes dark and handsome, merry with a reckless good-nature; the white teeth of his self-indulgent, sensual mouth flashing in a smile tantalizing in its self-assurance. His laugh is rollicking, devil-may-care and infectious." Neeson, who hails from Ballymena, in Ireland, gets his tongue naturally around the rhythms of O'Neill's prose and gives it an unusual gaiety and grace. "Whisht, now, me daisy! Himself's in the cabin. It's wan of your kisses I'm needing to take the tiredness from me bones. Wan kiss, now!" he says. Anna, whose adolescent rape turned her to prostitution and to a hatred of men, "every mother's son of 'em," may momentarily spurn Burke, but the audience is well and truly ravished. The play is a potpourri of immigrant sounds, and such is the technical mastery of Torn, Richardson, and Neeson that the collection of vernacular speech—Swedish, Irish, North American—makes an articulate case for one of O'Neill's most vaunted claims: that he was "a bit of a poet, who had labored with the spoken word to evolve original rhythms of beauty where beauty apparently isn't."

"Anna Christie" serves up the whole romantic soufflé. There's love at first sight. "It is dreaming I am?" Burke says when he comes to his senses and claps eyes on Anna's face, now relaxed and purified from her ten-day stay on the water in her father's barge. We know this because O'Neill lays it on with a lot of symbolic and (at the Roundabout) "non-toxic"—as the lobby sign calls it—fog. "It makes me feel clean," Anna says. What we're looking at is a walking, talking Christian symbol of redemption. Mat sees Anna's halo almost at once: "That fine yellow hair is like a golden crown on your head." Anna was "a nurse girl" before she became a hooker, and her first instinct when she sees Burke, whom she describes as "a big kid," is to give him succor, feeding him with the glass teat of a whiskey bottle. But what really gives oxygen to O'Neill's fantasy and life to his dialogue, which in lesser hands might teeter on cliché, is the enormousness of need which Richardson and Neeson winkle out from behind the words. Raw longing draws them toward each other with a gorgeous, sometimes furious compulsion. When Anna elbows Burke away, she really belts him. There's a physical brazenness in their playing which conveys the gravity and the punishment of their romantic agony. Burke pushes the full weight of his broad forehead against the barrel of Anna's drawn gun. "Let you shoot, I'm saying, and be done with it! Let you end me with a shot and I'll be thanking you, for it's a rotten dog's life I've lived the past two days since I've known what you are. . . ."

Anna was one of O'Neill's earliest projections of the abandonments of his own childhood. O'Neill, like Anna, had been given up to the care of strangers, and had been shunted off to boarding school from the age of seven. He, too, had found himself rootless and lost and exhausted from the struggle to survive. Anna is a repository for all these ancient and inarticulate wounds. "If you'd even had been a regular father and had me with you—maybe things would be different!" Anna shouts at Chris, who doesn't want her to marry her sailor, and whose bewildered possessiveness is well caught by Rip Torn. If "Anna Christie" is not the most articulate metaphor of O'Neill's own emotional abuse, the love triangle, in which Anna is trying to heal her family wound while making a new family, provides O'Neill with terrific set pieces that show off the originality of his dramatic instincts. In Anna's powerful confession, all of Richardson's fiery independence and keen critical intelligence are on display. She misses no nuance of anguish in Anna's ruined innocence, and moves effortlessly from sadness to brave cynicism. "Will you believe it if I tell you that loving you has made me—clean? It's the straight goods, honest! Like hell you will! You're like all the rest!" And when Burke grabs a chair and is about to beat her, Richardson's almond eyes close and she tilts her head slowly back against her chair to receive the pain—resigned to yet another blow, which will be no more brutal or capricious than what fate has already meted out to her. It's a memorable moment, and is topped only by their fourth-act reunion. On his knees, bent over his mother's crucifix, Burke takes a long time making Anna swear her true love: "And may the blackest curse of God strike you if you're lying. Say it now!" She does, and then another thought dawns. "Is it Catholic ye are?" says Neeson, turning O'Neill's ingenious twist into a scene of genuine comic complexity.

If Neeson and Richardson's instincts for their material are unerring, David Leveaux's direction is not always so sure. He is at his best in the fine filigree work with his major actors, but is sloppy in other aspects of production detail. He gets the show off to a rocky start by jump-cutting it directly into exposition—a choice made on grounds of economy but at the expense of really establishing the particular end-of-the-line atmosphere of the place. Jimmy the Priest's bar, a haven for the losers in the American sweepstakes, exuded a very special kind of calm, an entropy that was itself a by-product of the society's new momentum, and O'Neill spelled this out in "The Iceman Cometh." ("No one here has to worry about where they're going next, because there is no farther they can go. It's a great comfort to them.") Although Anna brings a sense of exhaustion into the dive—"Gee," she says, "I sure need that rest! I'm knocked out"—John Lee Beatty's set, with its walls of creosoted pine planks and its makeshift downstage bar, whose array of bottles gives no sense of the serious cheap drinking that the script indicates, never quite clinches the sense of place. It's an ill-judged space, and its atmospheric implications are even more confused by a barman (Barton Tinapp) who seems to be working a Madison Avenue bistro instead of a bedrock saloon. Mr. Leveaux, who keeps an intelligent eye on the dynamics of the scenes, is not so vigilant about his sets. I was once an ordinary seaman, and no amount of special pleading can convince me that a Persian rug (albeit a threadbare one) is appropriate on the floor of a coal barge.

Still, Leveaux elegantly manages the final, controversial "happy ending" in a tableau of proper English irony. As fog billows out over the thrust stage, and the old salt Chris turns away from the new couple to look out to sea, Burke takes hold of Anna's wrist, but Anna is turned away from him, gazing upstage into a gray horizon. The light at the end of any O'Neill tunnel is always an oncoming train, so he was particularly stung by the critics' cries of cop-out at "Anna Christie" 's finale. "It would have been so easy to have killed them off—one, two, or all three—so tragically easy!" O'Neill wrote to his English publisher, Jonathan Cape. "But realistically false—theatrical! They wouldn't have suicided, or murdered, or done anything at all but make exactly the pitifully humorous gesture in the direction of happiness I have allowed them to make." At one time, O'Neill thought of titling the play "Comma," because "the happy ending is merely the comma at the end of a gaudy introductory clause." He had no faith in happiness, and he didn't manage much of it onstage or in life. But, although he meant the play to be as tentative as a comma, the undisputed power of Richardson and Neeson, ably supported by Torn and a brief, welcome appearance by Anne Meara, as the Captain's softhearted squeeze Marthy, turns the evening into an exclamation mark. ♦

# YANKEE DOODLING

## BY EDITH OLIVER

THE last Yankee of "The Last Yankee," Arthur Miller's new play, at the Manhattan Theatre Club, is one Leroy Hamilton, a direct descendant of the Founding Father. A man in his forties, he earns his living as a carpenter, at twenty-seven dollars an hour, in a small New England town, and thinks he is treated with condescension by a fellow named Frick, a rich businessman in his sixties. They meet in the waiting room of a public asylum, where their wives are patients, suffering from depression, and eventually they recognize each other. (Hamilton once bought lumber at Frick's store.) A discussion of Hamilton's natty clothes leads (needless to say) to a Miller lecture on the competitiveness of life in America, and other national attitudes that displease him.

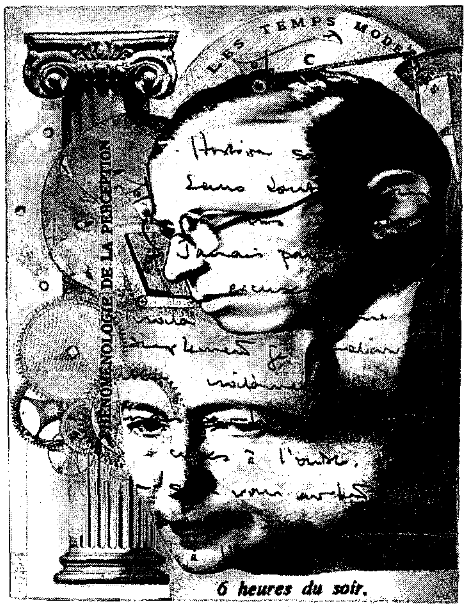
Hamilton refuses to join any race to the top; he is his own man and competes with no one. The asylum, a good one, is all he can afford. But what about Frick? He can afford to pay for a private nursing home but won't. It's clear that the wives, whom we meet in the second scene, are—or see themselves as—neglected by their husbands. Hamilton's wife, though, has started to pull herself together; she has privately taken herself off medication—no pills of any kind for three weeks—and has begun to feel wonderful. Frick's wife is still in poor shape—tough on her, but good for us, since her nutty, disjointed conversation is often funny, especially as it's rendered by Rose Gregorio. For a while, I wasn't sure whether Mrs. Hamilton was meant to be heroic or too full of herself—Madam Fixit, in charge of everyone, and a complainer as well—but she and Hamilton leave the hospital arm in arm, so I guess she is meant to be a heroine. No question about Hamilton, though: playwright's spokesman.

The weaknesses of the play are masked from time to time by the acting, under John Tillinger's direction. John Heard, as Hamilton, is worried and stubborn and properly sympathetic; Frances Conroy is appropriately stalwart and bossy as his wife, a beauty of Swedish descent and a mother of seven, who decides to accept her husband as he is. Tom Aldredge, humiliated, puzzled, and choleric as Frick, and Miss Gregorio steal the show—or, at least, sporadically raise our spirits. A scene in which she tap-dances as he sings "Old Folks at Home" (he has brought her costume, top hat and shorts, to the asylum—neglect with a difference!) is the saddest as well as the liveliest moment in an evening that doesn't abound with life. Why the song is done a second time, with Hamilton providing accompaniment on a banjo, is beyond me. But then much of "The Last Yankee" is beyond me; I'm not sure—and not for the first time—that I see Mr. Miller's point. Scenery by John Lee Beatty, costumes by Jane Greenwood, and lighting by Dennis Parichy, up to their usual high standard. ♦

# PARIS FOLLIES

### BY PAUL BERMAN

FRANCE came out of the Second World War a little shrunken, doomed never again to lord it over Europe or the world. But France's intellectuals came out as if mysteriously enlarged. The thirty years between the Liberation and the mid-nineteen-seventies were for them an age of wonderful inventiveness and success—the Glorious Thirty of the intellectuals, in one observer's phrase. For every colony of the old French empire that was surrendered by the government, the intellectuals, in their own way, gained one back. Readers in Eastern Europe turned to the French authors with real eagerness in the years immediately after the war. French intellectuals became the model for every left-wing writer in Latin America. They continued to influence their colleagues in the French-speaking former colonies. In our dour English-speaking world, their triumphs were more modest, but then, in one of those odd developments which lift the history of rational thought above the plane of rational explanation, as soon as the Glorious Thirty of the intellectuals came to an end in Paris, circa 1974, several of the more extravagant thinkers and ideas caught on among the young academics and hip intellects of Britain and America, and the age of French brilliance lived on, in English translation, to forty and beyond.



*No Exit: Sartre and his camp closed ranks in the existential bible, "Les Temps Modernes."*

Tony Judt, in "Past Imperfect: French Intellectuals, 1944-1956" (California; $30), attributes these triumphs partly to factors that, if they were a tourist monument, would make us gawk with admiration. He informs us that as early as A.D. 1215 the University of Paris directed its scholars to produce a "comprehensive theory of the world," and though Judt, as a good liberal, looks skeptically on comprehensive theory of any kind, he does acknowledge that after seven hundred and twenty-nine years (counting to the moment at which his history begins) the scholars got pretty good at this particular task. In the later ages of the French monarchy, the intellectuals served as a center for legitimate opposition to the king, and this gave them, on top of their practiced knack for theory, a habit of addressing large public issues. The intellectuals became, as Judt says, "a sort of parallel state inscribed with the same authority and responsibility as the real one." Then the real state blossomed into empire, and so did the parallel one, until, at last, the Paris writers took all the world as their portfolio.

The fact that writers and readers in other countries looked to the French for philosophy and ideas put the intellectual relations between Paris and the world on a happy mutual basis. And the outcome of these august phenomena, the serene self-confidence that French theorizers drew from their centuries of global philosophical stewardship, the easy aristocratic way they mixed gravitas and insouciance, their sharpness and intensity, their preference sometimes for brilliance over the humble business of merely making sense—these fine old qualities were not about to collapse under the pressure of even a Nazi occupa-

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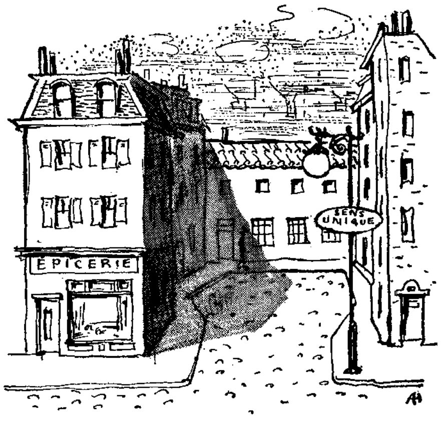
tion. On the contrary, defeat by the Germans, devastating though it was to the strength and morale of the French nation, proved to be an instructive experience for French intellectuals. As soon as the Germans were gone and the writers could get back to any kind of normal work, they digested the lessons of their wartime catastrophe and set out to build a new parallel empire of defeated persons everywhere—a vast terrain.

The intellectuals who became prominent after 1944 were divided into several factions, only two of which, in Judt's estimation, had any large importance at the time. These were the existentialists, such as Maurice Merleau-Ponty and Simone de Beauvoir, who gathered around Jean-Paul Sartre and his magazine *Les Temps Modernes*, and the Catholic leftists, such as Jean-Marie Domenach and Emmanuel Mounier, the philosopher of "personalism," who gathered around the magazine *Esprit*. Claude Bourdet, the editor of *L'Observateur*, and a few other persons who tended to think along the lines of *Les Temps Modernes* and *Esprit* were influential, too. Everyone else was more or less marginal. Liberals like Raymond Aron seemed faintly un-French. François Mauriac and Albert Camus were heroes of the Resistance who had the misfortune to adopt unpopular opinions after the war. There were out-and-out Stalinists, like Louis Aragon, who couldn't be taken seriously by self-respecting intellectuals, and there were anti-Stalinist radicals, like Cornelius Castoriadis, who *should* have been taken seriously but weren't until a later day. Compared with these many lesser writers and their lesser views, the existentialists and the Catholic leftists and their allies were titans. They spoke; others trembled. Commentators on the postwar years always remark that Aron, for instance, used to study Sartre, but Sartre ignored Aron.

In Judt's analysis, the originality and intellectual power of the leading writers came from a bit of cross-fertilization between some of the grimmer political instincts of the nineteen-thirties and the still grimmer experiences of the forties. A number of the people from *Esprit* and other circles who would shine after the war spent the thirties slightly fascinated by the ultra-rightism of Charles Maurras and *Action Française*, and later managed even to look, for a while, with sympathy on Marshal Pétain and his collaborationist Vichy government. Of course, those writers woke up to the reality of Nazi rule soon enough and plunged leftward into the Resistance. But they brought along the cult of violence and extremism that had been a specialty of the far right, together with a contempt for liberal democracy that was shared by right and left alike in those years.

The role played by the intellectuals after they took the plunge was, all in all, an admirable one. They compiled "a remarkable record of collective courage," Judt says. Yet some records were more remarkable than others, and after the war, out of feelings of guilt or inadequacy, quite a few writers made a fetish of their own heroism. The more sheeplike under the Nazis, the more lionhearted afterward. And out of these several ferocious elements—the old instincts from the thirties, the heroism and suffering from the war, the extra nastiness that was meant to compensate for the non-heroes' guilty memories—the leading writers managed to work up a muscular new rhetoric, a way of talking about things for the postwar era.

Judt breaks the rhetoric down into a handful of ideas and metaphors. There was an idea of violence, in which everything, even love, was pictured as a conflict; an idea of sexuality, sometimes faintly "homoerotic," he believes, in which masculine heroes were always trying to separate themselves from feminine-seeming victims; an idea of treason and its hatefulness, especially the hatefulness of betraying one's comrades on the left; an idea of collaboration, in the sense of collaborating with Nazis or other enemies; and, as the grand culmination of these notions, an idea of the whole of life as a day-to-day resistance against the forces of occupation—aiming at last for that great desired thing the Revolution itself, the cleansing break with the ugly past.



The rhetoric called for "responsibility," "choice," and "engagement." It anguished privately over public actions. And it was usefully flexible. It fitted the revolutionary left in Western Europe after the war, but could also fit the anticolonial left in the Third World and, later (after 1956), the Western supporters of the anticolonial revolutions. In the nineteen-sixties and early seventies, a new group of "1968," or "postmodernist," philosophers, like Louis Althusser, Michel Foucault, and Jacques Derrida, pushed aside the Sartre generation, took down the old, sappy flag of "responsibility," and launched strange new rebellions of their own, a sort of revolution in the revolution—against humanism, against the idea of progress, against literature, against the shape of the printed page, sometimes against lucid expression.

Yet even then, in the weirdest moments of the postmodernist avant-garde, you could make out traces of the old postwar idea of a generalized anti-Nazi Resistance. And, via the power and popularity of these several kinds and generations of *résistantialiste* rhetoric, the French Resistance came to be virtually a universal experience for the whole of philosophy-reading mankind, with political and intellectual movements all over the world assigning the labels "Resistance heroes" and "Nazi occupiers" to ever more combatants in ever more improbable struggles—though this is a story that takes us beyond Judt's focus on the dozen years after the Liberation.

The writers of the forties and fifties had a nervous, catchy tone, but not so catchy that it fills Judt with nostalgic longings for the grandeur of those days. He acknowledges that Sartre and Bourdet and other figures spoke out against imperialist atrocities in Algeria and elsewhere, and this he counts as a commendable achievement. But mostly the postwar harping on resistance and occupation makes him shake his head in disbelief. In the late forties and the fifties, one of history's more impressive foreign occupations was, after all, under way across Eastern Europe, and was no secret to anyone in France. The classic volumes of nineteen-forties anti-Communism, Viktor Kravchenko's "I Chose Freedom" and Arthur Koestler's "Darkness at Noon," not only were available to the French public but sold, it is surprising to learn, almost a million copies between them in the decade after the war. Aron and Camus made shrewd analyses of Communist reality. Castoriadis and the anti-Stalinist radicals demolished Communism philosophically, using its own Marxist precepts. But somehow the titans of the age, the existentialist and Catholic champions of "responsibility" and "choice," kept finding clever ways to avoid choosing any of these more or less responsible reactions to what was in fact the principal European event of the new era.

The leading intellectuals didn't exactly deny the Soviet reality or the wretched state of Eastern Europe—at least, not consistently. From time to time, they raised a protest against one or another East-bloc outrage, which got them in trouble with their erstwhile friends and Resistance allies in the French Communist Party. But mostly these writers were, in Judt's word, "hypnotized" by the venerable Hegelian idea of forward-marching history; and in their version of that idea the Communist regimes of the East were, by simple definition, creating a shiny better world. Dreadful injustices might well be taking place, and might even be worth protesting now and then, but injustice had no bearing on the forward march. "Political justice," Mounier said, "is only possible in an affirmation of a final goal of history." Some part of this sympathy for Communism may have been peculiarly French, tied to the downward curve of France's standing in the ranks of world power. The leading intellectuals liked to believe that France's bequest to the world was the prospect of universal revolution in the name of pure rationality, and it was nice to imagine that universal rationality had merely relocated from the Paris of the past to the Moscow of the present. Admiration for the Soviets took on the quality of a slightly addled French patriotism.

When the leading intellectuals acknowledged Communism's alarming features, they did it, then, with a bad conscience, as if honest criticism might implicate them in loathsome betrayals of the revolutionary cause; and once the honest criticism was made they hurried back to the moral shelter of Soviet solidarity. *Les Temps Modernes* published some eye-opening early revelations of the Soviet camp system, which had been scrupulously researched by a friend of Sartre's named David Rousset, who was himself a survivor of the German camps; yet the magazine went on to break relations not with the Soviets but with Rousset. For whatever the horrors of the "concentration-camp universe" to the east, the horrors to the west—the crimes and exploitativeness of Sartre's "mad dog," the United States—were deemed, through the glaze of the hypnosis, to be unspeakably worse. And by criticizing the Soviets in *that* kind of way—shyly, always glancing over their shoulders, always turning to stigmatize the more consistent critics of Soviet tyranny as evil incarnate, always reserving greater wrath for a United States that seemed to them the successor to Hitler's Germany—the intellectuals in these most prominent of French circles were able to cover themselves with a veil of virtue, quite as if their commitment to existentialist ideals or (in the case of *Esprit*) Christian spirituality were beyond question, and shrugging off the totalitarian occupation of half of Europe showed a splendid spirit of independence.

A good deal of philosophical confusion went into these Soviet apologetics, at which Judt, as a historian of the French mania for coherent reasoning, is aghast. Sartre's political thinking in the postwar period could be described as incoherence raised to a career—"the most instructive specimen of the intellectuals' tendency to look ridiculous," in Castoriadis's severe judgment. Sartre began, after the war, as a champion of a Third Way socialism that was supposed to be neither pro-American nor pro-Soviet; went on, after the news from the East got bleaker, to display more, not less, sympathy for the Soviets; then worked himself up, when the news turned still worse, into positive enthusiasm for a Soviet future, though always with a sprinkling of qualifying phrases. No particular rationale led from one position to another. The Voltaire of the twentieth century advanced by spasm. The spectacle of mass oppression had no reliable impact on him. Yet his prestige never suffered.

Judt intends his book as a criticism of some large features of French intellectual life, and not just in the glorious years after the war. He objects to the Paris cult of abstraction. He complains about the strange persistent belief among French writers that the character of any historical age depends more on the lofty philosophical views of a handful of thinkers than on ordinary politics or individual personalities. These are sensible criticisms, and in the finest Anglo-American style, and if he has given them a novel twist it is only by virtue of stressing them as principles while (here his book is a true curiosity) pretty much ignoring them in practice. Judt is an Englishman who teaches at New York University, but his own ardor for philosophical abstraction radiates the quality that French people, when they chuckle over their national idiosyncrasies, like to call Franco-French.

Lowly events of the sort that normally constitute the intellectual history of any period play a very small role in Judt's discussion of the postwar years. A reader who looks for the details of Sartre's debate with Camus or of Merleau-Ponty's resignation from *Les Temps Modernes* will come away disappointed. There's not much sign of the little humanizing inconsistencies that might redeem an erring writer in posterity's eyes. The Simone de Beauvoir who scampers across Judt's pages is not the founder of French feminism (i.e., the Beauvoir who survives as an influential author today) but, instead, a pro-Soviet shill for capital punishment and "*Œil pour œil*" (i.e., the *Temps Modernes* militant whose essays and statements were a frightful influence at the time).

For Judt isn't trying to evaluate the moral achievements of individuals or to weigh their best moments against their worst. He is evaluating a general outlook, a "mentality." He glances at what the leading thinkers had to say about responsibility and resistance, and he directs the reader's glance ever so delicately in the direction of the occupied countries of Eastern Europe. And with a few boards nailed into place and the blade properly affixed, the mechanism of his analysis is set, and up goes the glinty blade, and down it comes with admirable precision, and the pile of heads by his side grows from chapter to chapter until, by the end of his book, though only twelve years in the history of French thought have come under review, the heap is truly awesome in size and in the intellectual quality of the individual heads (the very finest) and in the neatness of the severing slice. There's even an occasional head that has been removed through what looks like judicial error—the head of poor old Mary McCarthy, for instance, to judge from the flimsy evidence against her that is cited here. (But that was always a problem with the death penalty.)

Whatever else may be said about Judt's procedure, the ferocity and hyperclarity of his judgment have the special virtue of showing us something of a later fashion in French argument, namely, the fashion that prevails today. The Glorious Thirty of the intellectuals came to an end in the nineteen-seventies mostly because the main intellectual legacy of the period—the writings and ideas of the postwar authors together with those of the '68 avant-garde—was buried under an earthquake of devastating criticism, in two great shocks. The first of these shocks took place fifteen years ago, when, under the name New Philosophy, André Glucksmann and other Maoists from the sixties turned against their own beliefs with a shudder and a lot of vehemence. This development attracted very little discussion in the United States, though it did get noticed. But in France the effect was enormous. Any kind of sympathy for Marxist-Leninist revolutions around the world evaporated, at least among the intellectuals.

The second shock was the criticism offered by well-established figures, like François Furet (the leading contemporary historian of the French Revolution), and by some young writers who came along in the eighties. There was Alain Finkielkraut (whose book on the Klaus Barbie trial, "Remembering in Vain," has just been published by Columbia), and there was the duo of Luc Ferry and Alain Renaut (whose best-known book is "La Pensée '68," translated as "French Philosophy of the Sixties"—a disapproving, not to say murderous, study of the postmodernist intellectual avant-garde). These liberals from the eighties seem to be cooler characters. They never claimed to be leading an insurrection. They set about rehabilitating the arguments for humanism and Enlightenment universality against what they saw as the sophistries of Foucault and Derrida and the more authoritarian ideologies of Third World revolution. They were the partisans of ethics, human rights, and (philosophically speaking) common sense. Sometimes it's said that, in contrast to the titans they have criticized, the new liberals have not shown much evidence of genius, which seems to be a fair comment, from what I've read of their work. Genius, though, has earned itself a bad reputation. The objection to the great writers of the Glorious Thirty was never the dullness of their intellects.

Judt's book manages to combine both phases of this seventies-and-eighties earthquake in French thinking. His indignant focus on Communism conforms to the initial shock of New Philosophy from the seventies. But the philosophical flaw that he detects in the postwar writers is mostly their willingness to surrender ethical judgments to a theory of history, and this argument aligns him with the liberals of the eighties. Since his book is nothing if not a handing out of grades of D and F, he naturally tosses in a few complaints about these newer writers, too. He worries about a Jacobin spirit in the liberalism of Ferry and Renaut. But his own work shows their influence.

Why so little of the more recent French writing has had any success in America—why readers are likely to encounter the newer arguments only through the silhouette they cast on authors like Judt instead of through the translated essays of the contemporary writers themselves—is a puzzling question. Someone might argue that Americans have been drowning for years in defenses of liberalism and exposés of Communism, so there's no point in torturing ourselves with the agonies of reading in translation what we already know. Perhaps our interest in French thinkers tends toward a cult of the exotic, and we dote on Paris masters of the paradoxical or the perverse, like Sartre or Foucault, for the same reason that French moviegoers dote on American guns and gangsters, and what fails to be exotic fails to interest us. And yet, given the never-ending influence of French writers from earlier generations on a lively portion of the Anglo-American academy and intelligentsia, you'd think that vigorous condemnations of their own elders by the newer and younger writers in France might seem at least mildly interesting.

Maybe we're just twenty-five years behind the times. Maybe the full French intellectual earthquake of the seventies and eighties will eventually catch up with us, for better and for worse. Judt's "Past Imperfect" should count in this respect as a distinctly ominous rumble underfoot. It is a pretremor. The plates are rattling. By confining his polemic to the years between 1944 and 1956, Judt leaves off just when the postmodernist theories that would later prove so popular in English translation were beginning to germinate. Don't stop *now*, the reader wants to say. Tell us about the sixties! But it's easy to see the broader applicability of Judt's liberal and humanist arguments, and it's easy to imagine that, later if not sooner, these arguments will have to be pondered very seriously by the not yet discontented English-language consumers of the older French ideas. ♦

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### CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From USA Today*]

MASSACHUSETTS

PEABODY—An empty car parked here was damaged when a homemade bomb exploded inside the vehicle, police said. No injuries were reported. Another car belonging to the same owner was damaged by a bomb in the same location Sept. 3. Police are probing whether the incidents are linked.

# BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

## FICTION

### *The Heather Blazing*
*by Colm Tóibín (Viking; $20)*

A QUIET but stunning Irish novel, which seems to derive its clear and affecting style in part from the staunch personality of its protagonist, an elderly High Court judge in Dublin, and in part from the chilly beauty of the southeast coast of Ireland, where he grew up and still spends his summers. The Judge is rigorous in his work and gentle at home, but he knows his own shortcomings, among them his virtually silent way of communicating with his wife, Carmel. Mr. Tóibín gives depth to the Judge's current life by narrating it alongside the story of his and Carmel's rocky courtship and—most vivid—the story of his austere Catholic boyhood with his widower father. This collage of migrations from city to sea and back again is a study in memory and how we unconsciously rely on it. The Judge himself is rarely aware of remembering, but his childhood, full of cold bike rides in the dark to serve at early Mass, is a primer in self-sufficiency—one that proves to be just as useful at the other end of life.

### *Buffalo Soldiers*
*by Robert O'Connor (Knopf; $22)*

YOU are Ray Elwood, manning the memorandum front at an Army base in Germany: editing the battalion newsletter, writing letters of condolence, tracing the colonel's genealogy. Afternoons are spent debating the true sex of "All My Children" 's Erica Kane while "the infantry is dug deep into the couches and chairs and holds strategic positions on the linoleum." The only target practice you seem to get is looking for a vein in your buddy's arm that hasn't already been shot out. Your Sony Trinitron, your Fry Baby, and your Mercedes are the rewards of a lucrative and ever-escalating heroin trade. Then Sergeant Lee, the new Top and an ex-user, declares you his "only war." Unfortunately, you are falling in love with his one-armed daughter, an accomplished diver and shoplifter. Mr. O'Connor's début novel may be hardboiled, but its corrosive humor and intense journalistic curiosity reveal a peacetime Army devouring itself. Elwood is the clever yet ultimately oblivious hero, whose response to the catastrophe that is building around him is to work harder at all the schemes that got him into the mess in the first place. In the end, the idea that inspires the book's comedy has become its sour lesson: "For the Army, peace is a continuation of war by other means."

### *Martin and John*
*by Dale Peck (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $21)*

LATE in her pregnancy, a woman miscarries and hemorrhages before her young son's eyes, and then wastes into something worse than a human vegetable. Her husband had insisted on a risky second pregnancy, but when his wife is dead he puts on her clothes and makeup. The son, John, runs away, to pursue other men and boys—and none of what has been told about his life is allowed to stand. In one episode, it seems to be John's mother who survived, to marry a stepfather, Martin, with whom the boy falls in love. In another, John is sharing a domestic romantic life in a small town with a man named Martin, and longing for the freedoms of being homosexual in New York—which he then experiences with an apparently different Martin. All the mothers and stepmothers, whether in trailers or luxe villas, are Beatrice, and assorted extra men are named Henry. The variations feel like revelations, driving you on in the faith that *now* you'll find out what really happened.

## GENERAL

### *Power, Privilege, and the Post: The Katharine Graham Story*
*by Carol Felsenthal (Putnam; $29.95)*

THIS is a lively biography about an ugly duckling who grew up to become a swan, or, possibly, given Mrs. Graham's wealth and power, an eagle. Katharine Meyer's father, Eugene, was a brilliant financier, and her mother was a self-important Valkyrie, who went out of her way to belittle Katharine. In 1940, Katharine married Philip Graham, a man with intelligence, ambition, and charm, who belittled her more thoroughly than her mother had. Eugene gave Phil the Washington *Post* to manage; it was an unprofitable investment, an also-ran. Graham, it turned out, was a manic-depressive, and his behavior deteriorated from the fifties on; in the summer of 1963, on a day leave from a mental hospital, he committed suicide. His widow, feeling inadequate both as a human being and as a woman without career training, took over, hoping to hold the *Post* together until, as her father intended, her son was old enough to run it. She did better than expected, and in 1991 gave her son control of a substantial communications empire. We cheer Mrs. Graham on, and Ms. Felsenthal is generally admiring, too. But she is by no means uncritical, and shows how Graham's lifelong insecurities, together with the machismo of the men who worked for her, made matters more difficult than they might have been. Still, as the author points out, the combination of financial success and editorial quality which Graham achieved is rare.

### *Eight Little Piggies: Reflections in Natural History*
*by Stephen Jay Gould (Norton; $22.95)*

A CONTINUATION of the series of essays that the author began writing in 1974 in the magazine *Natural History*. As usual, he ranges widely in subject matter, although his polished, provocative writing generally reflects what concerns him as a paleontologist and environmentalist—for example, the "massive" extinction of species, and the deterioration of our planet's resources. The title essay discusses a far-off time when five was not the limit to the number of fingers and toes, and traces the effect the fully articulated hand has had on the development of human intelligence. Other topics are the seventeenth-century English archbishop James Ussher, who gave us not only the year of the earth's creation—4,004 B.C. —but the actual date, October 23rd; the astonishing variations in color of pigeons' feathers; the ingenuity of Third World people in adapting the cast-off artifacts of richer nations to their purposes, as in converting used auto tires into sandals, and making kerosene lamps out of tin cans. ♦

# SHOUTS AND MURMURS

## DESERT SURPRISE: SADDAM PICKS BILLS

BY BILL FRANZEN

(*The following is a transcript of an announcement by President Saddam Hussein, broadcast on Baghdad Radio and translated by the State Department.*)

O FAITHFUL ONES! Today your tireless Father-Leader was awakened by such divine revelations as to make the hairs on his arms stand up like so many vigilant Presidential guards circling one of his secretly located beds. O Lovers of My Safety! Your Shining Knight has been blessed with a glorious vision of the coming confrontation in the California city of Pasadena, between the stalwart Bills of Buffalo and the oil-crazed Livestock Men of Texas—now the den, I alertly note, of Devil's friend Bush.

O patient Bills! Trust that on Sunday your humiliating losses of the past will be as dust blown away by desert winds. Shout for your redemption and the victory of all honorable people, O Bills! Your Mesopotamian ally has seen for you in the Bowl of all Bowls many first downs, stubborn possessions of the ball, and a supreme defensive effort that responds decisively to provocations and territorial incursions by both aerial and ground forces of the Satanic petroleum state's arrogant young defilers.

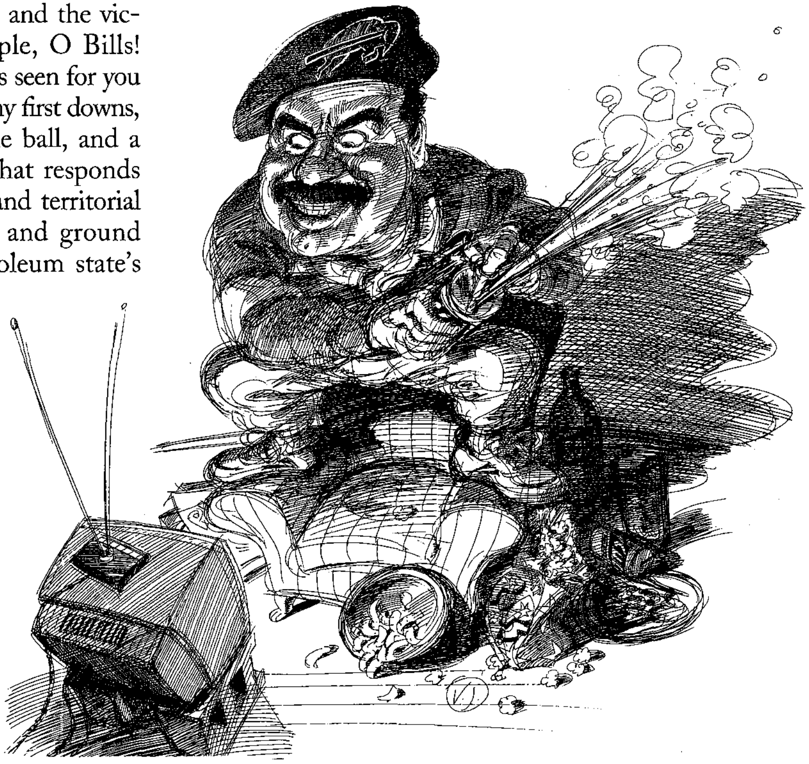
O Bills! Nothing will thwart you as you gain more and more of the [word indistinct] of Dallas that is rightfully yours. Not the heathen alliance of the diminutive referees! Not the intimidations of the stadium's special-security apparatus "protecting" the "well-being" of the family of Steve the Canadian, your peerless field-goal kicker. And surely not, God willing, the threats and actions of roving bands of state police against your brave Buffalo loyalists waving banners denouncing Troy al-Aikman.

O you Bills! I have seen Super Bowl rings of victory fill the horizon for the great and steadfast warriors of the North. But this super-collision of men will require the sweat of every player. Sweat beading up on every righteous face and collecting in the chin strap until such time as God Almighty wishes it to drip down onto the turf of the Pasadenean battle site and puddles of sweat form and grow into salty ponds and then become treacherously muddy marshlands that will frustrate the aggressive territorial schemes of the petroleum state's Emmitt Smith.

O Men! Fight them, O Men of Buffalo! Struggle with these infidels, these colonializing oilmen disguised as innocent Boys-of-the-Herd! Shield your Jham-es Kelly—defend him from those who would sack—as if *he* were your Protector-King, but not quite, while he picks apart the cunning Dallas webs of defense. Pound the deviants until they can no longer carry out their insidious no-huddling schemes and they abandon their truly offensive coördinators and shed finally their armored body equipment and flee toward their dugout, tripping over spiky feet and falling headlong into their vats of impure Gatorade.

O Thurman Thomas, of sore hip and groin! Banish all worry! For the malicious herd can never avoid the long, lethal sword of their own sporting press, which will not cease shaming them until their decadent ranks are scattered as if by "free" American agency.

Then, back in the holy, cold Northland, the "God Is Great" banner will flutter and highlights of the duel will be broadcast again and again for all to see. Thus overnight, God willing, the epic battle will have achieved a valiant rating and a share to be recorded in numbers of light, and the humiliations of the vanquished oil monopolists, like Satan-loving Bush, will go on until the end of time or until there is installed for the Cattle Boys of Dallas a faithful new coach—or until the entire franchise, henceforth to be known as the Revolutionary Guards, is swiftly moved to Baghdad, where its safety will, of course, be guaranteed. ♦



VICTOR JUHASZ

# SPAIN?

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